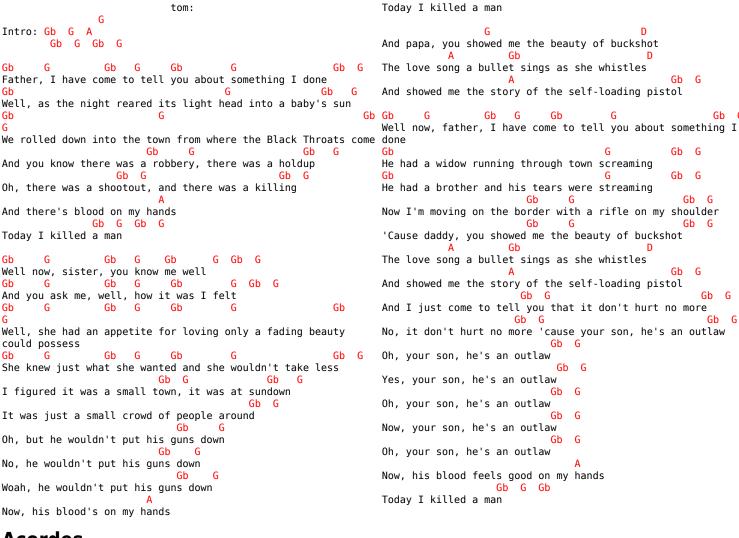# Bruce Springsteen - Ballad Of The Self-loading Pistol

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                                          tom:
                       G
Intro: Gb  G   A
         Gb  G  Gb  G
Gb        G        Gb  G     Gb        G            Gb  G
Father, I have come to tell you about something I done
Gb                              G        Gb  G
Well, as the night reared its light head into a baby's sun
Gb                        G                              Gb
G
We rolled down into the town from where the Black Throats come
                  Gb      G              Gb  G
And you know there was a robbery, there was a holdup
                Gb  G                  Gb  G
Oh, there was a shootout, and there was a killing
                          A
And there's blood on my hands
              Gb  G  Gb  G
Today I killed a man

Gb        G        Gb  G     Gb      G  Gb  G
Well now, sister, you know me well
Gb        G        Gb  G     Gb        G  Gb  G
And you ask me, well, how it was I felt
Gb        G        Gb  G     Gb        G            Gb
G
Well, she had an appetite for loving only a fading beauty
could possess
Gb        G        Gb  G     Gb        G            Gb  G
She knew just what she wanted and she wouldn't take less
                  Gb  G                        Gb      G
I figured it was a small town, it was at sundown
                              Gb  G
It was just a small crowd of people around
                    Gb      G
Oh, but he wouldn't put his guns down
                    Gb      G
No, he wouldn't put his guns down
                    Gb      G
Woah, he wouldn't put his guns down
                    A
Now, his blood's on my hands
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                          Gb  G  Gb
Today I killed a man
                          G                    D
And papa, you showed me the beauty of buckshot
                A        Gb
The love song a bullet sings as she whistles
                        A                          Gb  G
And showed me the story of the self-loading pistol
Gb        G      Gb  G    Gb      G            Gb  G
Well now, father, I have come to tell you about something I
done
Gb                              G        Gb  G
He had a widow running through town screaming
Gb                              G        Gb  G
He had a brother and his tears were streaming
                        Gb      G              Gb  G
Now I'm moving on the border with a rifle on my shoulder
                        Gb      G              Gb  G
'Cause daddy, you showed me the beauty of buckshot
                A        Gb                      D
The love song a bullet sings as she whistles
                        A                          Gb  G
And showed me the story of the self-loading pistol
                              Gb  G                  Gb  G
And I just come to tell you that it don't hurt no more
                              Gb  G                  Gb  G
No, it don't hurt no more 'cause your son, he's an outlaw
                          Gb  G
Oh, your son, he's an outlaw
                          Gb  G
Yes, your son, he's an outlaw
                          Gb  G
Oh, your son, he's an outlaw
                          Gb  G
Now, your son, he's an outlaw
                          Gb  G
Oh, your son, he's an outlaw
                                  A
Now, his blood feels good on my hands
                          Gb  G  Gb
Today I killed a man
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Acordes