

The White Buffalo - Avalon

Tom: G

Intro: C

G

Billy wasn't sober

He got pulled over in Chinatown

Liquor on his breath

Stuffs a pistol in the cushion

Rolls the window down

Oh well, his heart it races like hundred yard dash

Stone cold on his face

He's been since then been reluctant on his way

G

Billy wasn't sober

He was hungover

It was 10 am

Another day of work

Clutching the pillow like his only friend

He's past his prime

He a damn sore

Steadfast in his ways

Wasted his life but he still has cards to play

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon

He's not all the way down

G

Billy's getting older

The chip on his shoulder's getting heavier

Weight of the world

Spins and skids into oblivion

This ain't living, it's a way to rather die

There must be another way

Under his breath he says

Things have got to change

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon

He's not all the way down

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon

He's not all the way down

Searching but he got no soul

Wishing he could flip a switch

Turn his life around and face the fact

That life's a bitch

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon

He's not all the way down

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon

He's not all the way down

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon

He's not all the way down

Acordes

