

**Guitars Cadillacs**  
**Dwight Yoakam**

Guitars, Cadillacs  
Dwight Yoakam

[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.