

Traveller

Chris de Burgh

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Subject: CRD: The Traveller (Chris De Burgh)
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Here is number 2.

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The Traveller

Words & Music: Chris De Burgh

Gmaj7 | | | | **Bm** | **A** | **Bm** | **A**
{Intro...}

Bm	F#m	
In from the coast, riding like the wind and racing the moon.		
Bm	F#m	
Shadows on the road, dancing and weaving like a crazy fool.		
Bm	F#m	
A horseman is coming, death in his heart for a rendezvous.		
A	A7	Bm
And where the traveller goes, nobody knows.		
A	A7	Bm
Where the traveller goes, nobody knows.		

A candle in the night, fear on every face when he goes inside.
(Maybe he s on the run)
Get back from the bar, a stranger in town is a dangerous sight
(maybe he s got a gun)
bring a bottle of whiskey landlord, I want to talk for a while
And where the traveller goes, a cold wind blows.

Where the traveller goes, a cold wind blows.

Bm

A

There is something in his eyes, something in his hands,

G

Bm

you can almost smell his revenge.

A

And whoever he is after, it will be a disaster,

G

F#maj

Bm

this man is gonna take him to the very end.

Well, the landlord he trembled staring at a face he d seen somewhere before.

(you laid him in the ground)

Suddenly remembered a killing, yes, a murder many years before.

(t was you that shot him down)

He said to a boy, saddle me the black, I ll meet you down below,

with this man I must talk, with this traveller I go,

with this man I must talk, yes with him I must go.

(Chorus)

Gmaj7

G

A

and they were never seen again.

Bm | Gmaj7 | Bm | Gmaj7 | Bm | Gmaj7 | Bm | Gmaj7

{Instrumental ad lib to fade}