

**Brooklin Kid**  
**Cross Canadian Ragweed**

Comments questions or other excuses to yell at me please email at  
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Cross Canadian Ragweed

Album: Purple

Brooklyn Kid (capo 2nd)

**D**

Well I gotta friend that lives south of town

Loves to sit and burn one down

**G** **C** **D**  
Spin some vinyl on his stereo

**D**  
Every now and then he speaks of war

One tour of duty on a foreign shore

**G** **C** **D**  
Fightin for his way home

**G** **C** **D**  
Fightin for his way home

**G** **C** **D**

Returnin home to his native land  
Left New York for Texas man  
Quieter times were in his cards  
He met a girl she met a man  
Dropped to his knees and he took her hand  
A simple life ain t that hard  
No, a simple life ain t all that hard

**G** **C** **D**

A new generation on the ground

Nothin in the world could bring him down  
Flyin like he had wings  
Several years came and went  
Not one of them was poorly spent  
A good man s life he was chiselin  
Yeah, a good man s life he was chiselin

Reflecting on the Viet-Cong  
Uncle John s Band and a Dylan song  
Smellin like it s supper time  
You know it brought a tear to his eye  
The day that Jerry Garcia died  
He said he was the genius of his time  
Yeah, A Friend of the Devil is a Friend of Mine

Don t try to find it  
Make the time  
A couple of joints and a bottle of wine  
You ll be glad that you did  
With the Grateful Dead spinnin round  
Kick your feet back and be astound  
By the life of the Brooklyn kid