

# Pat Green - Southbound 35

Tom: D  
Intro: (As played @ Billy Bob's 4-30-99)

Mamma raised a Christian boy  
Children of the Son  
Daddy was a son of a bitch  
And I'm a hard hittin' son of a gun

F C D F C D F C D F C D

What the hell am I doing down in Kansas City,  
I know damn well it ain't where I belong,  
think I'll quit my job come 5 o'clock,  
find my lonely way back home,  
My baby said just what are you trying to prove here,  
do you really want to leave me here alone,  
I said I'm staring at this ocean full of Yankees,  
and I'd rather be in Texas on my own.

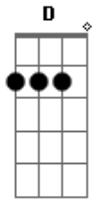
So we were southbound 35, we were headed down the road,  
hit the border by the morning, let Texas fill my soul,  
yeah let Texas fill my soul.  
-----

The tears start to flow about the time that I was leaving,  
she said I guess you better take me along,  
God might have made me born a Yankee,  
but it's time that I made Texas my home,  
So we loaded her stuff into my pickup,  
said good-bye to all my friends,  
called my brother down in Austin,  
said I'm headed home again.

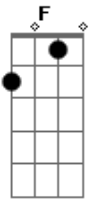
Chorus  
She had her feet up on the dashboard,  
she was holding my hand and wearing only a smile,  
she said it's gonna be hard to start all over,  
but the feeling I have will make it all worth while.

Chorus

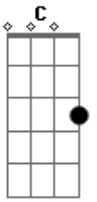
## Acordes



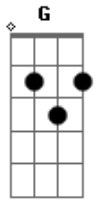
© ukulele-chords.com



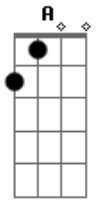
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com