

E E E E A A E E E E

E
Going down a dirty inner city side road
E
Madness passed me by, she smiled hi,
E C
Looked up as the sky began to cry,

E
Met a girl from Dearborn, early six o'clock this morn
A
Asked about her bag, suburbia's such a drag

G D
'Cos Papa don't allow no new ideas
G D
And now he sees the news,
A
Mama, Papa, stop
A
Soon you may be caught
A
The curfew's set for eight
E
I doubt it

E
Seven jealous fools playing by her rules
A
He feels so in between, can't break the scene
E C
And that's the reason why he must cry

E
Crooked children, yellow chalk
E
Their King died
A
Drinking from a Judas cup Looking down but seeing up

CHORUS

E A
Going down a dusty, Georgian side road
A
The wind splashed in my face Can smell a trace

Inner City Blues - Sixto Rodriguez

A
I plotted
A
I nodded
E
She shot it

A
A cold fact
E
Won't go back

A E
here
A E
but the picture's not too clear
A
Treasure what you got
A
Without it
A
Will it ever all be straight

A
Can't believe her
E
It would grieve her
E
He'll never leave her

A
Writing on the concrete walk

E
Sweet red wine

E
I wonder
E
Of thunder