

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