

**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:

	<b>G#m</b>		<b>Esus4</b>	
-----	-2-----		-0-----	
-----	-2---pick individual-		-2-----	
-----	-2---strings after---		-3-----	x2
-----2--	-4---the downbeat----		-0-----	
--2-4----	-4-----		-0-----	
-----	-2-----		-x-----	

Verse 1

<b>G#m</b>	<b>G#m/F#</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>E/E</b>	<b>E/F#</b>				
I	was	there	in	the				
<b>B</b>	<b>B/G#</b>	<b>G#m</b>	<b>F#</b>	<b>F#/C#</b>	<b>E</b>			
Three-	hundred	miles	our	trail	had			
<b>E</b>	<b>F#</b>	<b>F#</b>	<b>F#/C#</b>	<b>E</b>				
When	the	yankees	charged	and	the			
<b>E</b>	<b>F#</b>							
When	we	called	retreat	it	was	almost	dark,	
<b>F#</b>	<b>F#/C#</b>	<b>Emaj7</b>						
I	died	with	a	grape-	shot	in	my	heart.

Chorus

<b>E</b>	<b>F#</b>	<b>G#m</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>E/C#</b>	<b>F#sus4</b>	<b>F#</b>					
Say	a	prayer	for	peace,	for	every	fallen	son.			
<b>E</b>	<b>F#</b>	<b>G#m</b>	<b>E</b>	<b>E/C#</b>	<b>F#sus4</b>	<b>F#</b>					
Set	my	spirit	free,	let	me	lay	down	my	gun.		
<b>C#m</b>	<b>C#m/Eb</b>	<b>E</b>									
Sweet	Mother	Mary,	I	m	so	tired,					
<b>E</b>	<b>E/E</b>	<b>G#m</b>	<b>F#</b>								
but	I	can	t	come	home	til	the	last	shot	s	fired.

Verse 2

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

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

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

**E F#**  
I still smell the smoke, I can taste the mud,

**F# F#/C# Emaj7**  
as I lay there dying from a loss of blood.

Chorus

Interlude

**E F#**  
I m in the fields of Vietnam, the mountains of Afghanistan,

**E F#**  
And I m still hopin , waitin , prayin I did not die in vain.

Chorus (reprise)

**E F# G#m E E/C# F#sus4 F#**  
Say a prayer for peace, for every fallen son.

**E F# G#m E E/C# F#sus4 F#**  
Set our spirits free, let us lay down our guns.

**C#m C#m/Eb E**  
Sweet Mother Mary, We re so tired,

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

**E G#m E**  
Til the Last Shot s Fired.

[closing chorus is a cappella]