

The Highwaymen - American Remains

tom:
Capostrate na 1ª casa

[Primeira Parte]

Am
I am a shotgun rider for the San Jacinto line
C
The desert is my brother, my skin is cracked and dry
Am
I was riding on a folk coach, and everything was fine
C
Til we took a shorter road to save some time
F
The bandits only fired once, they shot me in the chest
C
They may have wounded me, but they'll never get the best
F
Of better men, cause I'll ride again

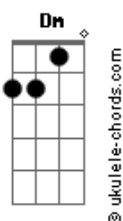
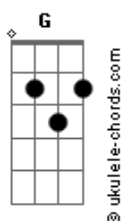
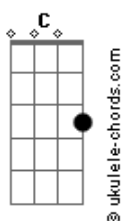
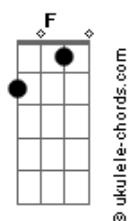
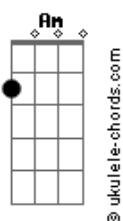
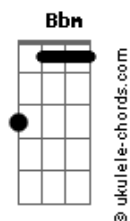
[Segunda Parte]

Am
I am a river gambler, I make a livin' dealin' cards
C
My clothes are smooth and honest, my heart is cold and hard
Am
I was shufflin' for some delta boys on the boat for New Orleans
C
I was the greatest shark they'd ever seen
F
But the Captain bumped a sandbar, and an ace fell from my sleeve
C
The threw me overboard as I swore I didn't cheat
F
But I could swim, and I'll ride again

[Refrão]

C
We are heros of the homeland, American remains
F
We live in many faces and answer many names
C
We will not be forgotten, we won't be left behind
Dm
Our memories live on in mortal minds

Acordes



F
And poet's pens, we'll ride again

[Terceira Parte]

Am
I am a mid-west farmer, I make a livin' off the land
C
I ride a John Deer tractor, I am a liberated man
Am
But the rain it hasn't fallen, since the middle of July
C
And if it don't come soon my crops will die
F
The bank man says he likes me, but there's nothin' he can do
C
He tells me that he's comin', but the clouds are comin' too
F
He ain't my friend, and I'll ride again

[Quarta Parte]

Am
I am an American Indian, my tribe is Cherokee
C
My forefathers loves this land, they left it here for me
Am
But the white man came with boats and trains and dirty factories
C
And poisoned my existence with his deeds
F
Nature is our mother, we are suckling at her breast
C
And he who tries to beat her down will lose her to the rest
F
They'll never win, I'll ride again

[Refrão]

C
We are heros of the homeland, American remains
F
We live in many faces and answer many names
C
We will not be forgotten, we won't be left behind
Dm
Our memories live on in mortal minds
F
And poet's pens, we'll ride again