

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

[Verse]

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