

The Highwaymen - American Remains

tom:
 Capotraste na 1ª casa

[Primeira Parte]

Am F
 I am a shotgun rider for the San Jacinto line
 C G
 The desert is my brother, my skin is cracked and dry
 Am F
 I was riding on a folk coach, and everything was fine
 C G
 Til we took a shorter road to save some time
 F Am
 The bandits only fired once, they shot me in the chest
 C G
 They may have wounded me, but they'll never get the best
 F7M Am
 Of better men, cause I'll ride again

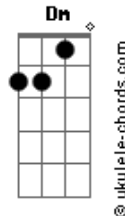
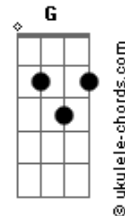
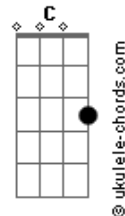
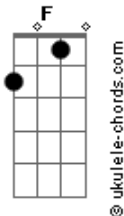
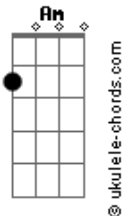
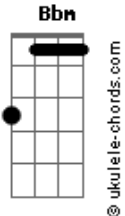
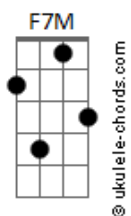
[Segunda Parte]

Am F
 I am a river gambler, I make a livin` dealin` cards
 C G
 My clothes are smooth and honest, my heart is cold and hard
 Am F
 I was shufflin` for some delta boys on the boat for New
 Orelans
 C G
 I was the greatest shark they`d ever seen
 F Am
 But the Captain bumped a sandbar, and an ace fell from my
 sleeve
 C G
 The threw me overboard as I swore I didn't cheat
 F7M Am
 But I could swim, and I'll ride again

[Refrão]

C G
 We are heros of the homeland, American remains
 F Am
 We live in many faces and answer many names
 C G
 We will not be forgotten, we won't be left behind
 Dm G
 Our memories live on in mortal minds

Acordes



F7M Am
 And poet`s pens, we'll ride again

[Terceira Parte]

Am F
 I am a mid-west farmer, I make a livin` off the land
 C G
 I ride a John Deer tractor, I am a liberated man
 Am F
 But the rain it hasn't fallen, since the middle of July
 C G
 And if it don't come soon my crops will die
 F Am
 The bank man says he likes me, but there`s nothin` he can do
 C G
 He tells me that he`s comin`, but the clouds are comin` too
 F7M Am
 He ain't my friend, and I'll ride again

[Quarta Parte]

Am F
 I am an American Indian, my tribe is Cherokee
 C G
 My forefathers loves this land, they left it here for me
 Am F
 But the white man came with boats and trains and dirty
 factories
 C G
 And poisoned my existence with his deeds
 F Am
 Nature is our mother, we are suckling at her breast
 C G
 And he who tries to beat her down will lose her to the rest
 F7M Am
 They'll never win, I'll ride again

[Refrão]

C G
 We are heros of the homeland, American remains
 F Am
 We live in many faces and answer many names
 C G
 We will not be forgotten, we won't be left behind
 Dm G
 Our memories live on in mortal minds
 F7M Am
 And poet`s pens, we'll ride again