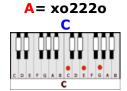
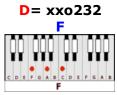
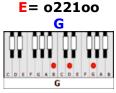
TAKIN' PILLS - Pistol Annies (A)

CAPO 3RD FRET

GUITAR / KEYBOARD CHORDS:







INTRO: A/C

A/C
She's on the highest dose of prozac a woman can take,
D/F
A/C
She's likes to pop her pain pills with every little ache,
D/F
A/C
She's got a Tennessee mountain point of view,
D/F
A/C
If your gonna have one, might as well have two

A/C
Raised up right in the hills of Kentucky,

D/F
A/C
No she ain't gonna smile til she lights up her Lucky,

D/F
A/C
No filter on her mouth or her cigerettes

D/F
A/C
Oh baby what your lookin' at is what you get

D/F
CHORUS: Ya we owe 400 dollars to the boys in the band
A/C
Gas lights blinking on our broke down van
D/F
We're living on truck stop burgers and fries
A/C
Crossing our fingers for a vacancy sign
E/G
Well, who in the hell is gonna pay these bills
D/F N.C.
When one's drinking, one's smoking, one's taking pills

INTERLUDE: A/C

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She's a root tootin' pistol from the Lonestar state
                                D/F
                                             A/C
She's mixes up a double at the break of everyday
                            D/F
She might get crazy but she don't get mean
                        D/F
'Til some drunk cowboy asks her to sing
                 D/F
CHORUS: We owe 400 dollars to the boys in the band
         A/C
         Gas lights blinking on our broke down van
         We're living on truck stop burgers and fries
         A/C
         Crossing our fingers for a vacancy sign
              E/G
         Now who in the hell is gonna pay these bills
                        D/F
                              N.C.
         When one's drinking, one's smoking, one's taking pills
INTERLUDE: A/C
A/C
                         D/F
                                 A/C
Now we ain't ashamed of who we are
                      D/F
                           A/C
We like fast men and cheap guitars
                          D/F
                                       A/C
Ain't trying to get rich just trying to get by
                       D/F
                                A/C
By playing for tips on a Saturday night
                     D/F
CHORUS: Ya we owe 400 dollars to the boys in the band
         A/C
         Gas lights blinking on our broke down van
         We're living on truck stop burgers and fries
         A/C
         Crossing our fingers for a vacancy sign
               E/G
         Well, who in the hell is gonna pay these bills
                        D/F
                               N.C.
         When one's drinking, one's smoking, one's taking pills
OUTRO:
                       A/C (sustain and end)
        Ahhh-Hahhhh
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D/F

A/C

A/C