

# Zach Bryan - Purple Gas

tom:  
Intro: C F C

[Primeira Parte]

C F C  
I've got plates for purple gas  
F C  
'Bout the only break I catch  
F C  
But I am not the kind of man  
F C  
To blame the dealer on a losin' hand  
F C  
Have a lone star in my eye  
F C  
The darker the sky, the brighter it shines  
F C  
Pumpjack checks and bailer twine  
F C  
A ton of a grit or maybe it's spite

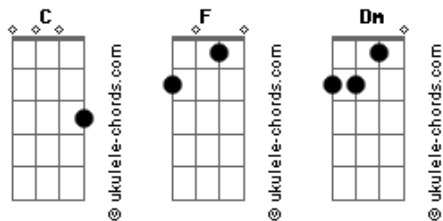
[Refrão]

Dm F  
And if I weren't a flatland boy, I'd say I'd have a hill  
Dm F  
A hill that I will die upon if the climb don't get me killed  
Dm F  
If there were such heights around here for a guy to lay his pride  
Dm C F C  
Maybe I'd rest before I died if I weren't a flatland boy  
F C  
If I weren't a flatland boy

[Segunda Parte]

F C  
I hammer down, hair straight back  
F C  
The world blurs past, tell me, how's it that  
F C  
My horizon line's static?  
F C  
I guess at least it's a sure bet  
F C  
Was taught not to throw the first fist  
F C

## Acordes



But if you take a hit, finish that son of a bitch

In a life havin' the upper hand's a myth

Your only fightin' chance is too stubborn to quit

[Refrão]

Dm F  
And if I weren't a flatland boy, I'd say I'd have a hill  
Dm F  
A hill that I will die upon if the climb don't get me killed  
Dm F  
If there were such heights around here for a guy to lay his pride  
Dm C F C  
Maybe I'd rest before I died if I weren't a flatland boy  
F C  
If I weren't a flatland boy

[Terceira Parte]

F C  
Retired rail ties, point nine wire  
F C  
Neighbor kid on the fencing pliers  
F C  
Fargo that turns over fine  
F C  
At forty below if you cuss it right  
F C  
A sly thumb of Rye sometimes  
F C  
Keep a bottle hid with the Bio-Mycin  
F C  
You can dull the edge, you can look ahead  
Dm C  
But can't get there, it goes on forever  
Dm C  
Oh, it just goes on forever  
Dm C F C  
You keep your head down, it goes on forever

[Final]

F C  
But I've got plates for purple gas  
F C  
I've got plates for purple gas