

Am . . . C . . . G . . . F . E .

Well I <Am>started on the whiskey pretty early this morning
 <C>That's alright, I was up all night
 But I <G>passed out before the sun came up
 <F>I always wanted to <E>see one of those
 I <Am>know that's no way for a man to behave
 With a <C>mortgage due and a baby on the way
 But <G>somehow I made it to where I'm at
 <F>It's been a living as a <E>matter of fact

I get a <Am>bad attitude from being tired and running 'round
 I <C>never ask for anyone to say they like my sound
 I've <G>never been a part of any musical scene
 I <F>ain't just talking Nashville if you <E>know what I mean
 They don't <Am>write about me in their magazines
 And I don't <C>ask for no reviews on the songs that I sing
 I <G>never had a lot of friends and I'm alright by that
 But <F>people keep on coming <E>back

--Chorus--

Raising <C>hell with the <G>hippies and the <Dm>cowboys
 They don't <F>care about no trends
 They don't <C>care about songs that <G>sell
 Yeah, <C>tomorrow I'll be <G>gone
 So <Dm>tonight everybody just <F>sing along
 Raising <C>hell with the <G>hippies and the <Dm>cowboys

I've been <Am>standing on the outside for all of my life
 But <C>I like the view, I'm not gonna lie
 Yeah, the <G>yuppies and the hipsters and the wannabe scenes
 That <F>ain't down-home to <E>me
 I like <Am>two dollar beers, I like three dollar wells
 At some old <C>honkytonk bar, I know by the smell
 Some old <G>drunk on a barstool and a Merle Haggard tune
 <F>That's my kind of <E>room

(chorus)

(solo)

(chorus)

(outro)