

Guitars Cadillacs
Dwight Yoakam

Guitars, Cadillacs
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[Verse 1]

A E
Girl, you taught me how to hurt real bad and cry myself to sleep;
E A
You showed me how this town can shatter dreams.
A E
Another lesson bout a naive fool that came to Babylon
E E7 A | E-F#m7-E7/G#|
And I found out that the pie don t taste so sweet, now it s

[Chorus]

A E
Guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
E A
And lonely lonely streets that I call home.
E F#m E7/G# A E
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music,
E E7
Is the only thing that keeps me holding on.

[Verse 2]

There ain t no glamour in our tinsel land of lost and wasted lives;
And painful scars are all that s left of me.
But thank you girl for teaching me brand new ways to be cruel
If I can find my mind, now I guess I ll just leave. And its

[Chorus]

A E
Guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music
E A
And lonely lonely streets that I call home.
E F#m E7/G# A E
Yeah, my guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music,
E E7
Is the only thing that keeps me holding on.