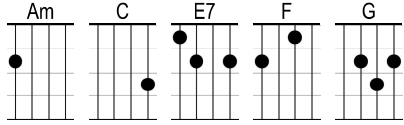


Broken Cowboy

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