

Dixie Chicks - Travelin' Soldier

tom:

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Never gonna hold the hand of another guy
                                                               Too young for him they told her
Two days past eighteen
He was waitin' for the bus in his army greens
                                                               Waitin' for the love of the travelin' soldier
Sat down in a booth at a cafe there
                                                               Our love will never end
Gave his order to the girl with a bow in her hair
                                                               Waitin' for the soldier to come back again
He's a little shy so she gave him a smile
So he said would you mind sittin' down for a while
                                                               Never more to be alone
                                                                              E7
And talkin' to me I'm feelin' a little low
                                                               When the letter says a soldier's coming home
               G
She said I'm off in an hour and I know where we can go
                                                               ( A D )
                                                               ( A D )
                                                               ( G D A )
So they went down and they sat on the pier
He said I bet you got a boyfriend but I don't care
I've got no one to send a letter to
                                                               One Friday night at a football game
                        D
                                                               The Lord's Prayer said and the anthem sang
Would you mind if I sent one back here to you?
                                                               A man said folks would you bow your heads
Gbm
                                                               For the list of local Vietnam dead
I cried
Never gonna hold the hand of another guy
                                                               Cryin' all alone under the stands
                                                               Was the piccolo player in the marching band
Too young for him they told her
                                                                  D
                                                                                           Α
                                                               And one name read and no one really cared
                         F7
Waitin' for the love of the travelin' soldier
                                                                                       D
                                                               But a pretty little girl with a bow in her hair
Our love will never end
                                                               Gbm
Waitin' for the soldier to come back again
                                                               T cried
                                                               Never gonna hold the hand of another guy
Never more to be alone
               E7
                                                               Too young for him they told her
When the letter says a soldier's coming home
                                                                                        E7
                                                               Waitin' for the love of the travelin' soldier
So the letters came
                                                               Our love will never end
From an army camp
In California then Vietnam
                                                               Waitin' for the soldier to come back again
And he told his heart
                                                               Never more to be alone
                                                                              E7
                                                               When the letter says a soldier's coming home
It might be love
And all of the things he was so scared of
                                                                              E7
Said when it's gettin kinda rough over here
                                                               When the letter says a soldier's coming home
I think about that day sittin' down at the pier
                                                               (DADA)
                                                               (DADA)
And close my eyes and see your pretty smile
                                                               (DADA)
                           D
Now don't worry but I won't be able to write for a while
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I cried

Acordes

