The Dead South - Broken Cowboy

```
F
                                                                          G
                                                                 But I, I am a broken cowboy
F C F
                             tom:
                Am
Intro: Am E Am E
                                                                 And I don't feel right no more
                                                                        FG
                                                                                        Am
                                                                  'Cause I am a broken cowboy
It's been a long, dark, dirty road
                                                                  [Solo] Am F C E Am
Am F C E Am
But a pocket full of gold
And I've been out here now
                                                                  Am
                                                                 Livin' life in the fast lane
Am
All on my own
                                                                 Racing cars and robbing trains
Well it's real quiet here
                                                                  I thought I had it all
                 C
Just the way I like it here
                                                                           Am
                                                                 Then one day I got the call
      F
There's no one to bother me
                                                                 A father's worst dream
    Am
Except
                                                                            C
                                                                 My son went down and I
         F
                    С
Am
In 1955, born into Wadena's pride
                                                                  Δm
                                                                 The colors deceive me
I laid my head on that
                                                                         C
                                                                 As I see grey
Milligan creek bed
                                                                 Oh, you're cutting me down with those
When I was a young man
                                                                 Cold words you're saying
I helped build this land
                                                                  Am
                                                                 Then you called me brother
                                 Am
Oh I, put down these rails as a CPR man
                                                                                   С
                                                                                                  F
                                                                 But this can't be so cause you Slander my name
                                                                                              F E Am
Thought I'd live forever
                                                                  anywhere the wind will blow, oh
With my heart in my pocket
                                                                  [Refrão]
      E
Oh, my gun by my side
                                                                           G
                                                                                          Am
                                                                 But I, I am a broken cowboy
       Am
And my feelings in a locket
                                                                 And I don't feel right no more
                                F C
                                                                      FG
                                                                                         Am
Well, that was a cold year in 'Seventyseven
                                                                  'Cause I am a broken cowboy
                                                                   FG
     F
                                                                                      Am
But I married my wife
                                                                  Yes, I am a broken cowboy
We had 2 kids
                                                                  Am
                                                                  It's been a long dark dirty road
Am
I gave her a daughter
                                                                 But a pocket full of gold
She gave me a son
          Е
                                                                  And I've been out here now
                                     Am
And oh, we rode those damn horses until we had none
                                                                 Am
                                                                 All on my own
Fists still like flyin'
                                                                  Well it's real quiet here
Doing things for dyin'
                                                                  Just the way I like it here
                                                                          F
      F
                                     Am
Oh, I should have put that old gun away
                                                                  There's no one to bother me
                                                                         Am
[Refrão]
                                                                 Except that old taunting tree
Acordes
                    Ε
           ukulele-chords.com
                         ukulele-chords.com
                                       ukulele-chords.com
                                                     ukulele-chords.com
                                                                   ukulele-chords.com
```

Oferecimento Lojalele.com.br