

Ghoultown - Drink With The Living Dead

Tom: B

Dbm
 I was sittin in the thirsty devil, one sheet hung to the wind
B When the bat wings doors creaked open and a stranger sauntered
 in
Dbm He moved his head from side to side and glared with a sunken
 eye
B I heard the spin of a rusty spur as he shook off the dreary
 night **Dbm**

Dbm
 He lowered his hat, checked his gun and headed toward the bar
B Walked on up beside me, I knew he'd traveled far
Dbm In a voice as thick as mud he looked to the ?keep and said?
B ?one shot of whiskey for myself and one for my new friend? **Dbm**

Dbm
 The patrons whispered hushed and low, they seemed to be afraid
B As if a ghost had stood right up and walked out of its grave
Dbm His face was shallow and dirty, his skin like leather hide
B Sure he spoke like any man, but something wasn't right **Dbm**

Dbm
 So I twisted on my stool, turned to him and said
B ?thank you sir, but just the same, I'm chasin worms instead?
Dbm He growled and shoved the drink my way, his eyes cold as death
B ?I pick the drinks, you knock ?em back, else draw against my
 hand?

Refrão
B When it's six to midnight and the boney hand of death is nigh
B You better drink your drink and shut your mouth
B If you draw against his hand, you can never win
B Go ahead? drink with the living dead **Dbm**

0 restante basta repetir

?who the hell do you think you are?? my patience growin thin
 But swallow hard, I had to do, when the story he began
 His lips curled back and words came forth starting up the tale
 And every face inside that bar turned a shade of pale

?my name is stanton cree and I died three years before
 I shot a man to steal his drink, at least that's what they
 hung me for

Now I'm cursed to walk the earth and challenge every night
 A man to match me drink for drink or by the bullet die?

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?now wait a minute, mister, no one makes me a fool?
 I pushed the shot of whiskey back on over towards the ghoul
 ?I love a drink like any man but that's a losin game
 To drink or draw against the dead would only be insane?
 Stanton cree tipped his hat and laughed a wicked laugh
 ?you see, the lord cursed my soul for killin that poor man
 There ain't no choice so you must try to match me shot for
 shot
 If you win, then you'll go free and I can finally rot?

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 Parte da bateria e trompete

The barhop nodded slowly and I knew that I was screwed
 If I chose to duel the dead then I would surely lose
 So I took the glass and threw the shot into my throat
 I would match him drink for drink, no matter if I choked

Tocado normalmente

Whiskey, tequila, vodka, rum or gin
 Ain't no man that I can't beat, be him live or dead
 So into the morning I matched him ounce for ounce
 Til stanton cree fell over and a winner was announced

Essa parte toca mais lento
 Now he rests in his pine box and I still walk the streets
 But I don't forget the night when death had chosen me
 There ain't no fancy moral to go with this I fear
 Unless you aim to kill a man and drink down his last beer!

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Acordes

