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The 33Rd Of August Mickey Newbury

The 33rd of August

Eb

C:#

F# B

Bb

Eb

Eb G#

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

Bb Eb

Left me standing with my penny in my hand

G#

Thereâ \in Ms a big crowd at the station where the blind man sings his songs

Bb Eb

But he can see what they canâ \in ^mt, understand.

Chorus:

G# Eb

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

G# Fm Bb Eb

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