

Steve Earle - No. 29

Tom: **C**

(**C**) I was born and raised here,
This town's my town
(**G**) Everybody knows my (**C**) name
But (**C**) ever since the glass plant
Closed down things round
(**G**) Here ain't ever been the (**C**) same
Well (**F**) I got me a good job
Alright, some nights
(**C**) Take me to a (**G**) nother (**C**) time (walk down bass)
(**G**) Back when I was number twenty (**C**) nine

I was pretty good then
Don't you know, watch him go
Buddy I could really fly
Everyone in town came
Hip flasks, horn blasts
Any autumn Friday night
Sally yelled her heart out
Push em back, way back
I was hers and she was mine
Back when I was number 29

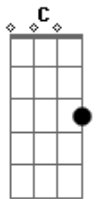
We were playing Smithville

Big boys, farm boys
Second down and four to go
Bubba brought the play in
Good call, my ball
Now they're gonna see a show
But Bubba let his man go
I cut back, heard it crack
It still hurts me but I don't mind
Reminds me I was number 29

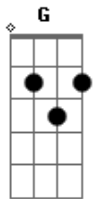
Now I go to the ballgames,
Cold nights, half pints
Friday nights I'm always here
We got a pretty good team
Good boys, strong boys
District champs the last 3 years
Got a little tailback
Pretty slick, real quick
I take him for a steak sometimes
Nowadays he's number 29

(**F**) I don't follow rainbows
Big dreams, brass rings
(**C**) I've already (**G**) captured (**C**) mine (walk down bass)
(**G**) Back when I was number 2(**C**)9

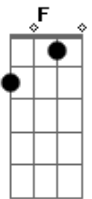
Acordes



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