

Colter Wall - Thirteen Silver Dollars

tom:

G

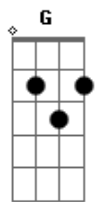
[Primeira Parte]

G
It was a cold and cruel evening
C G
Sneaking up on Speedy Creek
D G
Found myself asleepin' in the snow
For one or two odd reasons
C G
I ain't too proud to repeat
A D
For now we'll say I had no place to go
G
There was a rustle and a humming
C G
Just hauling down the street
D G
I drew myself up from my icy bed
G C G
Painted on that shiny car the letters 'RCM and P'
G D G
I can feel a little aching in my head

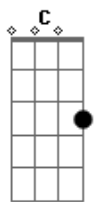
[Segunda Parte]

G
And then out jumps this old boy
C G
About twice the size of me
D G
He asked me for my name and where I dwelt
I just looked him in the eye
C G
And sang 'Blue Yodel Number 9'
A D
He didn't catch the reference, I could tell

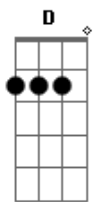
Acordes



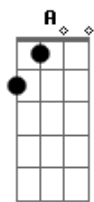
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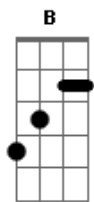
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G
Then the old, familiar click
C G
And the handcuffs bind and grip
D G
Should have left me in the snow, where I laid

G
He just laughed and touched his gun
C
And turned to me and said
G D
Son, I bet you don't own a damn thing
G
To your name

[Refrão]

C
Well, I got my health
G
My John B Stetson
D G
Got a bottle full of baby's bluebird wine
C
And I left my stash
G
Somewhere down in Preston
D G
Along with thirteen silver dollars and my mind

C
Well, I got my health
G
My John B Stetson
D G
Got a bottle full of baby's bluebird wine
C
And I left my stash
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Somewhere down in Preston
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Along with thirteen silver dollars and my mind