

Tip Your Way
The Felice Brothers

Tip Your Way - The Felice Brothers

Tabbed by: Kent

There s a CAPO ON THE 2ND FRET, so the song s really in E. I m going to list the chords by their recognizable form though (even though the chord is B , I ll say A , etc...)

D A D D
Em G A A
Em A D Bm
G A D D

Tip the [D]maid a [A]dollar and a [D]half.
Tip the [Em]waitress, feed her [G]cocaine [A]habit.
Tip the [Em]man with the [A]gun, tip at [D]least every[Bm]one.
Tip your [G]way into [A]heaven s [D]gate.

Tip the grocery girl if you want.
Tip the religious man in the yacht.
Tip the women who wait on the white magistrate.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the butler, tip the boy in the bar.
Tip the one in the feathers and tar.
Tip the fool in the aisle, tip the most ugly child.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the corner bum every day.
Tip the New York whore in the sleigh.
Tip the carousel girl and the monkey in curls.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the girls embroidered in red.
Tip the cannon s that blew off her head.
Tip the firing ships and the banners they rip.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the bride a knife in the back.
And tip your Long Island lawyer in black.
Tip the saint on the phone, he s a long ways from home.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the cavalry officer s son.
Tip the streetcar children that run.
Tip the man with the sickle, tip him a nickle.

Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the drummer boy in the fog.
Tip the children who pet the wolf dog.
Tip me a ring if you like how I sing.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the judge, tip the innocent man.
Tip the lectric chair guard if you can.
Tip the old prison priest, he ain t slept in weeks.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip the stadium crowd in the sun.
Tip away your life with a gun.
Tip father time for keeping you fine.
Tip your way into heaven s gate.

Tip all of the boys in the band.
Tip a piece of your life in their hands.
When the barn starts to burn, if you love her return.
Dance your way into heaven s gate.

Dance alone, dance a merry old jig.
Dance a butterfly s death in the room.
Dance the cold night away to a Johnny Cash tape.
Dance your way into heaven s gate.

Tip your own true love in the rain.
Leave her there where the saxophones play.
Boy you re young as can be, you got country to see.
You re a long way from heaven s gate.