

# The Load-out

Browne Jackson

Toonsoort G

D G A B<sup>m</sup> G A D G D A  
D F<sup>#</sup> G A B<sup>m</sup> G A D G D A

D G AB<sup>m</sup>

Now the seats are all empty. Let the roadies take the stage.

G A D

Pack it up and tear it down.

They're the first to come and the last to leave,

G AB<sup>m</sup>

working for that minimum wage.

G A D GD

They'll set it up in another town.

B<sup>m</sup>AG B<sup>m</sup>

Tonight the people were so fine. They waited there in line.

D B<sup>m</sup>AG

And when they got up on their feet, they made the show.

D

And that was sweet. But I can hear the sound

G A B<sup>m</sup>

of slamming doors and folding chairs,

G A D G D A D

that's a sound they'll never know.

G D

Now, roll them cases out and lift them amps.

G D

Haul them trusses down and get 'em up them ramps,  
'cause when it comes to moving me,

GA

you know you guys are the champs.

D

But when that last guitar's been packed away,

GA B<sup>m</sup>

you know that I still want to play.

G

So just make sure you've got it all set to go