

**Pinball Song**  
**Slobberbone**

Pinball Song - Slobberbone  
Standard tuning; Capo on three

Intro: **C** (walking up), **F**, **C**, **G**, **C**

**F**                      **C**                      **G**                      **C**  
Six weeks on the road now, I m feeling kind of spent  
**F**                      **C**                      **G**  
There s a few things I need and one s a friend  
**F**                      **C**                      **G**                      **Am**  
A few good games of pinball and a double whiskey sour  
**F**                      **G**                      **C**  
I ll rinse it with a beer and repeat again

(same chords repeated for the rest of the song)

You know I couldn t find  
you in the place you used to be  
I m a sucker  
for the old times, that s me  
But I asked  
around the bar and they said you were gone for a  
couple of days  
On a vacation in the drunk tank  
so they d say

I saw that girl you used to  
know at the other end of the bar  
I never  
thought she d ever get that far  
She said you  
two were through, it seemed you were driving for  
different things  
I said I understood, I ve  
wrecked that car  
So now there s thirteen empty  
bottles, a glass or two or four  
The lights came  
on we headed for the door  
But the night was  
adolescent and she said she wanted more  
And that s what she kept the apple blossom for  
So up the stairs to her apartment with the Christmas  
lights that blink  
It s the second week of May  
but that d be okay  
Except that under those

blinking lights we opened a big old can of  
stink  
And you smell it soon enough in one more  
day

Saturday, the twelfth of May, the  
policeman turns the valve  
And the first drunk  
of the weekend dribbles out  
Collect all your  
effects and take a cab straight to the  
bar  
You're wondering what the whisperings all  
about  
Well I'll tell you:

It's about  
the easy sheen of alcohol, of better-not-do's  
done  
Of blinking lights and the curse of  
roommates' tongues  
An entire bar's worth  
holding theirs, but it only takes just one  
And then it's pass that can around, it's your turn,  
son  
Because this pinball game I'm playing, you  
know it's not the same

Times used to be you  
and me could always match  
Yeah and the  
multiball came easy just like the replay game  
And the wagers won and tossed hard down  
the hatch  
So now I nailed the free game and  
there's a bottle across my head  
My table  
tilts, I'm headed for the floor  
Went out to  
find an old friend but I lost me one instead  
I lost it all for just another score