

Downtrodden Skillet Dash
Rickety Shack

G Em C D x 4

G Em C D
it s hot in the cab, the temperature is rising
G Em C D
the sun s beating down on the hood and the dash inside.
G Em C D
these summer days are starting to mock me,
G Em C D
I can t get you off of my mind
G Em C D
eyes blurry the day seems to be coming to an end now,
G Em C D
as the moon rises the sun slips into hiding

as the sun sets it paints this evening sky red
I sit watching and thinking as I drain this bottle dead
and the nights are blacker then my heart has become
early mornings keep me strong from the
memorys that your gone x2

::The song speeds up at this point::

G Bm Em C
G Bm Em C

G Bm
I m down trodden, yeah I m different,
Em C
I stand out, I can t fix it
G Bm Em C
and I m happy sorta happy sometimes I hear the clock droning on
G Bm Em C
times passing people laughing content with how there life s dragging
G Bm Em C
a man watches, always watching, tears fall for a hope lost.

flares glaring, hells churning, can t you feel your blood burning?
take another sip snarl grimace flip your lip, but please get a grip
my life s no where heading somewhere to a place away from here
these people just got to lose all this fear.

I looked and I talked, I stopped and I thought, these people around me don t
know
what they want x3

G Em C x3 ::Fast strumming on the last C chord::

D C D G C D G C D