

High Lonesome (acoustic)

The Gaslight Anthem

So the ambulances came
They took your pulse and packed up your things
And the papers read
Some boys forget what the heartache brings And the pounding in the street
Was your heart in four-four time
And the taste of defeat
Was never too far from your mind And Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
I always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis
And in my head there's all these classic cars and outlaw cowboy bands
I always kinda sorta wished I was someone else So gravity came
And stole the temple that the schoolboys praised
And the crowd shuffled in
You're getting drinks for the same boys who once bought you everything And the powder on the bar was just
this one time
The patter on the bar was just this one night
And only to get by And Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
I always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis
And in my head there's all these classic cars and outlaw cowboy bands
I always kinda sorta wished I was someone else There was "Southern Accents" on the radio as I drove home
And at night I wake up with the sheets soaking wet
It's a pretty good song, baby you know the rest
Baby, you know the rest And Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand
Always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis
And in my head there's all these classic cars and outlaw cowboy bands
I always kinda sorta wished I was someone else When our boots they hit the ground
They made a high and lonesome sound
When our boots they hit the ground
They made a high and lonesome sound
When our boots they hit the ground
They made a high and lonesome sound When our boots they hit the ground
Down from the clouds
They made a high and lonesome sound

Songwriters

FALLON, BRIAN /Published by

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