## 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:

| G#m              | Esus4  |
|------------------|--------|
| -2               | -0     |
| -2pick individua | al- -2 |
| -2strings after- | -3  x2 |
| 2 -4the downbeat | -0     |
| 2-4 -4           | -0     |
| -2               | -x     |

Verse 1

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

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

 ${\tt E}$   ${\tt F\#}$   ${\tt F\#}$   ${\tt F\#}$   ${\tt C\#}$   ${\tt E}$  When the yankees charged and the colors fell, Overton Hill was a living hell.

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When we called retreat it was almost dark,

F# F#/C# Emaj7
I died with a grape-shot in my heart.

Chorus

E F# G#m E E/C# F#sus4 F#

C#m C#m/Eb E

Sweet Mother Mary, I m so tired,

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

G#m G#m/F# E E  $\mathbf{E}/E$ In June of 1944, I waded in the blood of Omaha s shore.

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

F# F# **F#**/C#

I almost made the first sea wall, when my friends turned and saw me fall.

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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

F#

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

F#

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

Chorus (reprise)

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

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

C#m C#m/Eb

Sweet Mother Mary, We re so tired,

E/EG#m

but We can t come home til the last shot s fired.

Е G#m

Til the Last Shot s Fired.

[closing chorus is a cappella]