

# Colter Wall - Thirteen Silver Dollars

tom:

G

[Primeira Parte]

It was a cold and cruel evening  
 Sneaking up on Speedy Creek  
 Found myself asleepin' in the snow  
 For one or two odd reasons  
 I ain't too proud to repeat  
 For now we'll say I had no place to go  
 There was a rustle and a humming  
 Just hauling down the street  
 I drew myself up from my icy bed  
 Painted on that shiny car the letters 'RCM and P'  
 I can feel a little aching in my head

[Segunda Parte]

And then out jumps this old boy  
 About twice the size of me  
 He asked me for my name and where I dwelt  
 I just looked him in the eye  
 And sang 'Blue Yodel Number 9'  
 He didn't catch the reference, I could tell

Then the old, familiar click  
 And the handcuffs bind and grip  
 Should have left me in the snow, where I laid

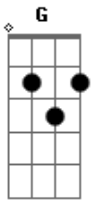
He just laughed and touched his gun  
 And turned to me and said  
 Son, I bet you don't own a damn thing  
 To your name

[Refrão]

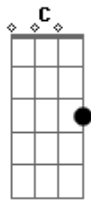
Well, I got my health  
 My John B Stetson  
 Got a bottle full of baby's bluebird wine  
 And I left my stash  
 Somewhere down in Preston  
 Along with thirteen silver dollars and my mind

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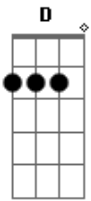
## Acordes



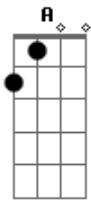
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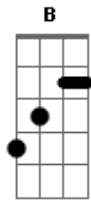
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