

Hurricane Party

James McMurtry

I figured this out with help from BlueLaguna s original tab as well as this video:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lQI_lI0vC6Y

I want to figure out the little fills he plays, but here are the chords for now:

Capo 2

[Intro]

G - C - G - C - G - C - D

[Verse]

G **C**
The hurricane party s winding down

And we re all waitin for the end

G
And I don't want another drink

C **G**
I only want that last one again

It gave me such a fine glow, smoky and slow

G**D**

Now I should probably be homeward bound

G
But there s no one to talk to

When the lines go down

I guess in the morning I ll go looking for my grey striped cat

My old house can take the weather
So I m not too concerned about that

It was built to take the wind back in nineteen ten
When this was one damn fine town

But now there s no one to talk to
When the lines go down

Candles flickered on the back bar
The building was shakin with the wind
I bought a whiskey for the gypsy
And she turned my leather back into skin
Just a fleeting sense
Of that rare suspense
I used to think made the world go round
But now there s no one to talk to
When the lines go down

[Bridge]

D **C** **G**
Open up your back screen door
D **C** **G**
Let me see your face once more
D **C**
My hands are cold and my feet so sore
 G **D**
That I can t go on this way

And the thoughts come too fast and too many to keep count
Best just let em on through
Now I m breaking those old glass insulators
With my old twenty-two
Off the telegraph poles
As a half dollar rolls across the knuckles of a rodeo clown
There s just no one to talk to
When the lines go down

My one great love
My God I can feel her still
She ran off to California
Now she s livin in those Hollywood Hills
With some bullfrog prince
I ve not seen her since
Though she calls when he s out of town
And there s no one to talk to
When the lines go down

[Bridge]

Open up your back screen door
Let me in your space once more
I was lookin for an easy score
But it just don t work that way

Some insurance man biker is yelling out for one more beer
But a part-time pirate just don t get much respect around here
We got our problems too man
We ll get to you in just a minute
Sit your drunk ass down
Yeah there s no one to talk to
When the lines go down

[Bridge without lyrics]

Now there s water up past the wheel wells of my Ford
And I don t guess it ll run
But I left a pack of Winstons on the dash
Could you get em for me son
The morning s first cigarette, that s as good as it gets all day
I should know by now
That there s no one to talk to
When the lines go down

Not hard at all! Thanks again to BlueLaguna for his version. If you find any issues with mine just let me know.