

## Chinaman's Chance

E B7 E  
High Sierra, far from home, blast a pass through solid stone.  
E E7 A D#dim E B7 E  
Just pack that crack with dynamite, grab your nuts and hang on tight.  
B7 E  
Better grab 'em, boys, and hang on tight.  
E B7 E  
Well, he lit the fuse and jerked the rope, they all pulled like hell against all hope.  
E E7 A D#dim E B7 E  
Got blown to bits through circumstance; he did not stand a Chinaman's chance.  
E B7 E  
No he did not stand a Chinaman's chance.  
E B7 E  
Wong guy, white place, Wong guy, white place.  
E E7 A D#dim E B7 E  
Wong guy, white place, and he did not stand a Chinaman's chance.  
E B7 E  
No he did not stand a Chinaman's chance.

Dougie's daddy fought Pacific Front; his words were sharp, his fists were blunt.  
A warrior in a time of peace, he still hated those Japanese.  
He hated all things Japanese.  
So Dougie learned to kick the crap out of anyone who looked a Jap.  
We had broken glasses, ripped up pants, and I didn't stand a Chinaman's chance.  
No, I did not stand a China boy's chance.

She was a blue-eyed blonde with that perfect look. He wrote her name in his notebook.  
He yearned and burned to have the chance, to take that girl to the Friday dance.  
Take that girl to the Friday dance.  
So he asked that girl if she would go to the Friday dance or a picture show.  
She dismissed him with a passing glance, and he didn't have a Chinaman's chance.  
No, he did not stand a Chinaman's chance.

Intro/V1C1/hook/V2C2/hook/V3C3/outro