

# Johnny Cash - The Man Comes Around

Tom: C  
 ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Falado:  
 And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder:  
 One of the four beasts saying: "Come and see."  
 And I saw.  
 And behold, a white horse.

Abafando:  
 C There's a man goin' round takin' names  
 C And he decides who to free and who to blame  
 C Everybody won't be treated all the same  
 C There'll be a golden ladder reaching down  
 Riff:

G C  
 When the man comes around

Abafando:  
 C The hairs on your arm will stand up  
 C At the terror in his sip and in his sup  
 C Will you partake of that last offered cup  
 C Or disappear into the potters' ground  
 Riff:

G C  
 When the man comes around  
 C G  
 Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers  
 C G  
 One hundred million angels singing  
 C Am F G  
 Multitudes are marching to the big kettle drum  
 G  
 Voices calling voices crying  
 G  
 Some are born and some of dying  
 C  
 It's Alpha and Omega's kingdome come

F C  
 And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree  
 C  
 And the virgins are all trimming their wicks  
 F C  
 The whirlwind is in the thorn tree  
 Abafando:  
 C  
 It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks  
 C

'Till Armageddon no shalam no shalome  
 C  
 Then the father-hen will call his chickens home  
 C  
 The wise men will bow down before the throne  
 C  
 And at his feet they'll cast their golden crowns  
 Riff::

G C  
 When the man comes around  
 Abafado:  
 C  
 C Whoever is unjust let him be unjust still  
 C  
 C Whoever is righteous let him be righteous still  
 C  
 C Whoever is filthy let him be filthy still  
 C  
 Listen to the words long written down  
 Riff::

G C  
 When the man comes around  
 G  
 Hear the trumpets, hear the pipers  
 C G  
 One hundred million angels singing  
 C Am F G  
 Multitudes are marching to the big kettledrum  
 G  
 Voices calling and voices crying  
 G  
 Some are born and some are dying  
 G C  
 It's Alpha and Omega's kingdom come  
 F  
 And the whirlwind is in the thorn tree  
 C  
 The virgins are all trimming their wicks  
 F C  
 The whirlwind is in the thorn tree

Abafado:  
 C  
 It's hard for thee to kick against the pricks  
 C  
 In measured hundred weight and penny pound  
 Riff::

G C  
 When the Man comes around.

Falado:  
 And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts,  
 And I looked and behold: a pale horse.  
 And his name, that sat on him, was Death.  
 And Hell followed with him.

## Acordes

