

Thing Of The Past

Tim Barry

I saw him play this live on his acoustic, it iwas capo 3 you can put it wherever your voice sees fit. Thanks

Verse

D and G

if you listen you can get the timing down

Two weeks without alcohol ain t hard
If it weren t for these goddamn stars
And memories and hell that helps me sleep
I cannot focus if I don t rest
And If I ain t doin nothin , lord, then I get depressed
So here s to raisin hell and livin cheap

Oh hell life ain t all it s supposed to be
Walkin floors and worryin
Behind locked doors avoiding friends you hardly see
I ve lived and learned and lord I ve made it back
I ve fought three at once and they whooped my ass
But livin s better when taking chances constantly

G

I like to get high as a mountain

D

When I m crumblin to my knees

A **D**
And all that shit they talk, it don t mean a thing to me

G

We are all mixed up in this landscape

D

Huddled in the shade

A **G** **D**
Searching chain store shelves for identity

Well these wrinkles they are proof of age
They read of all these single days
By learnin who is who, and what is what
See man, some may show a mask or two
And base their lives on havin more than you
Man, that life must be lonely as fuck

See that s not how it s supposed to be
Lappin up commodities
With money that you don t have or even see
I ve lived and learned and lord I made it back

I want nothin , that s still all I have
It s not what you make or do
It s how you re livin
Small, talk that shit

G

I like to get high as a mountain

D

When I m crumblin to my knees

A **D**
And all that shit they talk, it don t mean a thing to me

G
We are all mixed up in this landscape

D
Huddled in the shade

A **G** **D**
Searching chain store shelves for identity

Well I m growin gray and I m gettin old
But that don t mean I do what I m told
In fact I ve opted out, I ve given up
See man, money is a thing of the past
You spend it once, and it don t come back
So says Reverend Bobby Joe Small
So that s whats up

This is not what it s supposed to be
Walkin floors and worryin
It s about life and love and family and thinkin free
I ve been lit up before and I ve bounced right back
Made mistakes and I ve learned to laugh
Tonight I m gettin drunk and simply livin

G

I like to get high as a mountain

D

When I m crumblin to my knees

A **D**
And all that shit they talk, it don t mean a thing to me

G
We are all mixed up in this landscape

D
Huddled in the shade

A **G** **D**
Searching chain store shelves for identity

A **G** **D**
Pacing chain store floors for identity.