

Dreadful Selfish Crime
Robert Earl Keen

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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From: Trey Graves

Dreadful Selfish Crime

by Robert Earl Keen
on the album Gringo Honeymoon

capo on 1st fret

>From Trey Graves (trey@silly.tamu.edu)

G Em
G Em
G Em
G Em

G Em G Em
Seems like yesterday I was here
G Em G Em
Dreamin my life away and drinkin beer
C G Em G Em
Staying up till dawn strummin on guitars
C G Em G Em
Sleepin all day long just like the big rock stars
D C G Em G Em
Barely livin on money from tip jars

I had a little place just up the block
Had me a French girlfriend I loved the way she talked
We spent our afternoons watchin the TV
Findin things to do that we could do for free
When we split up she said you don t do enough for me

Chorus:

C D G C D G
I am guilty of a dreadful selfish crime
C D G Em G Em

I had robbed myself of all my precious time

Had my first gig here in the neighborhood
We had a little band I thought was good
Hocked my old shotgun bought a used P.A.
We got a quart of rum drank it all that day
When the big gig come we were just to drunk to play

Chorus

Chorus

Sometimes I can t believe those days are gone
Most of my friends back then have moved along
One s in Hollywood one s a millionaire
Some are gone for good some still livin here
Me I m just the same lost in a crowd
Lookin for the rain in a thunder cloud
I have moved around but it don t matter though
One thing I have found there are just two ways to go
It all comes down to livin fast or dyin slow

Chorus

Chorus

Seems like yesterday, just like yesterday