

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
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
E
There s no one to bother me
Am
Except

Am F 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
E Am
Oh I, put down these rails as a CPR man

Am
Thought I d live forever
F C
With my heart in my pocket
E
Oh, my gun by my side
Am
And my feelings in a locket

Am F C
Well, that was a cold year in Seventyseven
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

E Am

Oh, I should have put that old gun away

[Refrão]

F G Am

But I, I am a broken cowboy

F C E

And I don t feel right no more

F G 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

E

I thought I had it all

Am

Then one day I got the call

Am

A father s worst dream

F C E

My son went down and I

Am

The colors deceive me

F C

As I see grey

E

Oh, you re cutting me down with those

Am

Cold words you re saying

Am

Then you called me brother

F C E

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** **E**
And I don t feel right no more
 F **G** **Am**
Cause I am a broken cowboy
 F **G** **Am**
Yes, I am a broken cowboy

Am
It s been a long dark dirty road
F **C**
But a pocket full of gold
 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
 E
There s no one to bother me
 Am
Except that old taunting tree