

The Decemberists - Bandit Queen

tom:

G
As the Sun is sinking low
And the evening's tucked in tow
On the horizon, my true love I see-e-e-e-eee
She ain't fancy, she ain't fine
While her fingers number only nine
She's the belle of the ball of the insurgency

[Refrão]

C Am
She's my Bandit Queen, laying beneath the moon
In a bandit cave, a blanket laid for two
If I could find a way to your hideaway by the sea

F G7 C
O Bandit Queen, steal away to me

Am
Somewhere on a mountain, by a starry water fountain
In an alcove hid by some trees
Am
Amidst a pile of treasure, reclining at her leisure
F G
My ladylove sniffs at the breeze
F
And sitting up, she adjusts her turban
C
And takes another swig from a bottle of bourbon
D7 G
And listening to the whistling of the train in station
Odds are it will never reach its destination
C Am
'Cause the Bandit Queen, astride her steed will ride
F G
Oh, let me be the one to lay within your theivin' arms tonight

Acordes

