

# Guys Like Me

Gary Allan

[Intro:] G see D G

(G) Well there's no more smokey bars in Cali-(D)-fornia,  
There ain't no wild life left in Tenne-(G)-ssee,  
But I keep on livin' every song I'm (D) singing,  
And they're tryin' to put an end to guys like (G) me,  
All that's left in Bakersfield is a (D) jukebox,  
And it's haunted by old songs and memor-(G)-ies,  
It's getting hard to find a place to play my (D) guitar,  
And they're tryin' to put an end to guys like (G) me,

[Chorus:]

I'd (Em) like to find a place where love sur-(G)-rounds me,  
Some (Em) town where they don't mind me hangin' a-(G)-round,  
A (C) place where life don't move too fast  
and (G) what you are is not a thing of the past,  
Where (A) you can land your dreams on solid (D) ground,

[Verse 3:]

Well I'm (G) sittin' on a barstool down on (D) Broadway,  
Waitin' for my turn to sing my (G) dreams,  
I'm just a California boy with my old (D) guitar,  
And they're tryin' to put an end to guys like (G) me,

Solo: G D D G G D D G

[Repeat Chorus]

[Repeat Verse 3]

Tag

Yeah they're (D) tryin' to put an end to guys like (G) me.

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