

Losin' Kind-crd

| F# | F# | F# |

My name is Frank Davis, drive a Dixie 109

C#

F#

I was out on Highway 17, just south of Camden Line

It was down there in the heart of Wilsonville where I met my fate

C#

F#

She was standing outside the bar room said she was waiting for a date

B

F#

But I knew that that was just a line

C#

F#

And I knew I was messin' with a losin' kind

Well I knew what we were both doing, and I knew that you can't win

C#

F#

But when the light turned green, I reached across the seat, popped the lock
and she slid in

She said she liked Mexican music, she knew a place if I had the time

C#

Well we had a few drinks and we danced a while

F#

I pulled her close, she didn't mind

B

F#

And what I knew kinda slipped my mind

C#

F#

And I couldn't resist her messin' with a losin' kind

Well we drove around in my Buick, getting drunk and having fun

C#

F#

Well we ended up at this Best Western out on Highway 101

It was around 3 a.m. we went out to this empty little road side bar

C#

It was there the cash register was open

F#

It was there I hit that guy to hard

B

F#

But I knew when I hit him for the second time

C#

F#

That one attracts the other when you're the losin' kind

Solo: | F# | B | F# | C# | F# |

Well I grabbed her hand to get out of there

And I felt like I was gonna be sick

C#

F#

And a half hour later the sleet started come down and that highway got
pretty slickI seen some lights in my rear-view mirror I guess I panicked and gave her a
gun

C#

F#

Well then I wrapped us around a telephone pole south on Highway 101

Well she just stumbled out on to the banks

And sat down in a pout

C#

F#

Well I kicked out the driver side window but buddy when I got out

Well all I had to greet me was a Highway Patrolman's 45

C#

F#

He looked at the wreck and then he said "Son you're lucky to be alive"

B

F#

"Well Sir I'll think that one over if you don't mind

C#

F#

Now luck ain't much good to you when it's the losin' kind"