

The Load-Out
Jackson Browne

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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@SONG: THE LOAD-OUT
By Jackson Browne

(I d like to do a song, I never played in public before, that brand new song,
sort of a tribute to the friends of mine, that come out here on the road,
and to you too)

G C D Em C D G C G D
G B C D Em C D G C G D

G C D Em
Now the seats are all empty. Let the roadies take the stage.

C D G
Pack it up and tear it down.

They re the first to come and the last to leave,

C D Em
working for that minimum wage.

C D G C G
They ll set it up in another town.

Em D C Em
Tonight the people were so fine. They waited there in line.

G Em D C
And when they got up on their feet, they made the show.

G
And that was sweet. But I can hear the sound

C D Em
of slamming doors and folding chairs,

C D G C G D G
that s a sound they ll never know.

C G
Now, roll them cases out and lift them amps.

C G

Haul them trusses down and get 'em up them ramps,

cause when it comes to moving me,

C D

you know you guys are the champs.

G

But when that last guitar's been packed away,

C D Em

you know that I still want to play.

C

So just make sure you've got it all set to go