

Postcards From Hell - The Wood Brothers

Capo 7th fret

Intro - G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb .. G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb

G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 I know a man who sings the blues - Yeah he plays just what he feels
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 Keeps a letter in the pocket of his coat - But he never breaks the seal

Intro - G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb .. G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb

G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 Set up in a bar room corner ---- Playin' for tips and beer
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 People carryin' on and drinkin' - You gotta strain to hear

Intro - G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb .. G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb

G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 I've seen him playin' some old cheap guitar- But he could play on pots & pans
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 You never heard a soul so pure and true - It's flowin' right out of his hands
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 He can sing sweet as a choir girl ---- Or he can sing a house on fire
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 I've seen him callin' up the angels ----- And use a breeze for a telephone wire

G Gb7 Bm
 And if you ask him - How he sings his blues so well - He says
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 I got a soul that I won't sell x3
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 And I don't read postcards from hell

Intro - G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb .. G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb

G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 Says he came from down in Texas ----- Playin' out since he's fifteen
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 You can hear a little Chicago - And a lot of New Orleans
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 He can take you on a freight train - He can take you down the alley
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 He can take you to the church ----- He can walk you through the valley

G Gb7 Bm
 And if you ask him - How he sings his blues so well - He says
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 I got a soul that I won't sell x3
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 And I don't read postcards from hell

Intro - G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb .. G-D/Gb-Em-D/Gb ... x2

G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 I've seen him sleepin' in a doorway - Maybe livin' outside
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 On his back just like a cockroach - But he ain't waitin' to die

G Gb7 Bm
 And if you ask him - How he sings his blues so well - He says
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 I got a soul that I won't sell x3
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 And I don't read postcards from hell x4
 G D/Gb Em D/Gb G D/Gb Em D/Gb
 That's how I sing my blues so well ... And I don't read postcards from hell