

# Graveyard Train - Ballad Of Beelzebub

tom:

**G**

**Bm**  
Yodel well, and your pickings swell  
**G**  
And you play so hard for the folks in Hell  
**D**  
And they can't see nothing  
**A**  
Nothin' at all

**Bm**  
Chains to the legs, bolts to the ground  
**G**  
You boys ain't leaving 'til this crowd turns around  
**D**  
They don't hear nothing  
**A**  
Nothing at all

**Bm**  
The colder the night, the hotter the lights  
**G**  
Your sweat drips down and the crowd starts fist-fights  
**A**  
Nothing at all

**Bm**  
But the air on stage is burning our lungs  
**G**  
And we're all going deaf from the beating drums  
**D**  
And you can't see a thing for all the blood  
**A**  
And sweat in our eyes

**Bm**  
Yeah we played 'til we died, and now we're all dead  
**G**

But the man says "You gotta get up there again  
**D**  
And you can't come down 'til the brimstone turns to ice"  
**A**

[Solo] **Bm G D A**

**Bm**  
But the air on stage is burning our lungs  
**G**  
And we're all going deaf from the beating drums  
**D**  
And you can't see a thing for all the blood  
**A**  
And sweat in our eyes

**Bm**  
Yeah we played 'til we died, and now we're all dead  
**G**  
But the man says "You gotta get up there again  
**D**  
And you can't come down 'til the brimstone turns to ice"  
**A**

**Bm**  
And you can't sing a note for the dust in your throat  
**G**  
We're running on empty and the bands lost all hope  
**D**  
'Cause they hear nothing  
**A**  
Nothing at all

**Bm**  
Welcome to hell, ladies and gent's  
**G**  
You sinned and fell, no time to repent  
**D**  
And you can't hear nothing  
**A**  
Nothing at all

**G**  
No you can't hear nothing  
**Bm**  
Nothing ... at ... alllll

## Acordes

