

El Salvador

Christy Moore

this is another good song on acoustic  
as with ride on its finger picking through the whole song

Verse 1

<b>Bbm</b>	<b>G#</b>
A girl cries in the early morning	
<b>Fm</b>	<b>Bbm</b>
Woken by the sound of a gun	
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>G#</b>
She knows somewhere somebodys dying	
<b>Fm</b>	<b>F#</b>
Beneath the rising sun	
<b>C#</b>	<b>G#</b>
Outside the window of her cabania	
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Fm</b>
The shadows are full of her fears	
<b>C#</b>	<b>G#</b>
She knows her lover is out there somewhere	
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Fm</b>
He s been on the run for a year	

CHORUS

<b>F#</b>	<b>G#</b>	<b>Bbm</b>
Oh,the soul of El salvador		

Verse 2

Bells ring out on the chapel steeple  
A priest prepares to say mass  
The sad congregation come tierd and hungry  
To pray that the troubles will pass  
Meanwhile the sun rises over the dusty streets  
Where his body was found  
Flies and mosquitoes are drinking from pools of blood  
Where the crowd gathers round.

CHORUS

out on the ranch the rich mans preparing  
to go for his morning ride  
they ve saddled his horse out in the corral  
he walks out full of pride  
he looks like a cowboy from one of those pictures  
a president made in the past  
peasants in rags, they stand back for they know  
that enrico gallops fast

Chorus

Over the soul of El Salvador.