

Nashville Tennessee  
Frank Turner

G# G#7 G# Eb Eb7 G#  
From the heart of the Southern Downs, to the North-East London reservoirs,  
G# G#7 G# Eb Eb7 G#  
From the start, the land scaped my sound, before I d ever been to America.

C# Eb G# Eb C#  
And if I knew anybody who played pedal steel guitar,  
C# Eb G# Eb C#  
I d get them in my band and then my band would get real far,  
C# Eb G# Eb C#  
But I was raised in middle England, and not in Nashville Tennessee,  
C# Eb G#  
And the only person in my band is me.

G# G#7 G# Eb Eb7 G#  
A simple scale on an old guitar, and a punk rock sense of honesty.  
G# G#7 G# Eb Eb7 G#  
I cannot fail, I ve got this far with no knowledge of mid-west geography.

C# Eb G# Eb C#  
And if I knew anywhere where I could drive in a straight line,  
C# Eb G# Eb C#  
For hours through the desert I d drive for hours at a time,  
C# Eb G# Eb C#  
But I was raised in middle England, and not in Nashville Tennessee,  
C# Eb G#  
And the only person in this car is me.

Bbm C# G# Eb Bbm  
And yes I m in four-four time, and yes I use cheap cheap rhymes,  
C# G#  
But I try to make a sound my own.  
Bbm C# G# Eb Bbm  
I know I don t break new ground, many have travelled this sound,  
C# G#  
But I try to make it sound like home.

G# G#  
Well I ve been to Texas state, I didn t think it was that fucking great,  
C# Eb  
And Nebraska is just a bunch of songs,  
G# C#  
Holloway and Hampshire where I belong.  
C# Eb G# Eb C#  
And I don t know anybody who plays pedal steel guitar,  
C# Eb G# Eb C#  
All the city roads are twisted and I do not own a car.

**C#**

**Eb**

**G#**

**Eb**

**C#**

I was raised in middle England, and not in Nashville Tennessee,

**C#**

**Eb**

**G#**

And the only thing I m offering is me.