

**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
```

Chorus: Full bar chords (Can substitute for open chords)

**F**

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

**Bb**

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

**C** (3rd fret)

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

**Dm** (5th fret)

```
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, theres a quilbum 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