

# The White Buffalo - Bb Guns And Dirt Bikes

Tom: C  
Intro: C

C  
We were ridin out with heads in the sky  
F C  
We were ten and twelve and thirteen  
F C  
We got BB guns and dirt bikes  
G  
And heads full of crowded dreams  
C  
We always won in the hot suburban sun  
F C  
We were kings of the west side track  
F C  
These new kids over cross Slater Street  
G  
Comin on like a heart attack

Chorus:

Mama says  
F C  
Where are ya going?  
F G  
And when will you be comin home?  
C F  
With my brother and my memory  
C G C  
I'll bring my history home

Sealed with piss and with pride through the streets we would ride  
Over cracks in the dirt and weeds

We'd best be home by suppertime  
Just in time to craft a scheme

If you've got my back heres the plan of attack  
Listen up if you would boys please  
We'll hit these pussies round midnight  
And roll off like a band of thieves

(Chorus)

F C G C  
Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh

With quiverin eyes and our fear in disguise  
We gathered all that would burn in the breeze  
We hit the asphalt howlin like hellfire  
Had no time to get weak in the knees

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

And Mama yells  
Where have ya been?  
And where the hell are ya comin from?  
With my brother and my memory  
I'll bring my victory home  
With my brother and my memory  
I'll bring my history home

Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh ohhh oh ohhhh oh oh oh ohhhh ohhh oh  
Oh oh oh ohhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh ohhhh oh oh oh

## Acordes

