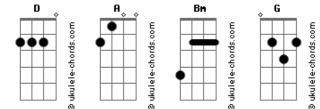
Highwaymen - Desperados Waiting For a Train

Tom: D

D D Α Α Rm I played the Red River Valley and he'd sit in the kitchen and cry G An' run his fingers through seventy years of livin' An' wonder Lord, as ever, will that drill run dry? Α D We were friends, me and this old man Bm G Like desperados waitin' for a train G D A Like desperados waitin' for a train Bm From the time that I could walk he'd take me with him Α Bm To a bar called the Green Frog Cafe D Α There was old men with beer guts and dominoes D Lying 'bout their lives while they played D And I was just a kid, they all called me "Sidekick" Bm G Like desperados waitin' for a train G G D A Like desperados waitin' for a train D Α Bm He's a drifter and a driller of oil wells Α Bm G And an old school man of the world D He'd let me how to drive his car when he was too drunk to

Acordes



And he'd wink and give me money for the girls D And our lives were like, some old Western movie Bm Like desperados waitin' for a train G D A Bm G Like desperados waitin' for a train D One day I looked up and he's pushin' eighty Α G Bm And there's brown tobacco stains all down his chin D To me he was a hero of this country G D So why's he all dressed up like them old men D Drinkin' beer and playin' Moon and Forty-two G Like desperados waitin' for a train GDA Bm G Like desperados waitin' for a train The day before he died I went to see him G Α Bm I was grown and he was almost gone. D So we just closed our eyes and dreamed us up a kitchen Α G D And sang another verse to that old song Bm Like desperados waitin' for a train Bm G D A G Like desperados waitin' for a train