

Evan Westerlund - Ghost Riders

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

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

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

[Final] C G F

F C G F Am

C G F

F C G F Am

