Souvenirs Suzy Bogguss

[repeat intro chords]

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SOUVENIRS (Gretchen Peters; recorded by Suzy Bogguss)
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[Actually in A; capo 2.]
[Each chord is half a measure.]
[G=320033, Gsus9=300233, G5/C=x30033, Gsus9/C=x30233. Actually, I could
probably give these chords different names (e.g., I could have written
Gsus9/C as Dsus4/C), but that s not important. The fingerings are what s
important.]
G Gsus9
        G Gsus9
                   G5/C Gsus9/C
                                 G5/C Gsus9/C
[intro]
G Gsus9 G Gsus9 G5/C Gsus9/C G5/C Gsus9/C
[intro]
                 Gsus9 G5/C Gsus9/C G5/C
  Set out like Kerouac
                             in my American car
G Gsus9
        G
                    Gsus9
                             G5/C Gsus9/C D
  Carrying a dream and a road map
                                   deep in my American heart
                      Gsus9 G5/C Gsus9/C
G Gsus9
                                                G5/C
                                                         Gsus9/C
               G
 Where s those mountain majesties,
                                   where s those waves of grain
                              G5/C Gsus9/C D
G
     Gsus9
               G
                      Gsus9
 Billboards from sea to shining sea,
                                      man it ain t the same
They got Mount Rushmore on a cup, everybody needs one of those
For a dollar more they ll fill it up, you can drink out of Lincoln s nose
They got the Hard Rock t-shirts, they got Elvis too
Sooner or later, mark my words, they re gonna get you
C
               G/B
                       G/B
                               D7sus4 D7sus4 D D
  Well I ve been searching for the promised land
            C
                G/B G/B Am7 Am7 D D
But it s just another neon come-on roadside stand
                   Gsus9 G5/C Gsus9/C G5/C Gsus9/C
  Little tin toys that fall apart,
                                  that s all they got here
           G Gsus9 G5/C Gsus9/C
  I come all this way to find my heart, all I get is souvenirs
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Baby I believed in you, I thought you believed in me
I thought we had a love that s true, not a close facsimile
Now I don t want your dime store ring, it turns my finger green
I don t want your dime store love, I want the real thing

Well I ve been searching for the promised land
But it s just another neon come-on roadside stand
Little tin toys that fall apart, that s all we got here
I come all this way to find my heart, all I get is souvenirs