

The Real Me
Shooter Jennings

This is a fairly basic way to play this song but it works and sounds good.
Listen to the
song to get an idea of the strumming

Intro: **D**

D

I wake up with my children
Right around the crack of noon
And I do good like a good daddy should
Till the devil rolls out that moon
Once that whiskey hits my lips
It opens Pandora's box
And I start a lyin and a smoking and a fightin
Getting crazy as a white tailed fox.

G

My eyes start burnin wild and red

E

Two horns cut through the top of my head

D

My teeth get jagged, my tongue gets sharp,

G

Cold neon blood starts a pumpin to my heart

E

My hands get frisky, with a mind of their own,

A

My legs start walkin me anywhere but home

D

And I'm a double talking, chicken-lickin

G

Meaner than the dickens sick and

D

G

Wicked hole digging pickin son of a gun,

D

And I'll love you like the devil, bite you

G

Like a snake and then forsake and

D

G

Break everything I don't take before I'm done

D

Most people who know me say I'm as nice as a guy could be
That's all fine cuz most of the time
They never get to see the real me
He ain't got a bad bone in his body.

Is how they talk about me back home,
But here my dark side is unable to hide
And you donâ€™t want to see my bad bone.

G

My eyes start burnin wild and red

E

Two horns cut through the top of my head

D

My teeth get jagged, my tongue gets sharp,

G

Cold neon blood starts a pumpin to my heart

E

My hands get frisky, with a mind of their own,

A

My legs start walkin me anywhere but home

D

And Iâ€™m a double talking, chicken-lickin

G

Meaner than the dickens sick and

D

G

Wicked hole digging pickin son of a gun,

D

And Iâ€™ll love you like the devil, bite you

G

Like a snake and then forsake and

D

G

Break everything I donâ€™t take before Iâ€™m done

D

G

D

G

I m mean when I m lonesome and  I m on ry when I m high 

D

G

I m a dream when I m home son 

D

G

But I ll chase that nightmare until I die 

D

G

But I ll chase that nightmare until I die 

D (stop)

But I ll chase that nightmare until I die 

G, E, D, G, E, A

D

And Iâ€™m a double talking, chicken-lickin

G

Meaner than the dickens sick and

D

G

Wicked hole digging pickin son of a gun,

D

And Iâ€™ll love you like the devil, bite you

G

Like a snake and then forsake and

D

G

Break everything I donâ€™t take before Iâ€™m done

D

And Iâ€™m a double talking, chicken-lickin

G

Meaner than the dickens sick and

D

G

Wicked hole digging pickin son of a gun,

D

And Iâ€™ll love you like the devil, bite you

G

Like a snake and then forsake and

D

G

Break everything I donâ€™t take before Iâ€™m done

D, G, D, G, D, G, D,

G, D (hold)