Too Many Highways Ty England

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I played this from ear so I m pretty sure its correct if its not please correct
Tuning: Standard EADGBE
Ty uses a capo on the second fret but you don t have to.
 Too Many Highways By Ty England
 Intro(Played Twice): (C)(F)
       (C)
       I was one of those guys
                                        (\mathbf{F})
       Who though he could handle it all
       (C)
       Way too much pride
       Head held up high standing tall
       I was raised in a dusty old rodeo town
       They said I was all around cowboy bound
                    ( Am )
       So I set out after the dream
          (G)
                     (C)
       To answer the call
       (C)
                              (\mathbf{F})
       Now there s too many suitcases
                     (\mathbf{F})
       (C)
       Too many new places
                            (\mathbf{F})
       Too many stranger s faces
       (G)
       Calling me their friend
       If I could go my way
       (C)
                    (\mathbf{F})
       I d go home today
                          (\mathbf{F})
       There s too many highways
       That never seems to end
       (Played Twice): (C)(F)
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(C)
Well it s a long way up
                    (\mathbf{F})
To the top of the hill
(C)
And if you cant pay the price
There s always someone who will
                                               (Em)
( Dm )
So you keep on running and you never look back
It keeps getting harder to stay on track
                   ( Am )
                            (\mathbf{F})
And you wonder if anyone knows
 (G)
                (C)
How you really feel
(C)
                       (F)
Now there s too many suitcases
(C)
              (\mathbf{F})
Too many new places
                      (F)
Too many stranger s faces
(G)
Calling me their friend
If I could go my way
(C)
             (F)
I d go home today
(C)
                  (\mathbf{F})
There s too many highways
(G)
That never seems to end
                      (F)
                                            (C)
Lord I traded all I had for what could be
( Am )
                               (F)
                                                (G)
Now from this rundown motel room all I can see
(C)
                       (F)
Now there s too many suitcases
(C)
              (F)
Too many new places
                      (\mathbf{F})
Too many stranger s faces
Calling me their friend
(C)
If I could go my way
(C)
             (\mathbf{F})
I d go home today
(C)
                   (F)
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There s too many highways (\mathbf{G}) (\mathbf{C}) That never seems to end