

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]

D A Bm G

D **A**
As he lights an American spirit
Bm **G**
He asks how I can smoke such shit

D A Bm G

[Verse]

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

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

[Verse]

(Not really sure whats played here, I just play **D A Bm G** twice over, which fits nicely)

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

[Verse]

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