The 33Rd Of August Mickey Newbury

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D

G

F Bl

D

Lord, today there is no salvation, the band packed up and gone

A D

Left me standing with my penny in my hand

G

There's a big crowd at the station where the blind man sings his songs

A D

But he can see what they can't, understand.

Chorus:

G D

It's the thirty-third of August and I'm finally touching down

G Em A D

Eight days from Sunday finds me Saturday bound

Once I stumbled through the darkness, tumbled to my knees A thousand voices screaming in my brain
Woke up in a squad car busted down for vagrancy
Outside my cell as sure as hell it looked like rain

But now $I\hat{a}\in W$ put my dangerous feelings under lock and chain Yes, I killed my violent nature with a smile Though the demons danced and sung their songs within my fevered brain Not all my God-like thoughts Lord were defiled

Chorus + Intro