

Steve Earle - Telephone Road

Tom: F
Intro:

F C

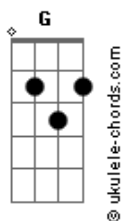
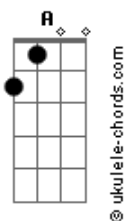
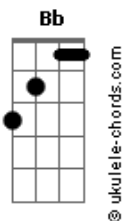
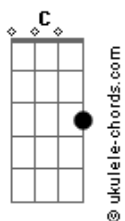
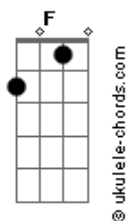
Bb A G F F C F
My brother Jimmy, my other brother Jack.
Bb A G F F C F
They went down to Houston and they never came back.
Bb A G F F C F
Mama wasn't going to let her baby go yet,
Bb A G F F C F
but there ain't nobody hiring back in Lafayette.

Working all week for the Texico check.
Sun beating down on the back of my neck.
Tried to save my money but Jimmy says no.
Says he's got a little honey on telephone road.

Bb A G F
Come on come on come on lets go.

F C F

Acordes



This ain't Louisiana, your mama won't know.

Bb A G F
Come on come on come on lets go.

F C F
Everybody's rocking out on Telephone Road.

Telephone Road is ten miles long.
Fifty car lots and a hundred Honky Tonks.
Juke box is blasting and the beer bottles ring.
Jimmy banging on the pinball machine.

Chorus

Mama never told me about nothing like this.
I guess Houston's about as big as the city can get.
Sometimes I get lonesome for Lafayette.
Some day I'm going home, but I ain't ready yet.

Chorus 2X

end with intro riff.