

D (Bm) G A
lodge between the bricks of some small history, yeah

D (Bm) G A
Some can throw a switch and it can sell you some half-truths

D (Bm)
So lie and tell me you miss me

A G B A B A
Yeah tell me you miss me, yeah

B A B
The rails we ride were always built

A B
On someone else's shoulders

A B
Well and the river rides smooth

A B
over hond yellow boulders

A B
You might hear the sound of what you love fading out to nothing

A B
A strip of pink on the horizon

B A B
But what you love will always smolder

B A B
The thing you love will always smolder

B A B
I think what you love will always smolder

B A G
The thing you love will always smolder

D (Bm)
They can call us hicks,

G A
we got your smile just wide enough to

D (Bm) G A
lodge between the bricks of some small history, yeah

D (Bm) G A
Some can throw a switch and it can sell you some half-truths

D (Bm)
So lie and tell me you miss me

A G B A B A
Yeah tell me you miss me, yeah

| / slide up
| \ slide down

| h hammer-on
| p pull-off
| ~ vibrato
| + harmonic
| x Mute note

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