John T. Martin - A Cowboy's Last Ride

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tom:
                                                             She was born a schoolteacher's daughter
                                                                                                     Dm (D2
               Am
                                                                       G
                                                                                                                Am)
Intro: Am Am C G Am
                                                             She'd been raised right and washed by the water
                                                                           Am
                                                                                            С
                                                             She found him hiding in her back yard leaning on the well
                                                                                        E7
                                                                                                     F7M Bm-
                                                             G
                                                            A bullet in his leg and a posse on the hill
                                                             She hid him in the house when they came around
                                                                                           Dm (D2 Am)
[Primeira Parte]
                                                               She nursed him to health, and he was never found
                                                                 Am
                                                                                           C
                                                             They wed in the spring, but the word was in the wind
      Δm
He was born to a West Texas sky
                                                                                          F7M
                                                                                                      (Bm-)
                                               (D2 Am)
                                                             There were holes in his story, tales of past sin
   G
                                         Dm
Mama worked the mill and Daddy worked the mine
                                                             Am
                                                                                     С
                                                             Seven months he left his gun hanging on the hearth
Am
                            C
Daddy was a good man, but he liked that corn liquor
                                                                                                 Dm
                                                                                                         (D2 Am)
              E7
                               F7M
                                                               One night he went for wood, they were waiting in the dark
 One night he met a man whose draw was quicker
                                                                      Am
                                                             When the shots rang out, she dropped the kettle to the floor
   Am
                                 C
The sun rose on a fresh grave. He stood there by his mother
                                                                     G
                                                                                           F7M
                           Dm (D2 Am)
                                                             Saw his gun on the mantle, and knew he'd need it no more
A shovel in one hand and a gun in the other
                                                             [Refrão 2]
   Am
                                 C
The killer wore a silver star, the boy found him at the bar
                                                                        Am F7
                                                                Bm-
                                                                                         Am
                              F7M Bm-
                         F7
                                                             She fell in love with a wanted man
G
And dropped the hammer on daddy's revolver
                                                                          Bm- E7
                                                                                          Am
   Am
                                                             She stole his heart and his gun hand
He fled the law from El Paso to Waco
                                                             Am
                                                                                    Am7
                                      (D2 Am)
                                                             Many men have tried, and many men have died
                            Dm
  They ran him south all the way to Lerado
                                                                 Fm7
                                                                                F7
                                                             But she was the reason
        Am
He cut a trail to the border on a Palomino quarter
                                                                                D7
                                                                                     E7
                       F7M
                                                             For a cowboys last ride
G
  Most of the law never made it to the Rio
                                                                    Am
                                                                              F7
                                                                                       Am
                                                             He wasn't born a gun fighting man
[Refrão 1]
                                                                   Bm-
                                                                          E7
                                                                                       Am
                                                             He just played the cards in his hand
                  E7
                                                                                    Am7
  Bm-
        Am
                           Am
                                                             Am
                                                                                                 Am
He wasn't born a gun fighting man
                                                             Many men have tried, and many men have died
                                                                       Fm7
        Bm-
                 F7
                              Am
                                                                                             F7
He just played the cards in his hand
                                                             Trying to kill the man responsible
Am
                       Am7
                                     Am
                                                                                        Am
Many men have tried, and many men have died
                                                             For many a cowboys last ride
        Fm7
                               F7
Trying to kill the man responsible
                                                             [Tab 1]
                          Am
For many a cowboys last ride
                                                             [Final]
[Tab 1]
                                                                                               С
                                                               Am
                                                             The sun rose on a fresh grave, she stood there by his mother
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                                           Dm (D2 Dm)
                                                             A shovel in one hand, and a baby in the other
Acordes
                                                                                                            D7
                                                                                   An7
                                                                                               Fn7
                 F7M
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