

Empty As A Drum
Turnpike Troubadours

Empty As A Drum
By Turnpike Troubadours

This is tabbed to match the recording - you can also play with
Capo 2 in the key of D (D, F#7, G in the verses, D, A, G in chorus)

Capo 4

C

Well two old red-nosed whiskey drunks were talkin politics

E7

F

It was time to hit the bricks, it was time for me to go

C

And I was right there on the verge of pullin out my hair

E7

F

Actin as though I could not care less and hopin she would show

Well my bags are packed and ready, I was feelin like a wreck
Some clothes and personal effects, I left everything I own
And the last I laid eyes on her, we were in a hotel hall
Holdin hands like paper dolls, aw but here I sit alone

Chorus:

C

G

F

Well I m gonna give it one more minute, give me one more round of rum

G

F

Well I m as empty as a drum, I m as empty as a drum

C

G

F

Could you spare a cigarette, I hate to be a bum

G

F

C

But here s to hopin she ll still come, I m too old to be this dumb, well I m
too old to
be this dumb

Well I tell you that bartender, she s a site to see
Aw you d be envious of me, least you would if she was here
And the kid there in the corner has been spoilin for a fight
And it feels like that of night, aw buddy instead pour me a beer

Chorus

When you darkened up the doorway, I stood up from the bar
Well I said hey now here you are, damn it darlin how are you and you kissed me
Said I can t say that I m great oh lord I hate it that I am late
Oh what a mess we got into