

The Dead South - Father John

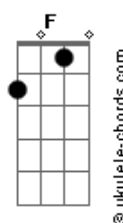
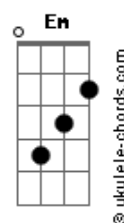
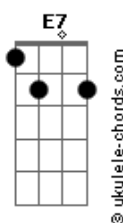
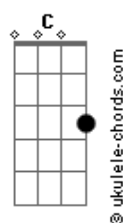
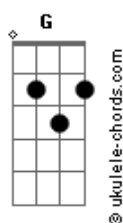
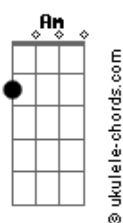
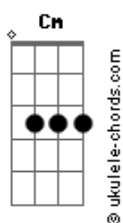
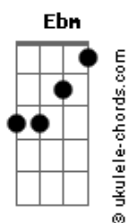
tom:
Ebm (forma dos acordes no tom de Cm)
Capotraste na 3ª casa
Intro: Am G Am
Am G Am

Father John was a filthy man but he loved his God
Sitting by his window late last night he sang a song
About the ways he put them wicked ones away
And on the other side of the mountains where they lay
On the other side of the mountains where they'll stay
Rumours on the street well, I hear they're coming true
That filthy man he caught 'em put 'em on a noose
'Cause every word he said the people ate out of his hand
With just one crying word you could be dead
With just one crying word you could be dead

[Interlúdio] Am G Am
Am G Am
C G Em F C G
F C G Em Am
Am G Am
Am G Am

Am
They caught 'em up near Beckett Brook

Acordes



When the crew came riding through
They rounded up they young boys
Chased 'em through the slough
I heard one drowned while the others hung around
Father John caught his prey
With heavy eyes their mommas they came to weep
Looking down at their young boys Father John did reap
Them away from the land and all the families that they had
And on other side of the mountains where they lay
On the other side of the mountains where they'll stay
(Am)

Father John was a filthy man but he loved his God
Sitting by his window late last night he sang a song
About the ways he put them wicked ones away
And on the other side of the mountains where they lay
On the other side of the mountains where they'll stay
On the other side of the mountains where they lay