The 33Rd Of August Mickey Newbury

The 33rd of August

C

F

Eb G

3

C

C 1

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

Left me standing with my penny in my hand

F

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

G C

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

Chorus:

F C

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

F Dm G C

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