

Zach Bryan - Purple Gas

tom:

C

Intro: C F C

[Primeira Parte]

C F C
I've got plates for purple gas
'Bout the only break I catch
But I am not the kind of man
To blame the dealer on a losin' hand
Have a lone star in my eye
The darker the sky, the brighter it shines
Pumpjack checks and bailer twine
A ton of a grit or maybe it's spite

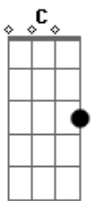
[Refrão]

Dm F
And if I weren't a flatland boy, I'd say I'd have a hill
Dm F C
A hill that I will die upon if the climb don't get me killed
Dm F C
If there were such heights around here for a guy to lay his pride
Dm C F C
Maybe I'd rest before I died if I weren't a flatland boy
F C
If I weren't a flatland boy

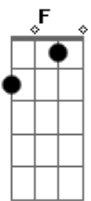
[Segunda Parte]

F C
I hammer down, hair straight back
The world blurs past, tell me, how's it that
F C
My horizon line's static?
F C
I guess at least it's a sure bet
F C
Was taught not to throw the first fist

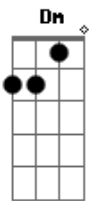
Acordes



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But if you take a hit, finish that son of a bitch
In a life havin' the upper hand's a myth
Your only fightin' chance is too stubborn to quit

[Refrão]

Dm F
And if I weren't a flatland boy, I'd say I'd have a hill
Dm F
A hill that I will die upon if the climb don't get me killed
Dm F
If there were such heights around here for a guy to lay his pride
Dm C F C
Maybe I'd rest before I died if I weren't a flatland boy
F C
If I weren't a flatland boy

[Terceira Parte]

F C
Retired rail ties, point nine wire
Neighbor kid on the fencing pliers
F C
Fargo that turns over fine
F C
At forty below if you cuss it right
F C
A sly thumb of Rye sometimes
F C
Keep a bottle hid with the Bio-Mycin
F C
You can dull the edge, you can look ahead
Dm C
But can't get there, it goes on forever
Dm C
Oh, it just goes on forever
Dm C F C
You keep your head down, it goes on forever

[Final]

F C
But I've got plates for purple gas
F C
I've got plates for purple gas