

Old Crow Medicine Show - Methamphetamine

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Tom: G
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you like a hurricane
                      [Into] Em G C
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you lose some sleep
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you're out of a job
Times they ain't like nothin they use to be
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you're out on the street
From Rocky Mount to North East Tennessee
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you're down on your knees
Where the river flows with the dusty coal disease
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna have you beggin pretty please
And the babies whine cause they can't find nothin to eat
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you like a hurricane
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Methamphetamine
But mamma she ain't hungry no more
She's waitin for a knock on the trailor door
                                                                                                                                                                                                               (Em G C)
It's gonna rock you like a hurricane
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Well it?s a war out there, and it?s fought by poor white men
It's gonna rock you til you lose some sleep
                                                                                                                                                                                                               From the plateau to the balls of the Cumberland
It's gonna rock you til you're out of a job
                                                                                                                                                                                                               You better watch your back cause you just can?t trust a friend
It's gonna rock you til you're out on the street
                                                                                                                                                                                                               And the method man is gonna get you in the end
It's gonna rock you til you're down on your knees
                                                                                                                                                                                                               So listen to the whisperin wind
It's gonna have you beggin pretty please
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It sounds like a big storm rollin in
It's gonna rock you like a hurricane
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you like a hurricane
Methamphetamine
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you lose some sleep
(Em G C)
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you're out of a job
Don?t need no PhD for a hundred dollar card
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you're out on the street
Just find a crooked cop and that doctor disregard % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) +
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you til you're down on your knees
Cause when it?s either the mine or the Kentucky National Guard It's gonna have you beggin pretty please
                                                                                                                                                                                                               It's gonna rock you like a hurricane
I?d rather sell on the line, than die in the coal yard
Now papa he ain?t hungry no more
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Methamphetamine
He's waitin for a knock on the trailor door
                                                                                                                                                                                                               (Em G C)
Acordes
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