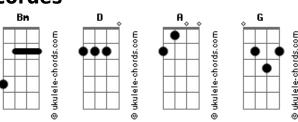


## **Chuck Ragan - Vagabond**

tom: Intro: Bm [Primeira Parte] I'm a vagabond just wandering along An obscure stretch of the drag I don't sleep much at all but don't get me wrong That I'm waving high, trying to keep boots dry For the high ground to lay my head And for a moment I spy when I close my eyes, A picture of her face instead [Refrão] Still I find myself in some town Burning the pillars of tradition down And waking up on the wrong side of fantasy [Segunda Parte] I'm a vagabond just wandering along Passing time in reverie I don't bet much at all but don't get me wrong I played the cards that were dealt to me I may lose my mind from time to time  $\ensuremath{\mathsf{T}}$ But I know I've made my bed And I admit that I've cried more than willing to die To wake up with her instead

## **Acordes**



[Refrão] Still I find myself in some town Burning the pillars of tradition down And waking up on the wrong side of fantasy Waking up on the wrong side of you and me [Solo] Bm D A G Bm D A Bm [Terceira Parte] I can't place where I lost track Or where I just lost my head Give me something sharp for the heartstrings  $\frac{G}{A}$ I wanna cut out of my chest
G Bm A 'Cause there ain't much time Bm No, there ain't much time No, there ain't much time Above ground [Refrão] Still I find myself in some town Burning the pillars of tradition down Waking up on the wrong side of fantasy

G

A I welcome all those wishes and trades To lose the whoolgathering days Of waking up on the wrong side of you and me Oh, waking up on the wrong side of fantasy I'm waking up on the wrong side of you and me