

Olde Tyme Memry
Erik Petersen

I saw that all the other tabs were out of key, so I decided to put this up. My first tab, tell me what you think. The chorus is slightly off, if you ve got any suggestions my email is sixstringksa@gmail.com.

Regular tuning, Key of F solo/break in Dm pentatonic i believe. Listen to the song for strum pattern and rhythm.

Intro: Bass Part for guitar

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A-----1-1-----5-----3-3-----1----3-3-----1-----3-3|  
E--1-----| X6
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Chorus: Full bar chords (Can substitute for open chords)

F

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E|O|-|-|  
B|O|-|-|  
G|-|O|-|  
D|-|-|O|  
A|-|-|O|  
E|O|-|-|
```

Bb

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E|O|-|-|  
B|-|-|O|  
G|-|-|O|  
D|-|-|O|  
A|O|-|-|  
E|X|-|-|
```

C (3rd fret)

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E|O|-|-|  
B|-|-|O|  
G|-|-|O|  
D|-|-|O|  
A|O|-|-|  
E|X|-|-|
```

Dm (5th fret)

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E|O|-|-|  
B|-|O|-|  
G|-|-|O|
```

D|-|-|O|
A|O|-|-|
E|X|-|-|

Chord progression

F Bb Dm C Bb C Bb C

Verse:

F Bb Dm C Bb C Bb C

Chorus:

F Bb Dm C Bb C Bb C

Solo/break:

F Bb Dm C Bb C Bb C

Verse again

Chorus

Ends On F Chord

Lyrics:

when father bought the farm we sold the farm
we stick his blood through rustic charms
sold his ghost as an antique to the city
kids today can't hold a spade rest in peace your weary trades
in this world there is no place such a pity
well a barman shakes his head and fills my glass says we're livin' in the past
why preserve a dying craft in its misery
we sigh and say another modern man one of property not land so hold out this
battered
hand while u listen

CHORUS

come sit down, we're lamenting about yesterdays sad ending, bout the water in me
whiskey, the brass passed off as gold
another round we're descending into old time memory of a day when wood was
wooden,
silver - silver, gold was gold, sweet home was home

so you say you got a wood stove and your second home runs on gas but looks like
oak,
hell it even gives off smoke and glowing ambers, there's a quillum on the wall
reads home
sweet home the loathsome wise words from the road and they call me throwback
when i cry remember

CHORUS

son these tools are artefacts
endangered species left its tracks
lock me up behind plastic glass in the city
theres no going back for me
this santiques rustic eulogy shall be sold as folk artistries - such a pity
but ill never understand why they all only use those hands to build a stead that
will
always stand in old time country but settle for white herms and hollow doors
paper
ceilings, padded floors luxury boxes where your stored and what was country

CHORUS