

The Load-Out
Jackson Browne

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the#
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research.#
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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# B C# Ebm B C# F# B F# C#
F# Bb B C# Ebm B C# F# B F# C#

F# B C# Ebm
Now the seats are all empty. Let the roadies take the stage.

B C# F#
Pack it up and tear it down.

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

B C# Ebm
working for that minimum wage.

B C# F# B F#
They ll set it up in another town.

Ebm C# B Ebm
Tonight the people were so fine. They waited there in line.

F# Ebm C# B
And when they got up on their feet, they made the show.

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

B C# Ebm
of slamming doors and folding chairs,

B C# F# B F# C# F#
that s a sound they ll never know.

B F#
Now, roll them cases out and lift them amps.

B F#

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

cause when it comes to moving me,

B C#

you know you guys are the champs.

F#

But when that last guitar's been packed away,

B C# Ebm

you know that I still want to play.

B

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