

Old Broke Guitar Picker
Whiskey Myers

Artist: Whiskey Myers
Song: Old Broke Guitar Picker

Alright i tabbed this thing out by ear so if it isn t perfect please let me know,
i appreciate feed back from ya ll, you can reach me at john_deere7381@yahoo.com

Riff 1

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e|-----|
B|-----|
G|-----|
D|-----|
A|-----2-5-4-3-2-----|
E|-0-3-4-----|

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Intro: **Em, G, A**

Em **G**
I remember back when I was sixteen
A
I was sittin there just my pops and me **G**
when his friend walked up in a cowboy hat **Em**
A said I like what your doin but it ain t worth sap **G**
I see this road will leave you cold and alone
A **Em**
old and broke and a bag of bones **G**
so you better take heed to the words i say
A
stay right clear of that lost highway

Chorus:

G **A**
Em
I m singin o southern wind wont you take me high **Em**
G **A**
(Riff 1)
I got seven ladies dancin naked by an old camp fire
G **A** **Em**
guitar pickin with a bottle of wine
G **A**
Em
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die

G **A**
Em
 Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
Em **G**
 Holes in my clothes and holes in my shoes
A **Em**
 and a hole in the heart, thats why I m singin the blues
G
 put my change in my pocket but it s all gone
A **Em**
 and everything that i do it seems to be wrong
G
 so now I m broke I m back on the street
A
 with a guitar case infront of Drake and me
Em **G**
 so you better listen up cause it ain t no lie
A
 please throw a nickel in when you walk by

Chorus:

G **A**
Em
 I m singin o southern wind wont you take me high
G **A** **Em**
 (Riff 1)
 I got seven ladies dancin naked by an old camp fire
G **A** **Em**
 guitar pickin with a bottle of wine
G **A**
Em
 Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
G **A**
Em
 Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
Em **G**
 I came in this world with nothin on my back
A **Em**
 I ll leave the same and thats a fact
G
 I ain t in it for the money i ain t in it for the fame
A **Em**
 and i don t really care if you remember my name
G
 so now i gotta to go i gotta hit the road
A **Em**
 i gotta do the only thing that i know
G
 I got this feel it deep down and i got to be true
A **Em**
 and i sure as hell ain t guna change for you

Chorus:

	G		A	
Em				
Singin O southern wind wont you take me high				
	G		A	
Em (Riff 1)				
when i hear the sounds comin from an amplifier				
G	A		Em	
guitar pickin with a bottle of wine				
	G		A	Em
Ill be an old broke guitar picker when i die				
	G		A	Em
Ill be an old broke guitar picker when i die				