

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)

F Bb C Dm Bb C F Bb F C
F A Bb C Dm Bb C F Bb F C

F Bb C Dm
Now the seats are all empty. Let the roadies take the stage.

Bb C F
Pack it up and tear it down.

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

Bb C Dm
working for that minimum wage.

Bb C F Bb F
They ll set it up in another town.

Dm C Bb Dm
Tonight the people were so fine. They waited there in line.

F Dm C Bb
And when they got up on their feet, they made the show.

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

Bb C Dm
of slamming doors and folding chairs,

Bb C F Bb F C F
that s a sound they ll never know.

Bb F
Now, roll them cases out and lift them amps.

Bb F

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

cause when it comes to moving me,

Bb C

you know you guys are the champs.

F

But when that last guitar's been packed away,

Bb C Dm

you know that I still want to play.

Bb

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