

# Tim Steinfort - The Weary Kind

Tom: D  
Intro: D A Bm G D A D G D

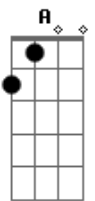
D A  
Your heart's on the loose  
Bm  
You rolled them sevens with  
G D  
nothing to lose  
A  
And this ain't no place for  
D  
the weary kind  
A  
You called all your shots  
Bm G  
Shooting eight ball at the  
D  
corner truck stop  
A  
Somehow this don't feel like  
D  
home anymore  
Bm A  
And this ain't no place  
D  
for the weary kind  
G D  
And this ain't no place to  
A  
lose your mind  
G Bm  
This ain't no place to  
A  
fall behind  
G D  
Pick up your crazy heart  
A  
and give it one more try  
D A  
Your body aches  
Bm  
Playing your guitar and  
G  
sweating out the hate  
D A  
The days and the nights  
D

all feel the same  
A  
Your whiskey has been a  
Bm  
thorn in your side  
G  
It doesn't forget  
D A  
The highway that calls for  
D  
your heart inside  
Bm A  
And this ain't no place  
D  
for the weary kind  
G D  
This ain't no place to  
A  
lose your mind  
G Bm  
This ain't no place to  
A  
fall behind  
G D  
Pick up your crazy heart  
A  
and give it one more try  
[Solo] D A Bm G D A D G D  
D A  
Your lovers won't kiss  
Bm  
It's too damn far from your fingertips  
D A  
You are the man that  
D  
ruined her world  
A  
Your heart's on the loose  
Bm  
You rolled them sevens  
G  
with nothing to lose  
D A  
This ain't no place for  
D G D  
the weary kind

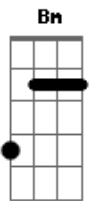
## Acordes



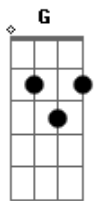
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