

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]

B F# G#m E

B F#
As he lights an American spirit
G#m E
He asks how I can smoke such shit

B F# G#m E

[Verse]

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

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

[Verse]

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

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

[Verse]

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