

Summer Of 89  
Butch Walker

I love this song and this is the Second Chords I have ever done so here it goes...

Summer of 89  
by Butch Walker

(intro)  
**A D D A**  
o-oh-ooohh

**A E E A**  
o-oh-ooohh

**A**  
Changing strings,  
**D**  
And banging on things  
**A E**  
A couple of girls from the school  
**A**  
Would listen to KISS  
**D**  
(With rockets for fists)  
**A E A**  
Acting like Saturdays fool

**A**  
Learned how to smoke,  
**D**  
Told dirty jokes  
**A E**  
Talked about loose girls from Rome  
**A**  
I made out with most of them  
**D**  
So I raised a toast to them  
**A E A**  
Especially now that I m (old)  
**D A E**  
And they re 45 with husbands who don t like their wives  
**D A E**  
3 or 4 kids, make enough to survive  
**D**  
In their paper mill jobs  
**A**  
While their teen heartthrobs

**E**

Are playing in bands

**E**

Or they re dead

**A**

Can I go back to when

**D**

I was the winner

**A**

Way before the rain came

**E**

And washed away the sinners

**A**

Everyone was something and

**D**

**E**

Nothing was done right or wrong-oooh

(intro)

bridge:

like the football jocks...etc

the whole lyrics:

Changing strings,  
And banging on things  
A couple of girls from the school  
Would listen to KISS  
(With rockets for fists)  
Acting like Saturdays fool

Learned how to smoke,  
Told dirty jokes  
Talked about loose girls from Rome  
I made out with most of them  
So I raised a toast to them  
Especially now that I m (old)

And they re 45 with husbands who don t like their wives  
3 or 4 kids, make enough to survive  
In their paper mill jobs  
While their teen heartthrobs  
Are playing in bands  
Or they re dead

Can I go back to when

I was the winner

Way before the rain came  
And washed away the sinners  
Everyone was something and  
Nothing was done right or wrong

Smothering the cover of a 69 summer  
Played through a speaker of fuzz  
Nobody knew bryan adams wasn t cool  
The TV just told me he was

Always heard the sound get me out of this town  
Resonating clear on my head  
Chuck ran away with our gear and the drugs  
I m pretty sure that he s dead

Or he s 46 and alone,  
Cast the heaviest stone,  
Suburban cover band playing bad to the bone  
In a bath tub of meth  
You can smell your own death  
you know when you can t look the past in the eye

Can I just go back to when  
I was the winner  
Way before the rain came  
And washed away the sinners  
Everyone was something  
(And I could never do any wrong)

Went back to the woods  
Where I hid all my goods  
In a rusted out cadillac door  
we all get nostalgic  
And fall for the hat trick  
Of thinking it ll be like before

Like the football jocks  
Trying to please their pops  
And the stoners aping everything their bad uncles taught  
And the teachers who cared  
More than I ever knew,  
And knew I played clubs  
Let me sleep through school  
And my day job boss  
Who wrote it up as a loss  
But let me leave when i wanted and I never got caught  
Sleeping out on the field  
In the back of my truck  
Breaking into the bars  
Steal the beer and getting fucked  
By a girl twice my age, making minimum wage  
But the tan lines were good  
And she had a good face

Is this what I ve become  
Is this all I ve become  
When do I become,

I want to go back to when  
I was the winner  
Way before the rain came  
And washed away the sinners  
Everyone was someone and  
And I could never do any wrong