

The White Buffalo - The Bowery

Tom: D
Intro: 2x: D Gmaj9 Gb Gb7

Verso:

^D
Im down at the bowery, oh Lord oh Lord
Gonna tell you how I got here ^{Gb}
First I gotta shoot some dice and win ^D
So I can get my room again ^{Gb}

^D
It all started with a love so true and the angels flew
Higher than Ive ever been ^{Gb}
With a sparkle in her face and her eyes and the butterflies ^D
It all came rushing in ^{Gb}

Refrão:

^{Bm} Buttercup, ^A I lost my wife in ^D 73 ^{Gb}
^{Bm} She took ill, ^A she done died on me ^D
And Ive nothing more to live for ^{Gb}

Verso:

^D
So I packed up a bag and went
I just started wandering ^{Gb}

^D
I hid in the booze and the shadows of the night
I just started crumbling ^{Gb}

Refrão:

^{Bm} Buttercup, ^A I lost my wife in ^D 73 ^{Gb}
^{Bm} She took ill, ^A she done died on me ^D
And Ive nothing more to live for ^{Gb}

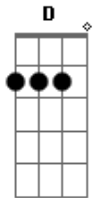
^D
Oh, it just dont seem fair... ^{Gb}
I met her under a chandelier ^D
And time and space changed from there ^{Gb}

Refrão:

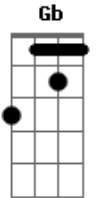
^{Bm} Buttercup, ^A I lost my wife in ^D 73 ^{Gb}
^{Bm} She took ill, ^A she done died on me ^D ^{Gb}
^{Bm} Buttercup, ^A I lost my wife in ^D 73 ^{Gb}
^{Bm} She took ill, ^A Lord she done died on me ^D
And Ive nothing more to live for ^{Gb}

And Ive nothing more to live for ^{Gb}
^{Gb} (no ^{Gb7}) ^G
And Ive nothing more to live for

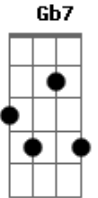
Acordes



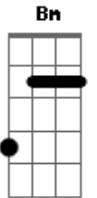
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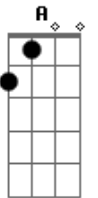
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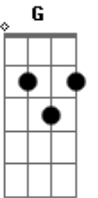
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