

The Dead South - The Good Lord

tom:
 Capotraste na 2ª casa
 Intro: C G G7
 C A A7
 B7 Em

Well I pray, every day
 That the good Lord keep me safe
 And I try to hide all this fear built in my spine
 Give a man a day
 So I can see your pretty face
 Until I arrive in your arms

Well I don't know what you doin'
 Fightin' in this silly war
 You're not a yankee, love
 Nor a grey-back confederate
 Tryin' to keep these slaves abhorred
 You were just a simple man
 Tryin' to do these things the best you can
 Now it's time to come on home
 Got a baby in the oven
 That I need to see before she gets old

Well I pray, every day
 That the good Lord keep me safe
 And I try to hide all this fear built in my spine
 Give a man a day
 So I can see your pretty face

Until I arrive in your arms

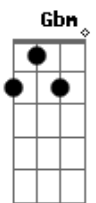
G
 Well I don't know what I'm doin'
 Em
 Fightin' in this stupid war
 G Em
 I'm not a yankee or a grey-back anymore
 G
 I've killed so many men
 B7
 Just to kill so many more
 Em A A7
 Just wanna see my baby before I die
 B
 In this shitstorm

[Riff] C G D Em D
 C G D G
 C G D EM D
 C G D

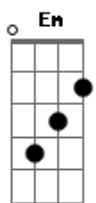
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 And I try to hide all this fear built in my spine
 Give a man a day
 So I can see your pretty face
 Until I arrive in your arms
 Until I die in your arms
 Until I die in your arms

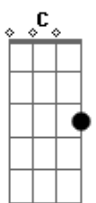
Acordes



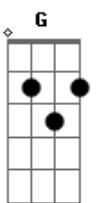
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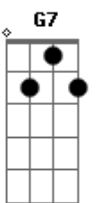
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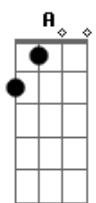
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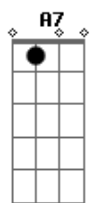
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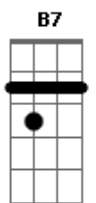
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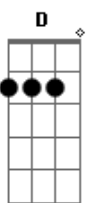
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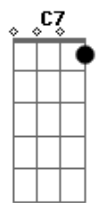
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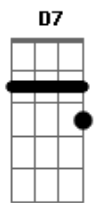
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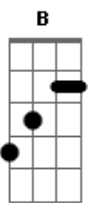
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