

Graveyard Train - Ballad Of Beelzebub

tom:
 G
 Yodel well, and your pickings swell
 Bm
 G And you play so hard for the folks in Hell
 D
 A And they can't see nothing
 A Nothin' at all
 Bm
 G Chains to the legs, bolts to the ground
 D
 A You boys ain't leaving 'til this crowd turns around
 A They don't hear nothing
 A Nothing at all
 Bm
 G The colder the night, the hotter the lights
 D
 A Your sweat drips down and the crowd starts fist-fights
 A They hear nothing
 A Nothing at all
 Bm
 G But the air on stage is burning our lungs
 D
 A And we're all going deaf from the beating drums
 A And you can't see a thing for all the blood
 A And sweat in our eyes
 Bm
 G Yeah we played 'til we died, and now we're all dead
 G

But the man says "You gotta get up there again
 D
 A And you can't come down 'til the brimstone turns to ice"
 [Solo] Bm G D A
 Bm
 G But the air on stage is burning our lungs
 D
 A And we're all going deaf from the beating drums
 A And you can't see a thing for all the blood
 A And sweat in our eyes
 Bm
 G Yeah we played 'til we died, and now we're all dead
 G
 A But the man says "You gotta get up there again
 D
 A And you can't come down 'til the brimstone turns to ice"
 Bm
 D And you can't sing a note for the dust in your throat
 G
 A We're running on empty and the bands lost all hope
 D
 A 'Cause they hear nothing
 A Nothing at all
 Bm
 G Welcome to hell, ladies and gent's
 G
 A You sinned and fell, no time to repent
 D
 A And you can't hear nothing
 A
 G Nothing at all
 G
 A No you can't hear nothing
 Bm
 A Nothing ... at ... alllll

Acordes

