

## **Don McLean - Bronco Bills Lament**

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And enslave you till you work your youth away
                                                        C C Am Am7 Am7 D
Oh god how I worked my youth away
              tom:
              G
       [Primeira Parte]
                                                         [Ponte]
I coulda been most anything I put my mind to be
                                                                          G
                                                               G Em
                                                         Whoopee ty yioh whoopee ty yi ay
G Em A7 [
But a cowboy's life was the only life for me
     G B7
                                                         One man's work is another man's play
It's a strong man's occupation ridin' herd and livin' free
                                                         C C Am Am7 D
 Em A7
                                                         Oh god how I
                                                                        worked my youth away
But strong men often fail
                                                         [Quarta Parte]
    Em
Where shrewd men can prevail
 C C Am
                                                                G D Em
I'm an old man now with nothin' left to say
                                                         You see I always liked the notion of a cowboy fighting crime
 C C Am Am D
                                                         This photograph was taken in my prime
But oh god how I
                  worked my youth away
                                                                     B7
[Segunda Parte]
                                                         I could beat those desperados but there's no sense fightin'
       G D Em
Well you may not recognize my face, I used to be a star A7 C G D
                                                         But the singin' was a ball
                                                            Em A7
A cowboy hero known both near and far
                                                         Cause I?m not musical at all
                                                         C C Am Am7 D
I moved my lips to someone else's voice
 G B7
I perched upon a silver mount and sang with my guitar
 Em A7
                           Em
                                                         But the studio of course, owned my saddle and my horse
  C C Am Am7 D
But that six-gun on the wall belongs to me
                                                         [Primeira Parte]
C C Am Am7 D
Oh god I can't live a memory
                                                               D
                                                                      Em
                                                         I coulda been most anything I put my mind to be
[Terceira Parte]
                                                                               C
                                                         But a cowboy's life was the only life for me
                 D
                         Em
                                   C
                                          D
                                                                         B7
You know I'd like to put my finger on that trigger once again A7 C G D
                                                         It's a strong man's occupation ridin' herd and livin' free
                                                         But strong men often fail
And point that gun at all the prideful men
                                                          Em A7
                   B7
All the voyeurs and the lawyers who can pull a fountain pen
                                                         Where shrewd men can prevail
            A7
                                                          C C
                                                                                    Am7
And put you where they choose
                                                         I'm an old man now with nothin' left to say
                                                         C C Am Am D G
But oh god how I worked my youth away
   Em A7
With the language that they use
    C G Am Am7
Acordes
     G
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