

John T. Martin - A Cowboy's Last Ride

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tom:
                                                             She was born a schoolteacher's daughter
Intro: Am Am C G Am
                                                             She'd been raised right and washed by the water
                                                             She found him hiding in her back yard leaning on the well
                                                                                         E7
                                                             A bullet in his leg and a posse on the hill
                                                             She hid him in the house when they came around
                                                                                            Dm (D2 Am)
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                She nursed him to health, and he was never found
                                                             They wed in the spring, but the word was in the wind
He was born to a West Texas sky
                                                                                          F7M
                                                             There were holes in his story, tales of past sin
Mama worked the mill and Daddy worked the mine
                                                             Seven months he left his gun hanging on the hearth
Daddy was a good man, but he liked that corn liquor
                               F7M
                                                                One night he went for wood, they were waiting in the dark
 One night he met a man whose draw was quicker
                                                             When the shots rang out, she dropped the kettle to the floor
The sun rose on a fresh grave. He stood there by his mother
                           Dm ( D2 Am )
                                                             Saw his gun on the mantle, and knew he'd need it no more
A shovel in one hand and a gun in the other
                                                             [Refrão 2]
The killer wore a silver star, the boy found him at the bar
                                                                        Am F7
                                                                 Bm-
                              F7M Bm-
                         F7
                                                             She fell in love with a wanted man
And dropped the hammer on daddy's revolver
                                                                           Bm- E7
                                                             She stole his heart and his gun hand
He fled the law from El Paso to Waco
                                                                                     Am7
                                       ( D2 Am )
                                                             Many men have tried, and many men have died
  They ran him south all the way to Lerado
                                                                  Fm7
                                                                                 F7
                                                             But she was the reason
He cut a trail to the border on a Palomino quarter
                                                                                 D7
                       F7M
                                                             For a cowboys last ride
  Most of the law never made it to the Rio
                                                                     Αm
                                                                               F7
                                                             He wasn't born a gun fighting man
[Refrão 1]
                                                                   Bm-
                                                                           E7
                                                             He just played the cards in his hand
                  E7
                                                                                     Am7
He wasn't born a gun fighting man
                                                             Many men have tried, and many men have died
                                                                       Fm7
        Bm-
                 F7
He just played the cards in his hand
                                                             Trying to kill the man responsible
                       Am7
Many men have tried, and many men have died
                                                             For many a cowboys last ride
        Fm7
                               F7
Trying to kill the man responsible
                                                             [Tab 1]
For many a cowboys last ride
                                                             [Final]
[Tab 1]
                                                             The sun rose on a fresh grave, she stood there by his mother
[Segunda Parte]
                                                             A shovel in one hand, and a baby in the other
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Acordes

