

## Willie Nelson - Local Memory

Tom: A

E

The lights go out each evening at eleven
E

A
And up and down our block there's not a sound
E

I close my eyes and search for peaceful slumber
D

E

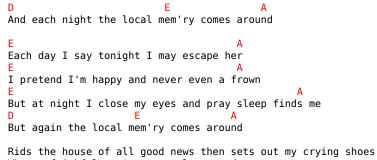
A
And just then the local mem'ry comes around

D

A
Piles of blues against the door to make sure sleep will come no more
A

He's the hardest working mem'ry in this town
D

Turns out happiness againand then lets loneliness back in



## **Acordes**

