

# Rancid - G.G.F. (Golden Gate Fields)

Tom: G

CHORUS:

This is not Churchill Downs, this is not Hollywood Park

When the field is wide open I'll pick the horse who's got the biggest heart

VERSE (palm muted):

Let 'em run let em ride let em roll down the track

Let 'em win place and show let 'em 1 dollar exact

Six furlongs four dillys 3 mares 3 years and up

Who measures up well I wish you luck

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VERSE (palm muted):

Well they rush the windows and play odds on the fan

My starter in second dueces down a bit of give and take

Race is a puzzler when they open from the outside

It's a hit and run and they look back you can't count on that  
That's a fact the old men from El Cerreto who talk about their picks

Talk about the wins of the great jock

CHORUS:

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When the field is wide open I'll pick the horse who's got the biggest heart

VERSE

(fucked up timing that i wont tab...  
Same chords as priot verses)

Everytime I go back to the east bay i run into big "L"  
My old friend big "L", he's not doin so well

Me and big "L" grew up across the freeway from the track  
Spent many many many days at the track

I see big "L" come rollin up the street  
In his little sister's pink ten speed

He said Tim, Tim don't you remember me  
Way back in 1973

Everytime i see him he has to remind me  
Like i would ever forget big "L"

Then he's gone like a flash

OUTRO CRDS:

G (x2)

C - til end

otra - hehehehehe

## Acordes

