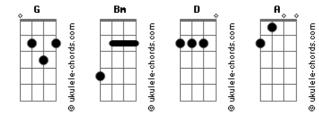
## **Graveyard Train - Ballad Of Beelzebub**

But the man says "You gotta get up there again tom: D G Bm [Solo] Bm G D A Yodel well, and your pickings swell Bm G And you play so hard for the folks in Hell But the air on stage is burning our lungs D G And we're all going deaf from the beating drums And they can't see nothing D Nothin' at all And you can't see a thing for all the blood And sweat in our eyes Rm Chains to the legs, bolts to the ground Bm G You boys ain't leaving 'til this crowd turns around Yeah we played 'til we died, and now we're all dead D They don't hear nothing But the man says "You gotta get up there again D Nothing at all Bm Bm The colder the night, the hotter the lights And you can't sing a note for the dust in your throat G Your sweat drips down and the crowd starts fist-fights We're running on empty and the bands lost all hope They hear nothing D Α 'Cause they hear nothing Nothing at all Nothing at all But the air on stage is burning our lungs Welcome to hell, ladies and gent's And we're all going deaf from the beating drums You sinned and fell, no time to repent D D And you can't see a thing for all the blood And you can't hear nothing Δ And sweat in our eyes Nothing at all G G No you can't hear nothing Bm Yeah we played 'til we died, and now we're all dead Bm Nothing ... at ... alllll

## Acordes



And you can't come down 'til the brimstone turns to ice"

And you can't come down 'til the brimstone turns to ice"