

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

