Broken Cowboy The Dead South [Intro] Am E Am E Am It s been a long, dark, dirty road F C But a pocket full of gold  $\mathbf{E}$ And I ve been out here now Am All on my own Am Well it s real quiet here F C Just the way I like it here Е There s no one to bother me Am Except F Am C In 1955, born into Wadena s pride E I laid my head on that Am Milligan creek bed Am When I was a young man F C I helped build this land Е Am Oh I, put down these rails as a CPR man Am Thought I d live forever  $\mathbf{F}$ С With my heart in my pocket  $\mathbf{E}$ Oh, my gun by my side Am And my feelings in a locket Am  $\mathbf{F}$ C Well, that was a cold year in Seventyseven  $\mathbf{E}$ But I married my wife Am We had 2 kids

Am I gave her a daughter F C She gave me a son E Am And oh, we rode those damn horses until we had none Am Fists still like flyin F C Doing things for dyin Е Am Oh, I should have put that old gun away [Refrão] FG Am But I, I am a broken cowboy C E  $\mathbf{F}$ And I don t feel right no more FG Am Cause I am a broken cowboy [Solo] Am F C E Am Am F C E Am Am Livin life in the fast lane F C Racing cars and robbing trains Е I thought I had it all Am Then one day I got the call Am A father s worst dream F C Е My son went down and I Δm The colors deceive me F C As I see grey Е Oh, you re cutting me down with those Am Cold words you re saying Am Then you called me brother F С Е But this can t be so cause you Slander my name Am F E Am anywhere the wind will blow, oh

[Refrão]

F G Am But I, I am a broken cowboy F C Е And I don t feel right no more FG Am Cause I am a broken cowboy FG Am Yes, I am a broken cowboy Am It s been a long dark dirty road

F С But a pocket full of gold Е And I ve been out here now Am All on my own Am Well it s real quiet here F C Just the way I like it here E There s no one to bother me Am Except that old taunting tree