

The Dead South - Blue Trash

tom:
 G
 Cry baby cry, crying all about
 Cause you be missin' that banjo sound
 Finger pickin' good and greasy bound
 So you run, all the way back to mamma
 To grab your gun

[Segunda Parte]

G
 You keep playing in your mind
 That mando's playing time, after time
 Those backchop beats are feelin' just fine
 Take it away, foot stomps and gravy trains
 Where is the heart?

[Refrão]

G
 Sun down day turns to night
 Angel's singing, it sound just right
 Demon's playing, there ain't no fight
 You pray
 This music will go away
 You pure old heart

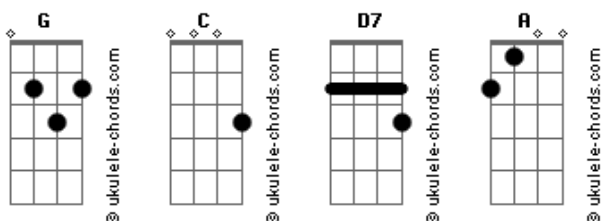
[Terceira Parte]

G
 I'm feelin' salty but I'm drinking sprite
 That tangy banjo's sounding
 So dang bright
 Heavy hearts to an empty stage right
 You say
 There is no bass today
 Low day don't feel so right

[Refrão]

G
 Sun down day turns to night

Acordes



C G
 Angel's singing, it sound just right
 C G
 Demon's playing, there ain't no fight
 D7
 You pray
 G A
 This music will go away
 D7 G
 You pure old heart

[Quarta Parte]

G
 Blue trash don't touch my art
 C G
 We want it back to how it was at the start
 C G
 Dead on the tracks why did we depart
 D7
 You done?
 G A
 Cause you cannot take away
 D7 G A
 What's in our hearts today
 D7 G
 What's in our hearts

[Refrão]

G
 Sun down day turns to night
 C G
 Angel's singing, it sound just right
 C G
 Demon's playing, there ain't no fight
 D7
 You pray
 G A
 This music will go away
 D7 G
 You pure old heart

[Quinta Parte]

G
 Blue trash won't call it art
 C G
 They want it back to how it was at the start
 C
 Dead on the track
 G
 Why did we depart
 D7
 Well you done?
 D7 G A
 Cause you cannot take away
 D7 G A
 What's in our hearts today
 D7 G A
 What's in our hearts this way
 D7 G
 What's in our hearts