

Your Humble Narrator
Two Cow Garage

Okay I think this a great little diddy and since nobody has tabbed it yet. I thought I would give it a try. I know this isn t 100% more like 75% or maybe even 60%, but it s the only one, so corrections are welcome.

Your Humble Narrator - Two Cow Garage - Speaking in Cursive

Standard Capo II

Intro:

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e-----]-----]-----]-----|
b-----]-----]-----]-----3333-----|
g-----]-----]-----]-----2222-----|
d-----]-----22222222]-----]-----|
a-----22222222]-3333-2222-00000000]-22-00-2-3-2-0-2222-----22222222|
e---3333-5555-00000000]-0000-0000-----]---00-22-3-----0000-----33333333|

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G A Em C Em A Em F#/D G fill?C Em D G

The intro is played through the verse, here are the chords.

Verse:

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G A Em
Waking up to cassette tapes and ashtrays,
C Em A
all filled up from the night before.
Em F#/D G C
Smoke filled lungs and tasteful songs,
Em D G
and a stranger laying on the floor.
G A Em
Well some girls will kiss, and some girls will shake,
C Em A
in the morning with blood filled eyes,
Em F#/D G C
But the sun has a way of making us pay
Em D G
for a revelry filled nights.

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Pre-Chorus:

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C G C G
So if it lights you up, and if it turns you on,
Em D C G
I will sing to you all your favorite songs.

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Chorus:

Em **G** **C** **G**
The one about a boy, who broke your heart,
C **G** **D**
and brought you to your knees.
Em **G** **C** **G**
It was a slow, sad waltz in three quarters time,
Em **D** **G**
by my friends from Tennessee.

The rest of the song follows the same pattern.

Well the needle will quiver,
and the speakers deliver 1974.
So here s to the times that we knew were alive,
and she always asked for more.

So if it lights you up, and it turns her on,
I could sing to you all your favourite songs.

The one about a boy, that broke your heart,
and brought you to your knees.
It was a slow, sad waltz in 3/4 s time by my friends from Tennessee.

The one about a boy, who broke your heart,
and brought you to your knees.
It was a slow, sad waltz in 3/4 s time by my friends from Tennessee.

Waking up to cassette tapes and ashtrays,
all filled up from the night before.
Smoke filled lungs, and tasteful songs, and a stranger laying on the floor.

That s it. I plan to update it when I figure out that little fill in the intro,
but right now I don t have a pick. I figured this out listening to my crap
computer speakers, strumming with my fingers. Besides that I consider myself a
singer rather than a guitarist, so help would be appreciated. Thanks and enjoy!