

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