

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