

**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# Bbm F#**

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

**C# G# Bbm F#**

[Verse]

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

And now he s driving us  
**Bbm F#**  
 100 miles an hour down the interstate  
**C# G#**  
 Another beer in his hand  
**Bbm F#**  
 Swearin we won t be late.  
**Bbm C#**  
 That was before everyone moved to New Mexico.  
**Bbm C#**  
 They all left a couple of months ago  
**Bbm C# G# Ebm**  
 Until the day my friend  
**Bbm C# G# Ebm**  
 When I sleep on the floor of your van again  
**Bbm C# G# Ebm**  
 I ll be waiting in this parking lot,  
**Bbm C# G# Bbm C#**  
 and in my dreams, I am dirty broke, beautiful, and free.  
**Ebm Bbm C# G# Bbm**  
 My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile, after hitching to  
**C#**  
 many miles.

[Verse]

(Not really sure whats played here, I just play **C# G# Bbm F#** twice over, which fits nicely)

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

