

## 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** **Em** **Bm** **D** **A** **Em**  
May that day be now, and for as many days after that as we know how  
**Bm** **D** **A** **Em**  
It starts in this parking lot,  
**Bm** **D** **A** **Bm**  
and in my dreams, I am dirty broke beautiful  
**D** **Em** **Bm** **D** **A**  
and free. My hands clenched in a fist, and my face in a smile, after  
**Bm** **D**  
hitching too many miles.