

Guitars, Cadillacs

(Written and recorded by Dwight Yoakim 1986.)

(A) Girl, you taught me how to hurt real bad
And **(E7)** cry myself to sleep
And showed me how this town can shatter **(A)** dreams
Another lesson 'bout a naive fool
Who **(E7)** came to Babylon
And found out that the pie don't taste so **(A)** sweet

(A) Now it's guitars, cadillacs, **(E7)** hillbilly music
Lonely, lonely streets that I call **(A)** home
Yea, my guitars, cadillacs, **(E7)** hillbilly music
It's the only thing that keep me hangin' **(A)** on

(A)(E7)(A)(E7)(A)

(A) Ain't no glamour in this tinsel land
Of **(E7)** lost and wasted lives
Painful scars are all that's left of **(A)** me
I wanna thank-you girl for teachin' me
Brand **(E7)** new ways to be cruel
Like findin' mine now I guess I'll just **(A)** leave

(A) And it's guitars, cadillacs, **(E7)** hillbilly music
Lonely, lonely streets that I call **(A)** home
Yea, my guitars, cadillacs, **(E7)** hillbilly music
It's the only thing that keep me hangin' **(A)** on

(A)(E7)(A)(E7)(A)

(A) Oh it's guitars, cadillacs, **(E7)** hillbilly music
Lonely, lonely streets that I call **(A)** home
Yea, my guitars, cadillacs, **(E7)** hillbilly music
It's the only thing that keep me hangin' **(A)** on
It's the **(E7)** only thing that keep me hangin' **(A)** on
It's the **(E7)** only thing that keep me hangin' **(A)** on

