

**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.