

Bruce Springsteen - Ballad Of The Self-loading Pistol

tom:

Intro: ^G
^{Gb} ^G ^A
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G

^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Father, I have come to tell you about something I done
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Well, as the night reared its light head into a baby's sun
^G
 We rolled down into the town from where the Black Throats come
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 And you know there was a robbery, there was a holdup
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Oh, there was a shootout, and there was a killing
^A
 And there's blood on my hands
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Today I killed a man

^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Well now, sister, you know me well
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 And you ask me, well, how it was I felt
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Well, she had an appetite for loving only a fading beauty
 could possess
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 She knew just what she wanted and she wouldn't take less
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 I figured it was a small town, it was at sundown
^{Gb} ^G
 It was just a small crowd of people around
^{Gb} ^G
 Oh, but he wouldn't put his guns down
^{Gb} ^G
 No, he wouldn't put his guns down
^{Gb} ^G
 Woah, he wouldn't put his guns down
^A
 Now, his blood's on my hands

^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb}
 Today I killed a man

^G ^D
 And papa, you showed me the beauty of buckshot
^A ^{Gb} ^D
 The love song a bullet sings as she whistles
^A ^{Gb} ^G
 And showed me the story of the self-loading pistol

^{Gb} ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Well now, father, I have come to tell you about something I
 done
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 He had a widow running through town screaming
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 He had a brother and his tears were streaming

^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 Now I'm moving on the border with a rifle on my shoulder
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 'Cause daddy, you showed me the beauty of buckshot
^A ^{Gb} ^D
 The love song a bullet sings as she whistles
^A ^{Gb} ^G
 And showed me the story of the self-loading pistol
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 And I just come to tell you that it don't hurt no more
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb} ^G
 No, it don't hurt no more 'cause your son, he's an outlaw
^{Gb} ^G
 Oh, your son, he's an outlaw
^{Gb} ^G
 Yes, your son, he's an outlaw
^{Gb} ^G
 Oh, your son, he's an outlaw
^{Gb} ^G
 Now, your son, he's an outlaw
^{Gb} ^G
 Oh, your son, he's an outlaw
^A
 Now, his blood feels good on my hands
^{Gb} ^G ^{Gb}
 Today I killed a man

Acordes

G

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Gb

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A

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D

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