

Bm E Bb A7

D A
guitar strings play hungry hearts
G D
driving fast in hot rod cars
dancing drunk 'n getting high
in a random beachside bar

a wild girl dressed in summer clothes
tryin to persuade me to the lovin side
a trip down the tunnel of love
snugglin her, what a ride

she took me past the breaking point
of lust and trust me too,
that's a thing that women do
to tempt the man inside of you

Bm E Bb A7
**You may be happy in the end
On a one way trip, to the promised land
You must know for sure the kind of woman
She'll turn out to be**

A crazy night, in late July,
Is bound to be suspect
she shows up drunk, her hair's a mess
things don't look good for you

tempted by that beautiful face
what the hell you might as well,
slide on over 'n take another shot
you've got nothing else to lose

is it the booze that convinces you
she'll fix the broken boy inside of you
again you lose to her magic spell
there is nothing you can do

Bm E Bb A7

**You might end up alone in the end
Wondering in a nowhere land alone
You'll endure the kind of woman
She turned out to be**

solo

nothin makes you sleep so sound
like one eye open on a summer night
or the dream of the perfect lover
wishin she was by your side

broken strings don't mend hungry hearts
she headed south, she took your car
she's probably dancing drunk
in another two bit bar

I wish good luck to the next man
touched by her evil hand
she's the wild girl dressed in summer clothes
someday you will understand

D E Bb A

