Ε Ε Ε Ε Ε Ε Ε Well, I see you're in from Nashville, Say you're doin' pretty well, And, your latest song just climbed the charts, For weeks before it fell, And, your pretty wife is home alone, Wonder if she got the news, It's what you want! Ε **B7** But, boy your gonna sing the blues. Well you're gone to LA for a week or two, Got some folks you gotta see, And your record deal is golden, Even done some MTV, E And you tell the wife you're gonna make it home, This time without fail, C It's what you want! Ε You got a tiger by the tail.

And the dealer comes round often, And the party's goin' strong. Every one's gotta meet you, **B7** But your friends are all long gone, And your wife just served you papers, And the tour just went to Hell, C It's what your want! If you ever live to tell. G G Ε C Ε **B7** Ε Ε And the dealer comes round often, And the party's goin' strong. G Every one's gotta meet you, **B7** But your friends are all long gone, Ε And your wife just served you papers, And the tour just went to Hell, C It's what your want! If you ever live to tell. Ε Ε Ε Ε Ε Ε