

**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