Guitars Cadillacs by Dwight Yoakam

[Intro]

A E F# G#

[Verse 1]

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          A                                   E
Girl, you taught me how to hurt real bad and cry myself to sleep;
                                         A           E
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 out that the pie don't taste so sweet,       now it's
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[Chorus 1]

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

[Break 1]

A E A E F# G# (x2)

Guitar solo 1st time, fiddle solo second time.

[Verse 2]

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               A                               E
There ain't no glamour in this tinsel land of lost and wasted lives;
                                          A           E
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
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         E                  E7                A          E  F#  G#
If I can find my mind, now I guess I'll just leave.        And it's


[Chorus 2]

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


[Break 2]

        A         E                    A       E  F#  G#
        A         E                    A       E  F#  G#
Guitar solo 1st time, fiddle solo second time.    Aw, it's


[Chorus 3]

A                      E
   Guitars, Cadillacs,   hillbilly music
                                          A         E  F#    G#
And lonely, lonely streets that I call home.        Yeah, my
A                      E
   Guitars, Cadillacs,   hillbilly music
                       E7               A       A  G#  F#
Is the only thing that keeps me hanging on.
                    E7               A       A  G#  F#
The only thing that keeps me hanging on.
                         E7               A                  A
It's the only thing that keeps me hanging on,   o-oo - ooon
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