

Orville Peck - Kalahari Down

```
Polish in your whip, never drove it far
                            tom:
                                                               Circling the veld, spittin' in the jar
                                                               On your Daddy's farm
I was born in the badlands, honey
                                                               You say you're afraid, tell me not to frown
Strange place for a boy to drown
                                                               Play a song, you dance around
Spent my days on a mountain, baby
                                                               Yippee yo ki yay, we'd hit the ground
Twelve miles north of Sofiatown
                                                               Still tumbling down
( F C G )
                                                               What do I know? Buncha sorrow
You?ve been gone away, I?ve been riding around {\sf F}
                                                               Promises of a desperado
                                                               C Em Am F
Through the rusty sky I feel the breeze
Running out the days, writing out a song
On my daddy?s guitar
                                                               Where do we go? Mendocino?
Did you find your way? Skip another town?
                                                               Maybe some day I'll get to see all
                                                               The places like Torino's never been
Said I couldn?t stay but it?s different now
                                                                           Fm
Yippee ki yi yay, I?m always down
                                                               And I still hear the sound
                                                                           Em
                                                               Wind come up, Kalahari down
For hanging around
                                                               Kalahari down
Left to borrow, gone tomorrow
                                                               Left to roam on a reckless wander
Baby, there ain't a trail to follow
                                                               Raising sand on the setting sun
             Em
Better off alone if you ask me
                                                               Keep an eye on that dusty highway
Travel lucky, Kawasaki
                                                               Tell my mother I'm nearly done
Maybe, next time I'll take you with me
            Em
                                                               And I still hear the sound
And I still hear the sound
            Em
                                                               Wind come up, Kalahari down
The wind come up, Kalahari down
                                                               Kalahari down
Kalahari down
                                  G
Acordes
```