

The Load-Out
Jackson Browne

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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#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)

A D E F#m D E A D A E
A C# D E F#m D E A D A E

A D E F#m
Now the seats are all empty. Let the roadies take the stage.

D E A
Pack it up and tear it down.

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

D E F#m
working for that minimum wage.

D E A D A
They ll set it up in another town.

F#m E D F#m
Tonight the people were so fine. They waited there in line.

A F#m E D
And when they got up on their feet, they made the show.

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

D E F#m
of slamming doors and folding chairs,

D E A D A E A
that s a sound they ll never know.

D A
Now, roll them cases out and lift them amps.

D A

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

cause when it comes to moving me,

D E

you know you guys are the champs.

A

But when that last guitar's been packed away,

D E F#m

you know that I still want to play.

D

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