

Guitars and Cadillacs - by Dwight Yoakam

Intro verse

A	E
Girl, you taught me how to hurt real	bad and cry myself to sleep;
E	A E F# G#
You showed me how this town can shatter dreams.	
A	E
Another lesson 'bout a naive	fool that came to Babylon
E7	A E F# G#
And found that the pie don't taste so	sweet, now it's

A	E	
Guitars, Cadillacs,	hillbilly music	
E		A E F# G#
And lonely, lonely streets that I call	home.	Yeah, my
A	E	
Guitars, Cadillacs,	hillbilly music	
E	E7	A E F# G#
Is the only thing that	keeps me	hanging on.

SOLO

A	E
There ain't no glamour in this tinsel	land of lost and wasted lives;
E	A E F# G#
And painful scars are all that's left of	me.
A	E
Ought to thank you girl for teaching me	brand new ways to be cruel
E7	A E F# G#
If I can find my mind, now I guess I'll just	leave. And its

Chorus

SOLO

Chorus

Chorus

E	E7	A	E F# G#
Is the only thing that	keeps me	hanging on.	
Is the only thing that	keeps me	hanging on o-oo-oon.	