

The Dead South - Boots

tom:

Intro: C G C G
C G D Em B7 Em

[Primeira Parte]

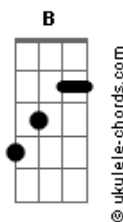
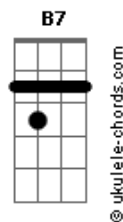
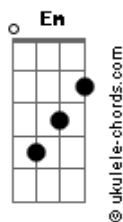
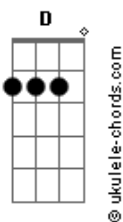
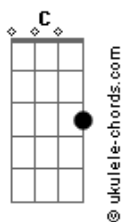
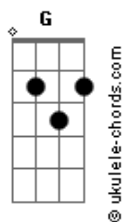
C G C G
Seven long years, I waited for you
C G D
You played your games, I played
Em
Mine too
B Em
While I wait for you
C G C G
Courting calls and lots of hurt
C G D
Girls are crying and I'm lying in
Em
The dirt
B Em
Trying to make this work
B7 Em B7 Em
I'm a big jerk, fooled by your smirk

(C G C)
(G C G)
(D Em B7 Em)

[Segunda Parte]

C G C
Pulled out your gun, shooting me
G
With words
C G D
Right through the head, oh, just
Em
Like I deserve
B7 Em
Throw me to the curb
C G
All them old folks
C G
Gathering round me
C G D
Point and laugh, oh, while they

Acordes



Em
Watch me bleed
B7 Em
I'm starting to believe
B7 Em
This is not a dream
B7 Em
Completely obscene
(C G C)
(G C G)
(D Em B7 Em)

[Terceira Parte]

C G C G
Bury me, in the cold hard ground
C G
Throw my body in
D Em
While I'm lying down
B7 Em
Then you steal my crown
C G
Before you leave me
C G
Lying in the dirt
C G
Take off my boots
D Em
And give em to the herd
B7 Em
All them sad words
B7 Em
Beaten and disturbed
B7 Em
Company deserved
(C G B Em)

[Final]

C G
Take off my boots
B Em
And I will love you