

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
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]