

Lynyrd Skynyrd - All I Can Do Is Write About It

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Intro: 2x: G D Em C
                                                                                                                                                               Did you ever stop to think about, well, the air your breathin'
                                                                                                                                                               Well you better listen to my song
Well this life that I've lead has took me everywhere
                                                                                                                                                               And Lord I can't make any changes
There ain't no place I ain't never gone
                                                                                                                                                               All I can do is write 'em in a song
But its kind of like the saying that you heard so many times
                                                                                                                                                                I can see the concrete slowly creepin'
                                                                                                                                                                Lord take me and mine before that comes
Well there just ain't no place like home \begin{tabular}{c} \begin{t
                                                                                                                                                                (A E Fm D) (4x)
Did you ever see a she-gator protect her young
                                          D
Or a fish in a river swimming free
                                                                                                                                                                I'm not tryin' to put down no big cities
Did you ever see the beauty of the hills of Carolina
                                                                                                                                                               But the things they write about us is just a bore
Or the sweetness of the grass in Tennessee \,
                                                                                                                                                               Well you can take a boy out of ol' Dixieland
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          C
And Lord I can't make any changes
                                                                                                                                                               But you'll never take ol' Dixie from a boy
All I can do is write 'em in a song
                                                                                                                                                               And Lord I can't make any changes
                                                                                                                                                               All I can do is write 'em in a song
Lord take me and mine before that comes
                                                                                                                                                                                                D
                                                                                                                                                               I can see the concrete slowly creepin'
( G D Em C ) (2x)
                                                                                                                                                               Lord take me and mine before that comes
Do you like to see a mountain stream a-flowin'
                                                                                                                                     C
                                                                                                                                                                'Cause I can see the concrete slowly creepin'
Do you like to see a youngun with his dog
                                                                                                                                                               Lord take me and mine before that comes
Acordes
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