

Guitars, Cadillacs..... Dwight Yoakum

A E
Girl you taught me how to hurt real bad and cry myself to sleep

^{you} E A
Show me how this town can shattered dreams

A E
Another lesson about a naive fool that came to Babylon

E E7 A E/F#/G#
And found out that the pie don't taste so sweet, now it's

(walk up)

A E
guitars, Cadillacs, hillbilly music

E A E/F#/G#
And lonely lonely streets that I call home. YEAH

(walk up)

A E
Yeah, guitars Cadillacs, hillbilly music,

E E7
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on

[Instrumental] A | E | E | A |

A E
there is no glamour in this tinsel town of lost and wasted lives;

E A
And painful scars are all that's left of me

A E
Yeh, but thank you girl for teaching me brand-new ways to be cruel

E E7 A E/F#/G# (walk up)
And if I can find my mind now I'll guess I'll just have to leave, and it's

Repeat chorus