

The Dead South - Spaghetti

tom:

Intro: Dm F C Dm

Dm
 Momma made something sweet
 F
 It's good for you to eat
 C
 But you were out late messing around Dm
 Dm
 The girls are in your hands
 F
 Dangerous charm you don't understand
 C
 The other men will burn you alive Dm

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy C

Tonight Dm

(C Bm Dm)

Dm
 The streets are whispering now

F
 Of this gentlemen in town

C
 A lover, who cannot be beat Dm

Dm
 The men around town

F
 Gathered on the sacred ground

C
 And repeated to beat their chests Dm

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy G

Right now Dm

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy G

Right now Dm

(C Bm Dm)

(C Bm Dm)

Dm
 Been hiding as you can

F
 Too weak to even stand

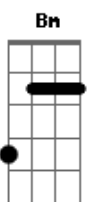
C
 Your bones don't fit your skin no more Dm

Dm
 Got you crying at the Moon

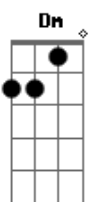
F
 Begging momma for a room

C Dm

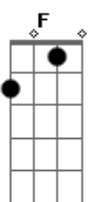
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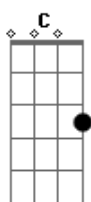
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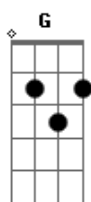
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But she's felt the burn of your love

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy C

Right now Dm

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy G

Right now Dm

(C Bm Dm)

(C Bm Dm)

Dm

Got down on your knees to pray

F

Asking your father in his grave

C

He whispered, son Dm

(Dm F C)

(Dm F C)

Dm

Get on your horse and ride

F

I wanna show you

G

Where you gonna die Dm

F

Ohhhhhh Ohhhhh Ohhhhh G Dm

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy G

Right now Dm

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy G

Right now Dm

You're just naive, boy F

You better leave, boy G

Right now Dm

F

This blessing turned to curse C

F

Your charm worked in reverse G Dm

F

And a love song

G

That is burnt in my mind Dm