## Shovels & Rope - Birmingham

Tom: G G Intro: G Em D C Em Rock of Ages, cleave for me C G Fm Let my heart forget a beat G Delta Mama and a Nickajack Man С Em Why do you demand Raised their Cumberland daughters in a Tennessee band G G D C Calling me from Birmingham n Played Springwater at Station Inn Couldn't play fast, couldn't fit in Pulled her covered wagon off the BQE Fm Said this'll be the last you'll ever see of me G Caught a '66 Dodge in Caroline Fm Well the cowboy laughed said I know it's not true Got her education on her mama's dime Fm Cause there's nothing I could do to get loose from you D She was singing in a bar called Comatose Fm Halfway rusted on the salty coast Made a little money playing in the bars With two beat up drums and two old guitars G Rock of Ages, cleave for me G Em From the Crescent City to the Great Salt Lake Let me hide myself in Thee It ain't what you got, it's what you make С Em G Buried in the sand (GEmCEm) D G G Five hundred miles from Birmingham When the road got rough and the wheels all broke Rockamount Cowboy in a rock and roll band Fm Couldn't take more then we could tow Plugged his amplifier in all across the land Making something out of nothing with a scratcher and our hope Athens, Georgia on a friday night With two old guitars like a shovel and a rope Fm Saw that little girl, she could sing alright C G Rock of Ages, cleave for me Spent five years going from town to town G Em G C Let me hide myself in Thee Em Waiting on that little girl to come around G C Em Now I understand Caught in the arms of New York City D G G On better terms since Birmingham To lose that gal seemed terrible pity

## Acordes

