

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

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#
<b>Is the only thing that</b>	<b>keeps me</b>	<b>hanging on.</b>	
<b>Is the only thing that</b>	<b>keeps me</b>	<b>hanging on o-oo-oon.</b>	