

Nightingale Cummings - The Littlest Hobo

tom:
Capo: 3ª casa
Intro: **Em** **D** **G**
C **D** **Em**

Em
There's a voice
That keeps on calling me **D**
Em
Down the road
Where I always seem to be **D**
G
And every stop I make
I see my old friend **C**
D
It ain't long until I get spun round and I'm gone
C
Again
G
Maybe Tomorrow
My whole world'll settle down **C**
D
But it ain't tomorrow
Em
So I keep movin' on
Em
I'm down a road
That never seems to end **D**
Em
Full of track-lines and rails
D
And liars around each bend
G

So if you're gonna join me
C
For a while
D
Better grab your hat, you know I live like that
Em
Kinda hobo style
G
Maybe Tomorrow
I'll wanna settle down **C**
D
It ain't tomorrow
So this old world's still my home **Em**
Em **D**
I got my own world waitin' to unfold
Em
In a ziplock bag where I can drag out this worn-
D
Down soul
G
And I made it through so far so I know it won't be
C
Long
D
I must be almost there already paid my fare with
Em
This hobo song
G
And Maybe Tomorrow
My God will help me settle down **C**
D
But it ain't tomorrow, so I guess I'll keep movin'
Em
On

Acordes

