

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]

Bb F Gm Eb

Bb **F**
As he lights an American spirit
Gm **Eb**
He asks how I can smoke such shit

Bb F Gm Eb

[Verse]

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

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

[Verse]

(Not really sure whats played here, I just play **Bb F Gm Eb** twice over, which fits nicely)

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

[Verse]

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