Intro A D A D E7	First note = E
A D	A
Pack up - all your dishes - Make note of all good wishes E7	
A E7 Say goodbye to the landlord for me – sons of bitches always bore me A D	•
Throw out them LA papers and that moldy box of vanilla wafers A	
Adios to all this concrete - Gonna get me some dirt road back street	E7
CHORUS	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •
D E7 A D If I can just get off of this LA freeway without getting killed or caught A	
I'd be down that road in a cloud of smoke E7	
To some land - that I ain't bought - bought - bought A D	
Here's to you old skinny Dennis - Only one I think I will miss A E7	
I can hear that old bassman singing - sweet and low like a gift you're A	bringin'
Play it for me - just one more time now - Got to give it all we can now A	
I believe everything your saying - Just keep on, keep on playing	
CHORUS	
Put the pink card in the mailbox	
Leave the key in the old front door lock	
They will find it likely as not - I'm sure there's somethin' we have forg	jot
A D Oh Susanna don't you cry babe - Love's a gift that's surely handmade	е
A E7 We've got something to believe in - Dontcha' think it's time we're leave	/in'
CHORUS	
A D Pack up - all your dishes - Make note of all good wishes	
A E7 Say goodbyo to the landlard for me, sons of hitches always here me	
Say goodbye to the landlord for me - sons of bitches always bore me Outro A D A D E7 A D A D E7 A picked	;