

# Daddy Frank by Merle Haggard

Moderately

Intro: II D I A I D (stop) I N.C. I

< Chorus >

D A  
Dad-dy Frank played the gui-tar and the french harp, sis-ter played the ring-ing tam-bour-ine  
D  
Ma-ma could-n't hear the pret-ty mus-ic, but she read our lips and helped the fam-il-y sing\_\_  
D A  
That lit-tle band\_\_ was all part of liv-ing, and our on-ly means of liv-ing at the time\_\_  
D  
And it was-n't like no nor-mal fam-il-y com-bo, 'cause Dad-dy Frank the guit-ar man was blind

< Verse 1 >

Bm D Bm D  
Frank and Ma-ma, count-ed on each oth-er, their one and only weak-ness made 'em strong\_\_  
G D E7 A  
Ma-ma did the driv-ing for the fam-il-y, and Frank, made a liv-ing with a song  
Bm D Bm D  
Home was just a camp a-long the high-way\_, a pick-up bed was where we bed-ded down\_\_  
G D G D A D  
Don't ev-er once re-mem-ber go-ing hun-gry, but I re-mem-ber Mama cook-ing on the ground

< Chorus - above >

< Verse 2 >

Bm D Bm D  
Don't re-mem-ber how they got ac-quain-ted, I can't re-call just how it came to be\_\_\_\_\_  
G D E7 A  
There had to be some spe-cial help from some-one, and bless-ed be the one who let it be  
Bm D Bm D  
Fev-er caused my Ma-ma's loss of hear-ing, Dad-dy Frank was born with-out his sight\_\_\_\_\_  
G D D G D A D  
And Ma-ma need-ed some-one she could lean\_\_ on, and I be-lieve the gui-tar man was right

< Chorus - above, then Coda >

< Coda >

A D  
No, it was-n't like no nor-mal fam-il-y com-bo, 'cause Dad-dy Frank the guit-ar man was blind

II C G I D II