Gulf Of Mexico
Steve Earle

Steve Earle sings first verse a cappella, but I provide chords for those of us lacking
confidence in our voices...

```
D                                        G                D
Come and gather  round me people and a tale to you I ll tell
D     A                            G               D
Of my father and his father in the days before the Spill
D                                   G            D
With an endless sky above  em and a restless sea below
D    A                              G            D
And every blessing flowing from the Gulf of Mexico

D                                                   G                 D
Well my Granddad worked the shrimp boats from the time that he was grown
D      A                                        G              D
And he scrimped and saved and bought himself a trawler of his own
D                                     G                 D
He was rough and he was ready and he drank when he was home
D      A                                G            D
And he made his family s living on the Gulf of Mexico

Chorus
D      G  D     D      G  D
He was rolling, He was rolling
D         G                      A  D
Cross the deep blue water he was rolling

D                                         G              D
Well my Daddy drove a crew boat hauling workers to the rigs
D      A                                  G                  D
He was sick of mending nets and couldn t stand the smell of fish
D                            G               D
He drew a steady paycheck 20 years from Texaco
D       A                                G            D
When he died we spread his ashes on the Gulf of Mexico

Chorus
D      G  D            G  D
He was rolling, He was rolling
D         G                      A  D
Cross the deep green water he was rolling

D                                   G                D
As for me I dreamed of nothing any grander than the day
D      A                                      G
 D
```

That I stepped out on the drilling floor to earn a roughneck s pay
D G D
Then one night I swear I saw the devil crawlin from the hole
D A G D
And he spilled the guts of hell out in the Gulf of Mexico

Chorus
D G D G D
We were rolling, we were rolling
D G A D
Cross the blood red water we were rolling