

Tyler Childers - White House Road

Tom: G

(forma dos acordes no tom de D)

Capostrate na 5ª casa

^D
Early in the morning when the sun does rise

^C ^G
Layin? in the bed with bloodshot eyes

^D
Late in the evening when the sun sinks low

^C ^G
That?s about the time my rooster crows

^D
I got women up and down this creek

^C ^G
And they keep me going and my engine clean

^D
Run me ragged but I don?t fret

^C ^G
Cause there ain?t been one slow me down none yet

[Refrão]

^D
Get me drinkin? that moonshine

^C ^G
Get my higher than the grocery bill

^D
Take my troubles to the high wall

^C ^G
Throw ?em in the river and get your fill

^D
We been sniffin? that cocaine

^C ^G
Ain?t nothin? better when the wind cuts cold

^D
Lord it?s a mighty hard living

^C ^G
But a damn good feelin? to run these roads

^D
I got people try to tell me Red

^C ^G
Keep this livin? and you?ll wind up dead

^D
Cast your troubles on the lord of lords

^C ^G
Wind up layin? on a coolin? board

^D
But I got buddies up at White House Road

^C ^G
And they keep me struttin? when my feet hang low

^D
Rot gut whiskey gonna easy my pain

^C ^G
And all this runnin?s gonna keep me sane

[Refrão]

^D
Get me drinkin? that moonshine

^C ^G
Get my higher than the grocery bill

^D
Take my troubles to the high wall

^C ^G
Throw ?em in the river and get your fill

^D
We been sniffin? that cocaine

^C ^G
Ain?t nothin? better when the wind cuts cold

^D
Lord it?s a mighty hard living

^C ^G
But a damn good feelin? to run these roads

^C ^G
It?s a damn good feelin? to run these roads

^D
When you lay me in the cold hard clay

^C ^G
Won?t you sing them hymns while the banjo plays

^D
Tell them ladies that they ought not frown

^C ^G ^D
Cause there ain?t been nothing ever held me down

[Ponte]

^G
Lawman, women, or a shallow grave

^G
Same old blues just a different day

[Refrão]

^D
Get me drinkin? that moonshine

^C ^G
Get my higher than the grocery bill

^D
Take my troubles to the high wall

^C ^G
Throw ?em in the river and get your fill

^D
We been sniffin? that cocaine

^C ^G
Ain?t nothin? better when the wind cuts cold

^D
Lord it?s a mighty hard living

^C ^G ^D
But a damn good feelin? to run these roads

[Final]

^C ^G ^D
It?s a damn good feelin? to run these roads

^C ^G ^D
It?s a damn good feelin? to run these roads

Acordes

