

Til The Last Shots Fired

Trace Adkins

There is a lot of picking in this song (not much strumming) not to mention a plethora of other instruments giving an overwhelming and eerie effect to the music. But I tried to find the chords as best I could in the conglomeration of instruments.

Intro:

F#m	Dsus4	
----- -2-----	-0-----	
----- -2---pick individual-	-2-----	
----- -2---strings after---	-3-----	x2
-----2-- -4---the downbeat---	-0-----	
--2-4---- -4-----	-0-----	
----- -2-----	-x-----	

Verse 1

F#m	F#m/E	D	D/E	D/F#
I	was	there	in the	winter of
64,	camped	in the	ice at	Nashville s door.

A	A/G#	F#m	E	E/C#	D
Three-hundred	miles	our	trail	had	led,
we	barely	had	time	to	bury our dead.

D	E	E	E/C#	D
When the	yankees	charged	and the	colors
fell,	Overton	Hill	was a	living hell.

D	E
When we	called retreat
it was	almost dark,

E	E/C#	Dmaj7
I	died	with a
grape-shot	in	my heart.

Chorus

D	E	F#m	D	D/C#	Esus4	E
Say	a	prayer	for	peace,	for	every
fallen	son.					

D	E	F#m	D	D/C#	Esus4	E
Set	my	spirit	free,	let	me	lay
down	my	gun.				

Bm	Bm/C#	D
Sweet	Mother	Mary,
I	m	so
tired,		

D	D/E	F#m	E
but	I	can	t
come	home	til	the
last	shot	s	fired.

Verse 2

F#m F#m/E D D D/E D/F#
In June of 1944, I waded in the blood of Omaha s shore.

A A/G# F#m E E/C# D
Twenty-one and scared to death, my heart poundin in my chest.

D E E E/C# D
I almost made the first sea wall, when my friends turned and saw me fall.

D E
I still smell the smoke, I can taste the mud,

E E/C# Dmaj7
as I lay there dying from a loss of blood.

Chorus

Interlude

D E
I m in the fields of Vietnam, the mountains of Afghanistan,

D E
And I m still hopin , waitin , prayin I did not die in vain.

Chorus (reprise)

D E F#m D D/C# Esus4 E
Say a prayer for peace, for every fallen son.

D E F#m D D/C# Esus4 E
Set our spirits free, let us lay down our guns.

Bm Bm/C# D
Sweet Mother Mary, We re so tired,

D D/E F#m
but We can t come home til the last shot s fired.

D F#m D
Til the Last Shot s Fired.

[closing chorus is a cappella]