

Oil City

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It was 1852 when a man rode into town G/D/C/D
Bought himself a plot of land and stuck a shovel in the ground
He buried 10 barrels of oil just about six feet down C/D/G/C
Then he rode his horse back into town C/D/Em/C/D

The town was bustling new with a brand new grainery mill G/D/C/D
You could find a hotel room or a place to eat your fill
People came from far and wide to reap the fruit of the land C/D/G/C
Then walks into town this man C/D/Em/C/D

And he says:

Try your luck in oil City where they're striking ol black gold G/D/C/G
Make a buck in Oil city it's a place where you can grow old G/D/C/D
Raise a family in Oil city where everybody there's a friend G/D/C/G
Well you'll never find a place like Oil City again C/D/Em/C/D/G

Mr. Tichenor was a travellin man, a swindler by trade G/D/C/D
He told all from far and wide there was money here to be made
He set up an oil rig and drilled about six feet down C/D/G/C
And the oil came bubblin out of the ground C/D/Em/C/D

He started hollarin:

Try your luck in oil City where they're striking ol black gold G/D/C/G
Make a buck in Oil city it's a place where you can grow old G/D/C/D
Raise a family in Oil city where everybody there's a friend G/D/C/G
Well you'll never find a place like Oil City again C/D/Em/C/D/G

They all bought drillin rights and put money in Tichenor's hand G/D/C/D
They all built and oil rig on that little plot of land
They drilled into a barrel of oil just about 6 feet down C/D/G/C
By that time Tichenor had skipped town. C/D/Em/C/D

Now he's somewhere laughin:

Try your luck in oil City where they're striking ol black gold G/D/C/G
Make a buck in Oil city it's a place where you can grow old G/D/C/D
Raise a family in Oil city where everybody there's a friend G/D/C/G
Well you'll never find a place like Oil City again C/D/Em/C/D

