

1 - 8 Mary Jane's Last Dance

Key: G

Tom Petty

BPM 155

Bob Starts

Craig second round

Bob riff 3rd round

Am pentatonic

Intro

Bob Starts x2 then plays fill

Am G D Am

Verse

Am **G**
She grew up in an Indiana town

Dsus2 **Am**
Had a good-lookin' mama who never was around

Am **G**
But she grew up tall and she grew up right

Dsus2 **Am**
With them Indiana boys on them Indiana nights

craig play harmonica part

Well, she moved down here the age of eighteen
She blew the boys away, was more than they'd seen
I was introduced and we both started groovin'
She said, "I dig you baby, but I got to keep movin' on
Keep movin' on"

Am G Dsus2 Am
x2

Chorus

Em7 **A**
Last dance with Mary Jane, one more time to kill the pain

Em7 **A G**
I feel summer creepin' in and I'm tired of this town again

2 rounds

Verse

Well, I don't know, but I've been told
You never slow down, you never grow old
I'm tired of screwin' up, tired of going down
Tired of myself, tired of this town

Oh, my my, oh, hell yes
Honey, put on that party dress
Buy me a drink, sing me a song
Take me as I come 'cause I can't stay long

Chorus

Em7 **A**
Last dance with Mary Jane, one more time to kill the pain
Em7 **A** **G**
I feel summer creepin' in and I'm tired of this town again

Solo

Graig solo over verse x2

Verse

There's pigeons down on Market Square
She's standin' in her underwear
Lookin' down from a hotel room
The nightfall will be comin' soon

Oh, my my, oh, hell yes.
You got to put on that party dress
It was too cold to cry when I woke up alone
I hit my last number, I walked to the road

Chorus

Em7 **A**
Last dance with Mary Jane, one more time to kill the pain
Em7 **A** **G**
I feel summer creepin' in and I'm tired of this town again
Am G Dsus2 Am

Solo: Solo trade

over into end

Verse 1

Am **G**
Getting born in the state of Mississippi,
Dm **Am**
Her Poppa was a copper and her Momma was a hippie
Am **G**
In Alabama she would swing a hammer,
Dm **Am**
Price you gotta pay when you break the panorama
Am **G** **Dm** **Am**
She never knew that there was anything more than poor,
Am **G** **Dm** **Am**
What in the world does your company take me for?

Verse 2

Am **G**
Black bandana, sweet Louisiana,
Dm **Am**
Robbin' on a bank in the state of Indiana,
Am **G**
She's a runner, rebel and a stunner,
Dm **Am**
On her merry way sayin', "baby whatcha gonna"
Am **G** **Dm** **Am**
Lookin' down the barrel of a hot metal .45,
Am **G** **Dm**
Just another way to survive