

New Mexico Song

Johnny Hobo and the Freight Trains

So i noticed the other tab that s basically correct had the chord names under the lyrics, instead of on top of them which was really confusing. I fixed them to be in standard tab format, and corrected a couple lyrics.

[Intro]

C G Am F

C G
As he lights an American spirit
Am F
He asks how I can smoke such shit

C G Am F

[Verse]

C G
I say there s nothing like chaining
Am F
G-P-C ciggarettes.
C G
Cuz any smokes will kill ya
Am F
But these will make you feel like it.
Am C
I sit back down,
G Dm
on the parking lot curb
Am C
And remember back to February
G Dm
The trip to Hartford
C G
And five minutes ago
Am F
He was passed out on the staircase
C G
Trying to make it to his appartment
Am F
but not making it all the way.
C G

And now he's driving us
 100 miles an hour down the interstate
 Another beer in his hand
 Swearin' we won't be late.
 That was before everyone moved to New Mexico.
 They all left a couple of months ago
 Until the day my friend
 When I sleep on the floor of your van again
 I'll be waiting in this parking lot,
 and in my dreams, I am dirty broke, beautiful, and free.
 My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile, after hitching to
 many miles.

[Verse]

(Not really sure what's played here, I just play C G Am F twice over, which fits nicely)

We aren't revolutionaries, but we are the revolution.
 And sometimes I think that the whole movement is just me and you
 And maybe we'd all be better off if that was true
 Cuz then we'd at least know where we stand
 And we could tell our comrades apart from the man
 cuz if the world isn't that simple
 Maybe this town is at least
 And if I'm not marching with them for war I'm sure not marching with you for peace
 Class traitor? What fucking ever!
 I'm just another middle class kid, too.
 But if I'm not good at changing, I'm good at self loathing

[Verse]

C **G** **Am** **F**
So I ll class hate myself with you.
Am **C**
May our only occupation be not having a job
Am **C**
And may the only cocktails that we make be molotov
Am **C** **G Dm** **Am** **C** **G** **Dm**
May that day be now, and for as many days after that as we know how
Am **C** **G** **Dm**
It starts in this parking lot,
Am **C** **G** **Am**
and in my dreams, I am dirty broke beautiful
C **Dm** **Am** **C** **G**
and free. My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile, after
Am **C**
hitching too many miles.