

## Chains & Things

Joe Bonamassa

I don't need your constant heartache  
All I have is my guitar and you  
I turned thirty one years old today  
All you gave me was that store bought blues

And I know how that lonesome  
Lonesome road blues can be  
Like a devil race car baby  
Lonesome road comfort me

I long for those days of simple times  
Day's when guitar strings a cost a dime  
I'm the only one for you there is  
Help me down baby, hell that is yeah

And I know how that lonesome  
Lonesome road blues can be  
Like a devil race car baby  
Lonesome road comfort me  
Mmm mmmmm

I sold my soul for a pack of cigarettes yeah  
Mississippi is where I think my best  
My string is crazy, I keep her sane  
After me baby there's no one to blame

And I know how that lonesome  
Lonesome road blues can be  
Like a devil race car baby  
Lonesome road comfort me  
Like a devil race car baby  
These ol' blues comfort me yeah