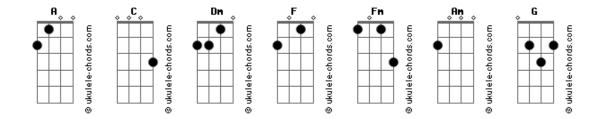
Colby T. Helms - Higher Ground

Like Daddy said you better keep your head and know when to tom: shut that mouth Intro: C Dm F Fm C Dm F Fm [Pré-Refrão] [Primeira Parte] Am Like Damson trees, lost Southern melodies Dm Once I was the running kind, I would run these interstates We are a dying breed Now I?m running home if you?re waiting there [Refrão] Dm Once I was the loving kind, I thought your heart would be all С I?m gonna live way up in the holler mine I learned in good time that it could never be I can?t stand the city no more Dm [Pré-Refrão] Working all my life trying to make a dollar Wish things were how they were before F Like Damson trees and honeybees I?m gonna sweep you off your feet G We are a dying breed I?m gonna take you to higher ground [Refrão] Dm We can danc? the night away Fm I?m gonna live way up in the holler We ain?t gotta fool around I can?t stand the city no more [Solo] C Dm F Fm C Dm F Fm Dm Working all my life trying to make a dollar [Pré-Refrão] Wish things were how they were before F I?m gonna sweep you off your feet Like Damson trees and honeybees We are a dying breed I?m gonna take you to higher ground We can danc? the night away I?m gonna live way up in the holler Fm We ain?t gotta fool around I can?t stand the city no more [Solo] C Dm F Fm C Dm F Working all my life trying to make a dollar Fm Fm [Segunda Parte] Wish things were how they were before I?m gonna sweep you off your feet Dm Thes? lowdown days, these long highways, keep me feeling alone G I?m gonna take you to higher ground I wish I was high and somewhat dry in my underground home We can danc? the night away Dm These Nashville cats in Ariat hats leave a sour taste in my Fm mouth We ain?t gotta fool around Acordes



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