

The White Buffalo - Bb Guns And Dirt Bikes

Tom: C	We'd best be home by suppertime
Intro: C	Just in time to craft a scheme
C	If you've got my back heres the plan of attack
We were ridin out with heads in the sky	Listen up if you would boys please
F C	We'll hit these pussies round midnight
We were ten and twelve and thirteen	And roll off like a band of thieves
F C	
We got BB guns and dirt bikes	(Chorus)
G	
And heads full of crowded dreams	F C G C
C	Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh
We always won in the hot suburban sun	Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh
F C	
We were kings of the west side track	With quiverin eyes and our fear in disguise
F C	We gathered all that would burn in the breeze
These new kids over cross Slater Street	We hit the asphalt howlin like hellfire
G	Had no time to get weak in the knees
Comin on like a heart attack	
Chorus:	Under the cover of night when the timing was right
	Like a furious army of three
	We'd light up the sky like the fourth of July
	And race home like it was a dream
Mama says	
F C	And Mama yells
Where are ya going?	Where have ya been?
F G	And where the hell are ya comin from?
And when will you be comin home?	With my brother and my memory
C F	I'll bring my victory home
With my brother and my memory	With my brother and my memory
C G C	I'll bring my history home
I'll bring my history home	
Sealed with piss and with pride through the streets we would	Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh
ride	Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh
Over cracks in the dirt and weeds	Oh oh oh ohhh oh ohhhhh oh oh ohhhh ohhh oh
	Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh

Acordes

