The 33Rd Of August Mickey Newbury

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G \mathbf{F} вb Α D D G Lord, today there is no salvation, the band packed up and gone Α 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 Α р But he can see what they can't, understand. Chorus: D G It's the thirty-third of August and I'm finally touching down Em G Α 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've 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