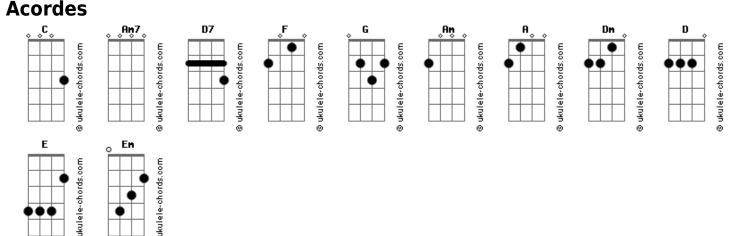
## Eagles - Long Road Out Of Eden

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We're riding to utopia, road map says we'll be arriving soon
Tom: C
Intro: Am7 D7 Am7 D7
                                                                              G
                                                                                                        G
                                                              Captains of the old order clinging to the reins
Δm7
            D7
                                                                               D
                                                                                            Dm
                                                              Dm
Moon shining down through the palms
                                                              Assuring us these aches inside are only growing pains
Am7
                    D7
                                                                             E
                                                                                          Am
Shadows moving on the sand
                                                              But it's a long road out of Eden
Am7
                       D7
Somebody whispering the twenty-third psalm
                                                              Am C G / Am C D Am / Am C G / Am C D Am
                  D7
Am7
Dusty rifle in his trembling hands
                                                                                 G
                                                              Back home I was so certain
                       D7
Am7
                                                              F.
                                                                               G
Somebody trying just to stay alive
                                                              The path was very clear
                 D7
                                                                               D
                                                                                    Dm
Am7
                                                              Dm
                                                              But now I have to wonder: "what are we doing here?"
He got promises to keep
Am7
                  D7
                                                              F
                                                                                 G
Over the ocean in America
                                                              I'm not counting on tomorrow
Am7
                  D7
                                                              F
                                                                               G
Far away and fast asleep
                                                              And I can't tell wrong from right
                                                              Dm
                                                                          D
                                                                                            Dm
                                                              But I'd give anything to be there in your arms tonight
                                            G
                                                    Am A Am
            G
Silent stars blinking in the blackness of an endless sky
                  F
        G
                            G Am A Am
                                                              Solo accomp. (A Em Dm Em )
Cold silver satellites, ghostly caravans passing by
                                                              Am7 D7 Am7 D7
        G
                F
                                  G
Galaxies unfolding, new worlds being born
                                                              Am7
                                                                                D7
                 Dm
                                                              Weaving down the American highway
Dm
          D
Pilgrims and prodigals creeping toward the dawn
                                                                                                          D7
                                                              Am7
              E
                                                              Through the litter and the wreckage and the cultural junk
                            Am
But it's a long road out of Eden
                                                              Am7
                                                                                       D7
                                                              Bloated with entitlement, loaded on propaganda
Am7 D7 Am7 D7
                                                              Am7
                                                                                    D7
                                                              And now we're driving dazed and drunk
Am7
                      D7
Music blasting from an SUV
                                                              Am7
                                                              Been down the road to Damascus,
                     D7
Am7
On a bright and sunny day
                                                              D7
                 D7
                                                              The road to Mandalay
am7
Rolling down the interstate
                                                              Am7
                                                                                             D7
                                                              Met the ghost of Caesar on the Appian way
Am7
                 D7
In the good ol' USA
                                                                                                         D7
                                                              Am7
                                                              He said, "it's hard to stop this bingeing, once you get a
Am7
                      D7
                                                              taste."
Having lunch at the petroleum club
                                                              Am7
                                                                                           D7
                                                              "but the road to empire is a bloody stupid waste."
Am7
                           D7
Smokin' fine cigars and swappin' lives
                                                                                         F
                                     D7
Am7
                                                                                    G
He said: "gimme 'nother slice o' that barbecued brisket!"
                                                              Behold the bitten apple - the power of the tools
Am7
                            D7
                                                                                   D
                                                                                                  Dm
                                                              Dm
"gimme 'nother piece o' that pecan pie!"
                                                              But all the knowledge in the world is of no use to fools
                                                                             F
                                                                                          Am
                                                              C
                    F
                                                              And it's a long road out of Eden....
                                G
                                   Am A Am
Freeways flickering, cell phones chiming a tune
               G
                     F
                               G
                                              Am A Am
                                                              Outro: Am7 D7 ?..
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