

Gulf of Mexico

Steve Earle

Solo - a capella

Come and gather 'round me people and a tale to you I'll tell
Of my father and his father in the days before the Spill
With an endless sky above 'em and a restless sea below
And every blessing flowing from the Gulf of Mexico

[D] [D] [G] [D] [A] [A] [G] [D] (2 lines of verse)

Well my [D] Granddad worked the shrimp boats
from the [G] time that he was [D] grown
And he [A] scrimped and saved and bought himself a [G] trawler of his [D]
own
He was rough and he was ready and he [G] drank when he was [D] home
And he [A] made his family's living on the [G] Gulf of Mexi-[D]-co

He was [G] rol-[D]-ling, He was [G] rol-[D]-ling
Cross the [D] deep blue [G] water he was [A] rol-[D]-ling [D]

Instrumental: He was [G] rol-[D]-ling, He was [G] rol-[D]-ling
Cross the [D] deep blue [G] water he was [A] rol-[D]-ling [D]

Well my [D] Daddy drove a crew boat hauling [G] workers to the [D] rigs
He was [A] sick of mending nets and couldn't [G] stand the smell of [D] fish
He drew a steady paycheck twenty [G] years from Texa-[D]-co
When he [A] died we spread his ashes on the [G] Gulf of Mexi-[D]-co

He was [G] rol-[D]-ling, He was [G] rol-[D]-ling
Cross the [D] deep blue [G] water he was [A] rol-[D]-ling [D]

Instrumental: He was [G] rol-[D]-ling, He was [G] rol-[D]-ling
Cross the [D] deep blue [G] water he was [A] rol-[D]-ling [D]

As for [D] me I dreamed of nothing any [G] grander than the [D] day
That I [A] stepped out on the drilling floor to [G] earn a roughneck's [D] pay
Then one night I swear I saw the devil [G] crawlin' from the [D] hole
And he [A] spilled the guts of hell out in the [G] Gulf of Mexi-[D]-co

We were [G] rol-[D]-ling, We were [G] rol-[D]-ling
Cross the [D] blood red [G] water we were [A] rol-[D]-ling [D]

Solo We were [G >] rol-[D >]-ling, we were [G >] rol-[D >]-ling
Cross the [D >] blood red [G >] water we were [A >] rol-[D >]-ling