

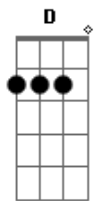
Tim Steinfort - The Weary Kind

Tom: **D**
Intro: **D A Bm G D A D G D**

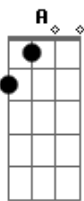
D **A**
Your heart's on the loose
Bm
You rolled them sevens with
G **D**
nothing to lose
A
And this ain't no place for
D
the weary kind
A
You called all your shots
Bm **G**
Shooting eight ball at the
D
corner truck stop
A
Somehow this don't feel like
D
home anymore
Bm **A**
And this ain't no place
D
for the weary kind
G **D**
And this ain't no place to
A
lose your mind
G **Bm**
This ain't no place to
A
fall behind
G **D**
Pick up your crazy heart
A
and give it one more try
D **A**
Your body aches
Bm
Playing your guitar and
G
sweating out the hate
D **A**
The days and the nights
D

all feel the same
A
Your whiskey has been a
Bm
thorn in your side
G
It doesn't forget
D **A**
The highway that calls for
D
your heart inside
Bm **A**
And this ain't no place
D
for the weary kind
G **D**
This ain't no place to
A
lose your mind
G **Bm**
This ain't no place to
A
fall behind
G **D**
Pick up your crazy heart
A
and give it one more try
[Solo] **D A Bm G D A D G D**
D **A**
Your lovers won't kiss
Bm
It's too damn far from your fingertips
D **A**
You are the man that
D
ruined her world
A
Your heart's on the loose
Bm
You rolled them sevens
G
with nothing to lose
D **A**
This ain't no place for
D G D
the weary kind

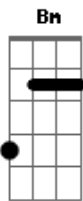
Acordes



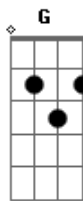
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