IT'S ALL ABOUT TO CHANGE

TRAVIS TRITT
THE WHISKEY AIN'T WORKIN'

Words and Music by RONNY SCAFII
and MARTY STUART

Easy Country Two-beat

There was a time I could drink my cares away

and drawn out all of the heartaches

that hurt me night and day.

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When the thought of you came crash-in' through,

I'd have one more. But now, the whiskey ain't

work-in' anymore. I need

one good honky-tonk angel to
That's reason enough for me to lay this ol' bottle down.

Well, a woman warm and willing, that's a Lord.
They knew my name at every bar in town and they knew all of the reasons why I was comin’ round, round, round.

(Spoken:) Sing it Travis. (Sung:) ’Cause in my mind, peace I’d find
when they'd start to pour. But now, the whiskey ain't

work in' any more. I, I need

more. Lord, the whiskey ain't

work in' any more. (Spoken:) That's for sure!
DON'T GIVE YOUR HEART TO A RAMBLER

Moderate Country

Don't fall in love with me, darlin',
with me, darlin', I'm a rambler.

Though, you are the sweetest sweet

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It's all heart in this world.

for your sake, dear, that I'm leaving.

So, don't give your heart to a rambler, little girl.

Well, I handed you a lie

2. Instrumental solo
and now I'm sorry.

You're just a little sweeter than the rest.

Believe me when I say

I don't want to hurt you
or do anything to spoil your happiness.

So, don’t fall in love. Well, if I ever get the blues now, sweet baby,

by, or the lure of the high-
way on my mind, Lord, I long
to hear that whistle of the freight trains
and the box-cars as they rattle down the line.

So, don’t fall in love with me, dar—
lin', 'cause I'm a rambler. Though, you are

the sweetest sweetheart in this world.

It's all for your sake.

dear, that I'm leaving. So, don't
E7

give your heart to a rambler, little girl.

Better not, baby. Yeah, don't you

give your heart to a rambler, little girl.
ANYMORE

Moderately slow

C  F  C

C

I can't hide the way I feel about one last appeal to show.

you how I feel anymore.

you how I feel about you. Mm hm.

I can't hold the hurt inside, keep the pain.

'Cause there's no one else I swear holds a can-

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out of my eyes any more.
diddle anywhere next to you.

My tears no longer waiting.
My heart can't take the beating.

My resistance ain't that strong.
not having you to hold.

My mind keeps recreating
a love with you alone.
A small voice keeps repeating
deep inside my soul.
Am

And I'm tired of pretending

It says I can't keep pretending

F

I don't love you anymore.

I don't love you anymore.

Let me make

G

I've got to take the chance or let it pass by

Am

if I expect to get on with my life
My tears no longer waiting.

Oh, my resistance ain’t that strong.
Oh, my mind keeps recreating a love with you alone. And I'm tired of pretending.

I don't love you anymore. Anymore.
HERE'S A QUARTER
(CALL SOMEONE WHO CARES)

Words and Music by TRAVIS TRITT

Rowdy country waltz (played as)

G(no3rd)

You say you thought what we were wrong to ever leave me alone,

had could never turn bad,

and now you're sorry so your leaving caught

You're

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lonely and scared.
me unaware.

And you say you'd be
But the fact is you've

happy if you could just come back
girl, that can't be undone.

home. Well, here's a quarter. Call
so here's a quarter. Call
some-one who cares.

G7

Call some-one who'll listen

might give a damn.

May-be

one of your sor-did af-fairs.
But don't you come around here
handing me none of your lines.
Here's a quarter.
Call

someone who cares.
Girl, I

Yeah, here's a quarter.
Call someone who cares.

Yeah, yeah.
BIBLE BELT

Words and Music by TRAVIS TRITT

Driving Rock

Well, he was the

as-sist-ant preach-er and the Sun-day School teach-er in the
him up at home when she knew he’d be a-lone, said, "Preach-
they went to Ve-gas. Back home it didn’t take us long to

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church that I grew up in.
She was a She got trou-

- er I could use ad-

vice. No bod-

look - er from At-
an - ta, led the choir, played pi-
ant - o, had a
bles with a man that I know you'll un-
derstand. If you could

y could be - lieve that he left his wife to grieve alone

bod - y that was made for sin.
She did - n't help me it would sure be nice. They met a

with two pre-school kids. I don't know

care that he was mar - ried 'cause the torch that she car - ried was hot -
few min - utes af - ter in the of - fice of the pas - tor and she
how they're doin', but I know that they're screwin' up a
What a chance.
They better
to seduce him. If she could, she would loosen a notch.
they were takin' when they first started breakin' the laws.
get their heads together or they're gonna slap leather with the
in the Bible Belt.
Lord and the Bible Belt.

So she called:

There's a lot of good people who are
led a stray... that believe what the Good Book... said.

Well, I'll tell you something, brother, when you're

dealing with the devil it's tough... to keep a level head.

And it's hard... to imagine how the
flames of passion can burn till your soul will melt. And it'll

spread like a cancer but you're gonna have to answer to the

Lord and the Bible Belt. Yeah, yeah.

To Coda
D.S. al Coda

Some-one said.

They bet-ter get their heads to-gether or they’re
gon-na slap leath-er with the Lord and the Bi-ble Belt.

Yeah, Lord!
IT'S ALL ABOUT TO CHANGE

Words and Music by
TRAVIS TRITT

Moderately (♩ played as ♩)

What made you think I'd let you go on treatin' me this way?

What made you think I'd let you run me down?

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tried
to
keep
my
cool,
but
I
will
do not
play
your
game
that
I
can't
win,
but
I'll
be
damned
if
I
give
your
fool.
And
it's
all
about
to
change
starting
in.
'Cause
it's
all
about
to
change
starting
now.
now.
Girl,
if
you
had
your
way
I'd
be
cryin'
every
day.
Hap-
way
I'd
be
cryin'
every
day.
Hap-

ness is one thing you would not allow.
ness is one thing you would not allow.

I have listened to your lies. You can't say I haven't tried, but it's all about to
say old Travis hasn't tried, but it's all about to

To Coda
I once believed you cared for me. Boy, was I ever wrong. Still you
made me love you. I still don’t know how.

D.S. al Coda

It’s a

Yeah, it’s all about to change starting now.

Bb

now.
I should have told her more. I love her.
I thought I'd be just fine without her.

I should've spent more time at home.
I'd be happy, a free man.

But should have, really aren't important.
But the hurting side of lonesome.
since the fact is now she's gone. I wish I'd listened to my
is what I didn't un - der - stand. And the les - sons that I'm

con-science learn-ing, when it said, "don't let her go."
Lord, I'm learn-ing aw - ful well.

And if she's won - d'ring how I'm do - ing,
'Cause nights I used to spend in heav - en

well, I think she ought to know that I find my - self
have been re - placed by nights of hell. And I find my - self
praying
praying
more than I ever did before.

And I find my heart is breaking each time her memory slams the door.

And I find myself crying

oh, and trying to hold on.
'Cause there ain't nothin' short of dying
that's worse than being a lone.

There ain't nothin' short of dying
that's worse than being a lone.
Moderately

You left me for a dream you had to follow
looked at all the pictures from our good

dow.

times

But I thought good-bye wouldn't last that long.

You'd go off chasing rainbows till you

And I've dropped a million quarters down the juke-
I realized I loved you and then ran back to my arms where you belong.

But months have passed, I guess I was mistaken.

Love was something I thought I knew well.

Lord, I'd give all I had for what it's worth.

But when I called you on the phone askin' when I don't see how the fires below where you
you'd come back home... you simply told me I could go to hell.
want ed me to go, could be worse than hell I'm livin' here on earth.

Well, honey, if hell had a jukebox and the dev-

- il kept it full of hurtin' songs, you could find...

me there this evening with the broken hearted grieving.
pray-in' like hell you will come back home. I've

Yes, honey, if hell had a jukebox and the dev-

- il kept it full of hurting songs, you could find.
me there this evening with the broken hearted grieving,

praying like hell you would come back home. Yeah, you could find

me there this evening with the broken hearted grieving,

praying like hell you would come back home.
As I walk down this road, the rain is just starting to fall.

How in the world did I let myself get so alone?
I can't tell any differ-

I can't tell any differ-

F'rence be-tween my tears and the rain fall-in' down.

F'rence be-tween my tears and the rain fall-in' down.

It's hell when your heart is in need of some-one all it's own.

It's hell when your heart is in need of some-one all it's own.

I need some-one with a
heart just like mine, and some one who's try-in' to find true love. Ev'ry-where that I go, I see people in love, the way that I wanted to be. Tell me, when will I have a love of my own? Will there
sit with the rain coming down, all the memories surround me.

Pieces of past loves and fast times keep haunting my mind.

If I just had somebody to erase all the memories of yesterday's loves gone wrong.
Oh... God, please have mercy. It's true love. I'm looking to find...

when will I have a love of my own? Will there ever be some-one for me?
Driving Country
no chord

G(no3rd)  Bb

F  C  Bb G(no3rd)  Bb  F  G(no3rd)  Bb  Am  Bb

G(no3rd)  Bb  F  C  Bb

Guitars ring in the dead of night, sing so blue, sound so right.
It makes you home - sick.
Mak - es you home - sick.

List - en close to the gui - tar man,
na - tive son in a for - eign land.

The boy's home - sick,
yeah. He's

home - sick
for days by - gone,
home-sick, for home, sweet home, yes he is.

Where were you in 'Six-ty-nine?

Smok-in' dope and drink in' wine, just an out-law,

right. Distant drums beat an old re-frain,
shakes your feet,
pounds your brain___like a buzz
---saw,

---yes it does.

1

2

C7

F C Bb G(no3rd) Bb F
G(no3rd)  B7  F  G(no3rd)  B7  Am  B7

In the darkness down the hall, black light posters on the wall,

G(no3rd)  Bb  F  C  Bb

Jimi Hendrix

G(no3rd)  Bb  F  G(no3rd)  Bb  Am  Bb

Someone’s lost in yesterday, hazy dreams of Monterrey
G(no3rd)  Bb  F  G(no3rd)  Bb  Am  Bb  C7

and Wood - stock, all right. He's home-sick for

C7sus  C7

home - sick

days gone by. Home-sick just to kiss the sky,

G(no3rd)  Bb  F  G(no3rd)  Bb  Am  Bb

Play 4 times

yes he is. home - sick. Vocal ad lib. Oh, don't you know the boy's

no chord
Oh don't you know the boy's
Vocal ad lib.