

**Rocks And Relics**  
**Tyler Childers**

Capo 3

[Verse 1]

**E**

Shovin in the over haze

**F#m**

Siftin off most my days

**A**

**E**

For a B1 bomber that will blow your mind

**E**

Listen to the sound of glass,

**F#m**

hunting someone elses nap

**A**

For a B1 bomber from Flint naptime

[Chorus]

**C#m**

**G#**

**A**

**Am**

Then all of a sudden, I m watching the leaves

**E**

**E7**

**A**

Off the ground and into Hawkeye s pocket

[Verse 2]

**E**

Squash biscuits and a broke leg stream

**F#m**

Flyin saucers in my hunting dream

**A**

**E**

In the center of the shuttle i can hear a banjo break

**E**

Happens every now and then

**F#m**

If your lucky they will let you in

**A**

**E**

If you show on time and you show up straight

[Chorus]

**C#m**

**G#**

As the walkway s folding

**A**

**Am**

gettin ready to leave

**E**

**E7**

**A**

Hawkeye waves goodbye and decides to smile

[Solo]

**E F#m A E**

[ Chorus ]

C#m                      G#

He hired a cricket

**A** **Am**

and younger than me

E	E7	A
Covered up in fancy rocks and relics		

[Verse 3]

**E**  
When sharper than a green plant spear

Hits hard enough to fall a deer

**A** Oh dear, I swear I fell its true **E**

E	F#m
Lips of imperial red, rock of ages in my	river bed

**A** **E**  
I have no earthly jewels for you

[Outro]

C#m	G#	A	Am
Coming home empty handed but I finally see			

E	E7	A
Covered up in fancy rocks and relics		