

# Evan Westerlund - Ghost Riders

tom:  
 Bm (forma dos acordes no tom de Am )  
 Capostraste na 2ª casa

```

E|1|-----0----|
B|2|-----1----|
G|3|-----2----|
D|4|-----2----|
A|5|-3--2--0----0--|
E|6|-----3----0----|
  
```

Am  
 Well, he sat down right in front of me, and I said

C G Am  
 It looks like you got a story to tell

Am  
 He offered up a friendly smile

C G Am  
 Said I'm just a ghost rider on this train

F  
 So I pressed him just a little bit harder

G Am  
 There's got to be more to it than that

Am  
 He said, son I was there in '45

C  
 When my mother was burned

G Am  
 And my sister was shot in the back

F C  
 It had started with a rumor

G Am  
 Then it happened fast

F C  
 We're shuffled into box cars

G Am  
 And rolled on down the track

F C  
 There was nothing we could do

G Am  
 Just roll across the plains

F G  
 We were all just ghost riders

Am  
 Ghost riders on the train

Am  
 When he turned to watch the fields roll by

C G  
 I saw a single tear

Am  
 Reflect off the glass

Am  
 And for a while he disappeared

C G  
 To a distant rainy night

Am  
 Then he came right back

F  
 I didn't know what to say or do

G Am  
 But he pressed on, there's more to it than that

Am  
 I can still feel the cuts from the barbed-wire fence

C G  
 Taste the taste of fear

Am  
 And smell the smell of the rats

Am  
 And smell the smell of the rats

Am  
 And smell the smell of the rats

## Acordes

F C  
 It had started with a rumor

G Am  
 Then it happened fast

F C  
 We're shuffled into box cars

G Am  
 And rolled on down the track

F C  
 There was nothing we could do

G Am  
 Just roll across the plains

F G  
 We were all just ghost riders

Am  
 Ghost riders on the train

( C G F )

( F C G F Am )

( C G F )

( F C G F Am )

Am  
 When I stood with him outside the gates

C G  
 Some three hundred-fifty miles southeast of

Am  
 Berlin

Am  
 A wicked wind blew from the west

C G Am  
 And a chill rippled up under my skin

F  
 He closed his eyes and asked dear God

G Am  
 What the hell was the sense of all of this

Am  
 Was it all part of your grand design

C G  
 Or just a speck in time

Am  
 Something that you missed

F C  
 It had started with a rumor

G Am  
 Then it happened fast

F C  
 We're shuffled into box cars

G Am  
 And rolled on down the track

F C  
 There was nothing we could do

G Am  
 Just roll across the plains

F G  
 We were all just ghost riders

Am  
 Ghost riders on the train

F G  
 We were all just ghost riders

Am  
 Ghost riders on the train

F G  
 We were all just ghost riders

Am  
 Ghost riders on the train

[Final] C G F

F C G F Am

C G F

F C G F Am

