

Ballad Of A Law Abiding Sophisticate
Colter Wall

[Intro]

C E Am F
C G G C

[Verse 1]

 C E7
Well, marry me
 Am F
To a rope and a tree
C E7 C
What that ol judge called first degree
 C E7
And all the folks around town
 Am
Swore to lay me
 F
In the ground
C G C F G C
They found out I put that poor boy down

[Verse 2]

 C
You see I
 E7
Did not much care
 Am
For the way
 F
That he d sit and glare
 C
So I closed
 G
His eyes for good
 C E Am F C G C
With a bar-room chair

[Verse 3]

 C E7
So, gonna lay my poor bones
 Am F
Past Appalachian stones
C G C
Far beneath that cold ground all alone
 E7

Oh but if you re asking me

Am **F**

Where I would rather be

C

It was worth it

G

To see that boy

C

Cut from the knees

[Outro]

C E7 Am F

C G G C