Pat Green - Goin' Down In Style

Tom: E

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   (E
Well,I left Houston, Texas on a Gulf Coast hurricane.

I was blowed down by a tornado, washed up by the rain.
         A
Well, my pappy wasn't happy with me. He told me to go.
        E
So I stole my daddy's Cadilac, headed on down the road.
       B7 )
Well, I had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile.
     A                                        G              E
I was headed for the border, man, and I was goin' down in
style.

         E
Well, I hit Corpus Christi and the wind was at my back.

I drove them women crazy in my daddy's Cadilac.
           A
Yeah, I'd cruise 'em down that boulevard, treated them like
queens.
       E
I took 'em all the places that they wanted to be seen
    B7
And when I had to leave 'em, I'd tell 'em with a smile,
     A                                   G             E
"I'm headed for the border, man, and I'm goin' down in style."

              A
Well, you've gotta take your chances if they ever come along.
      E
Just close your eyes and listen to the great big engine whine.
     A
And it don't really matter whether you are right or wrong
     B7
Cause when you cross the border, man, you leave this world
behind.

          E
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I stomped down on the peddle, set the cruise control.
Five-hundred ragin' horses beyond by the state parol.
            A
Lord, the sirens were ascreamin', lights were flashin' red.
                                           E
There's a dozen more awatin' at the roadblock up ahead.
          B7
As I scattered them like chickens, I heard one of 'em cry,
          A                                 G              E
"He's headed for the border, man, and he's goin' down in
style."


E             A   E B7 A   G   E

              A
Yeah, when you cross the border, you ain't never comin' back.
               E
Yeah, and there ain't no redemption when the cops are on your
tail.
             A
When the closest thing to Heaven is a great big Cadilac,
      B7
The city lights of Houston, or the firey gates of Hell.

E
Well, they nailed me on the hill that overlooks the Rio
Grande.

And I was feelin' just like Moses lookin' on the Promised
Land.
               A
Well, they hauled me back to Houston, throwed me in the jail.
                        E
Well, my mama started cryin' and my daddy paid the bail.
          B7
Well, I'm sorry not there to hear the outcome of my trial...
          A                                G            E    A E
A E
I'm headed for the border, man, and I'm goin' down in style.
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Acordes