

# Johnny Cash - Last Gunfighter Ballad

Tom: Gb

(com acordes na forma de D )  
 Capotraste na 4ª casa  
 Capo 4

**Bm** **A**  
 The old gunfighter stood on the porch and stared into sun  
**G** **D**  
 And relived all the old days back when he was livin' by the gun  
**Bm** **A**  
 When deadly games of pride were played and livin' was mistakes not made

Chorus 1:  
**G**  
 And the thought of the smell of the black powder smoke  
**A** **D**  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
**G** **D**  
 The thought of the smell of the black powder smoke  
**A** **D**  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

And it's always keep your back to the sun And you can almost feel the weight of that gun  
 It's faster than snakes or a blink of the eye and it's a time for all slow men to die  
 His eyes get squinty and he's straight as log as he empties his gun at the dirty dog

Chorus 2:  
 And he's hit by the smell of the black powder smoke  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
 Hit by the smell of the black powder smoke

And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
 Now the burn of a bullet is only a scar and he's back in his chair in front of a bar  
 And the streets're empty and the blood's all dried, the dead 're dust and and the whiskey's inside  
 So buy him a drink and lend him an ear he's nobody's fool and he's the only one here

Chorus 3:  
 Who remembers the smell of the black powder smoke  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
 Remember the smell of the black powder smoke  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Said I stood in that street before it was paved, I learned the shoot or be shot before I could shave  
 And I did it all for the money and the fame, noble was nothing but feelin' no shame  
 And nothing was sacred but stayin' alive and all that I learned from a Colt 45

Chorus 4:  
 Was to cuss the smell of the black powder smoke  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
 Cuss the smell of the black powder smoke  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Now he's just an old man that nobody believes says he's a gunfighter the last of his breed  
 And there's ghosts in the street seekin' revenge, callin' him out to the lunatic fringe  
 He's out in the traffic now checking the sun and he's killed by a car as he goes for his gun

Chorus 5:  
 So much for the smell of the black powder smoke  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke  
 So much for the smell of the black powder smoke  
 And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

## Acordes

