

Steve Earle - No. 29

Tom: C

(C) I was born and raised here,
 This town's my town
 (G) Everybody knows my (C) name
 But (C) ever since the glass plant
 Closed down things round
 (G) Here ain't ever been the (C) same
 Well (F) I got me a good job
 Alright, some nights
 (C) Take me to a (G) nother (C) time (walk down bass)
 (G) Back when I was number twenty (C) nine

I was pretty good then
 Don't you know, watch him go
 Buddy I could really fly
 Everyone in town came
 Hip flasks, horn blasts
 Any autumn Friday night
 Sally yelled her heart out
 Push em back, way back
 I was hers and she was mine
 Back when I was number 29

We were playing Smithville

Big boys, farm boys
 Second down and four to go
 Bubba brought the play in
 Good call, my ball
 Now they're gonna see a show
 But Bubba let his man go
 I cut back, heard it crack
 It still hurts me but I don't mind
 Reminds me I was number 29

Now I go to the ballgames,
 Cold nights, half pints
 Friday nights I'm always here
 We got a pretty good team
 Good boys, strong boys
 District champs the last 3 years
 Got a little tailback
 Pretty slick, real quick
 I take him for a steak sometimes
 Nowadays he's number 29

(F) I don't follow rainbows
 Big dreams, brass rings
 (C) I've already (G) captured (C) mine (walk down bass)
 (G) Back when I was number 2(C)9

Acordes

