

Civilian Ways  
Rancid

1-2-3-4

A-D-A-D-A-E-D-A (intro)

A D A  
I hold the cold steel of my rifle as I dream of foreign lands,  
D A  
and I promise myself I will cherish every moment I can,  
E D A  
but there s ghosts that follow me around everywhere I am.  
D A  
When i say goodbye I try to be strong.  
D A  
now I m going back to the U.S. where I belong.  
E D A  
I am never alone, the war seems to follow me home.  
D A  
no longer an active soldier when i walk down the street.  
D A  
now I m shaking hands with everyone that I meet.  
E D A  
And I watch everyone and I m wondering what they see.

A D A  
Civilian ways are now what s foreign to me,  
D A  
I came off a long term, I left this place in two oh oh three.  
E D A  
May we never forget the sacrifices my friends made for me.

A D A D A E D A D A (solo part) figure out the strumming

A D A  
I live in Marysville right on the county line,  
D A  
and my brother and my mother both visit me all the time,  
E D A  
and visions of you are always running right through my mind.  
A D A  
We always talked about what we re gonna do when the war is won.  
D A  
We re gonna fix up them old cars and ride them into the sun.  
E D A

