

Ian Noe - Letter To Madeline

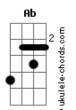
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tom:
                Ab (forma dos acordes no tom de G )
Capostraste na 1ª casa
Intro: G
[Primeira Parte]
Looked like a hundred guns held on me
                Am
Hunkered by the shed of Detroit General & Company
Calling, boy come out, we have you jailed
Beside the buck-shot door, I stood still
                  Am
Wondering how the hell the bastards found me in those hills
And clinging to a letter that I wish I'd mailed
[Refrão]
        Em
Go rest easy, Madeline
       Dm
I'm bringing down the bank across this flooded county line
And when I get home, we'll have a grand old time
But don't you shed no tears or be surprised
If you get the word that your wild man has up and died
Just set me up a stone on that high hillside
[Segunda Parte]
Now in the pouring snow, sad, but swift
I headed down the highway
Hoping that the burden of my blues would lift
And praying that the whiskey would keep me brave
              Fm
Oh, but I got caught in the cold
Looking like a hobo without no mercy from the road
                D
And feeling like a dead man without a grave
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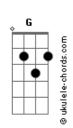
[Refrão] Fm Go rest easy, Madeline Dm I'm bringing down the bank across this flooded county line And when I get home, we'll have a grand old time But don't you shed no tears or be surprised Am G C If you get the word that your wild man has up and died Just set me up a stone on that high hillside Oh my, oh my (Em D Am C) (Em D C) [Terceira Parte] Bloodied-up and chained, my legs pinned down I woke to find my fate in the hands of four men gathered D And cursing for the bag they knew I'd hid And the more they stomped and moaned, the more I prayed Feeling every spark flying off of that file and their rusted blade Said, better think it through, this is your last chance, kid [Refrão]

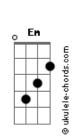
I'm bringing down the bank across this flooded county line

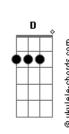
G C If you get the word that your wild man has up and died

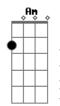
Acordes

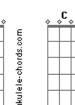


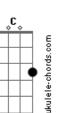










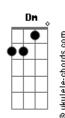


D

D

D Just set me up a stone on that high hillside

Fm Go rest easy, Madeline



And when I get home, we'll have a grand old time

Em But don't you shed no tears or be surprised