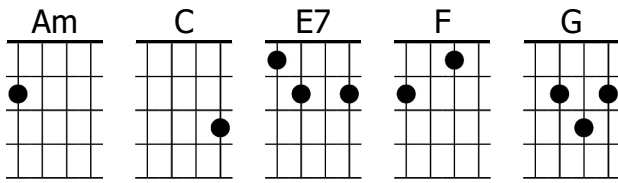


# Broken Cowboy

## The Dead South



**Am** | | |

**Am** It's been a long dark | dirty road **F** and pocket full of **C** gold  
And **E7** I've been out | here now, **Am** all on my | own  
| Well, it's real | quiet here, **F** just the way I **C** like it here  
There's **E7** no one to bother | me, except... **Am Am**↓

**Am** In nineteen | fifty-five, **F** born into Wa**C**dena's pride  
**E7** I laid my | head on that **Am** Milligan | creek bed  
| When I was a | young man **F** I helped build this **C** land  
Oh, I **E7** put down these | rails as a **Am** CPR | man

**Am** Thought I'd live | forever **F** with my heart in my **C** pocket  
Oh, my **E7** gun by my | side and my **Am** feelin's in a | locket  
| Well, that was a | cold year, **F** in seventy-**C**seven  
But I **E7** married my | wife

**Am**↓ We had 2 **nc** kids  
**Am** I gave her a | daughter, **F** she gave me a **C** son  
Oh, we **E7** rode those damn | horses un**Am**til we had | none

**Am** Fists still like | flyin', **F** doin' things for **C** dyin'  
Oh, I **E7** should have put | that old gun a **Am**way **Am**↓

But **F** I, | I **G** am me, a | broken cow**Am**boy |  
And **F** I don't **C** feel right no **E7** more |  
'Cause **F** I **G** am a broken **Am** cowboy **Am**↓

**Am** | **F** | **C** **E7** **Am** **Am**↓ x2

**Am** Livin' life in the | fast lane, **F** racin' cars and **C** robbin' trains  
I **E7** thought I had it | all, then one **Am** day I got the | call  
| A father's | worst dream, **F** my son went **C** down and **E7** I- | I... | |

**Am** The colours | deceive me **F** as I see **C** grey  
Oh, you're **E7** cuttin' me down with | those, **Am** cold words you're | sayin'  
| Then you called me | brother, **F** but this can't be **C** so  
'Cause you **E7** slander my | name, any **Am** where the wind will **F** blow | **E7**  
**Am** **Am**↓

But **F** I, | I **G** am me, a | broken cow **Am** boy |  
And **F** I don't **C** feel right no **E7** more |  
'Cause **F** I **G** am a broken **Am** cowboy |  
Yes, **F** I **G** am a broken **Am** cowboy **Am**↓

**Am** | **F** | **C** **E7** **Am** **Am**↓

**Am** It's been a long dark | dirty road **F** and pocket full of **C** gold  
And **E7** I've been out | here now, **Am** all on my | own  
| It's real | quiet here, **F** just the way I **C** like it here  
There's **E7** no one to bother | me, except, **Am** that old tauntin' **Am**↓ tree