

The Decemberists - Bandit Queen

tom:

G

As the Sun is sinking low

And the evening's tucked in tow

On the horizon, my true love I see-e-e-eee

She ain't fancy, she ain't fine

While her fingers number only nine

She's the belle of the ball of the insurgency

[Refrão]

She's my Bandit Queen, laying beneath the moon

In a bandit cave, a blanket laid for two

If I could find a way to your hideaway by the sea

F G7 C

O Bandit Queen, steal away to me

Am

Somewhere on a mountain, by a starry water fountain

C C

In an alcove hid by some trees

Am

Amidst a pile of treasure, reclining at her leisure

F G

My ladylove sniffs at the breeze

F

And sitting up, she adjusts her turban

C

And takes another swig from a bottle of bourbon

D7 G

And listening to the whistling of the train in station

Odds are it will never reach its destination

C Am

'Cause the Bandit Queen, astride her steed will ride

F G

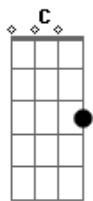
C

Oh, let me be the one to lay within your theivin' arms tonight

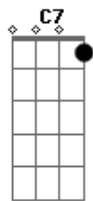
Acordes



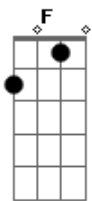
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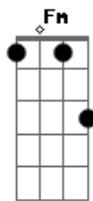
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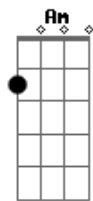
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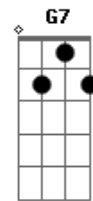
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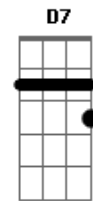
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