

Big Trucks
Buck 65

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Tabbed by S. Smith.

Two guitars. First is a heavily distorted electric playing the power chords alongside the bass. Second is acoustic tuned to Open E, capo on second. Both play in semi-unison with a little bit of slide on acoustic.

G#5
Big trucks

Raw beef

Big ??

G#5 **B5** **G#5** **F#5** **G#5**
Holy smokes man, I m up to my neck
G#5 **B5** **G#5** **F#5** **G#5**
hope the friggin boss has cut my check
B5 **C#5** **B5** **G#5** **B5** **G#5**
I ve been broke ever since the big bang
F#5 G5 G#5 **F#5 G5 G#5**
running out of time, got bills up to ying yang

Shovelling shit to keep food in my gut
just like Achilles I brood in my hut
I turned on the news i knew it wouldn t be great
I listen to the music but i couldn t relate

G#5
Big trucks, this one s for the kids
G#5
nothing lasts forever, you know how it is
G#5
we ll count up the money and make out behind the rink
G#5
have a bubble bath but not the kind you think

X2

Glamour and glitz it must be a joke
well how could you forget about some regular folk?
the ugly and poor, the hard working too
now there s more of us than there is of you

So open your eyeballs and shut your yap
do us all a favour and cut the crap

now I ve got some words you can take to the bank
your whole routine, just don t turn my crank

Big trucks, this one s for the kids
nothing lasts forever, you know how it is
we ll count up the money and make out behind the rink
have a bubble bath but not the kind you think

X2

Hot-shot kids want to be The Fonz
I talk to my shadow and feed swans
punching a clock and wearing odd socks
got a 65 Buick, she s up on blocks

Can t run anymore like I used to could
been breaking my back to produce the goods
I try to get ahead and bet on the right fighter
I sit on the porch and torture the typewriter

Big trucks, this one s for the kids
nothing lasts forever, you know how it is
we ll count up the money and make out behind the rink
have a bubble bath but not the kind you think

X2