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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 i appreciate feed back from ya 11, you can reach me at john_deere7381@yahoo.com Riff 1 e | ----- | B | -----G | -----D -----A | -----| E | -0-3-4-----| Intro: Em, G, A EmI remember back when I was sixteen I was sittin there just my pops and me G when his friend walked up in a cowboy hat Em said I like what your doin but it ain t worth sap G I see this road will leave you cold and alone F:m old and broke and a bag of bones G so you better take heed to the words i say stay right clear of that lost highway Chorus: G Α I m singin o southern wind wont you take me high G Α Em (Riff 1) I got seven ladies dancin naked by an old camp fire Εm guitar pickin with a bottle of wine G Α

Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die

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\mathbf{Em}
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
Em
Holes in my clothes and holes in my shoes
                                                                    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
and everything that i do it seems to be wrong
so now I m broke I m back on the street
with a guitar case infront of Drake and me
                                                      G
so you better listen up cause it ain t no lie
please throw a nickel in when you walk by
Chorus:
                   G
                                      Α
      Em
I m singin o southern wind wont you take me high
                                                                            Em
 (Riff 1)
I got seven ladies dancin naked by an old camp fire
                                                           Εm
guitar pickin with a bottle of wine
 Em
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
 Em
Ill be an old broke guitar picker, lord, when i die
Em
I came in this world with nothin on my back
I ll leave the same and thats a fact
I ain t in it for the money i ain t in it for the fame
and i don t really care if you remember my name
                                                   G
so now i gotta to go i gotta hit the road
                                                       Em
i gotta do the only thing that i know
                                                            G
I got this feel it deep down and i got to be true
                                                  Em
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and i sure as hell ain t guna change for you

G

Chorus:			
G	A		
Em			
Singin O southern wind wont y	ou 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	of wine		
G	A		Em
Ill be an old broke guitar pi	cker when i die		

Ill be an old broke guitar picker when i die

Em