Desperado
Don Henley

#
#100
{title:Desperado}
{st:Don Henly/Glen Frey}
[**D7**]   [**D**]   [**G**]   [**G7**]
[G7]Desperado why don t you c[C]ome to your s[Cm]enses?
You ve been o[G]ut riding f[Em7]ences for [A7]so long n[D7]ow.
Oh, you re a h[G]ard one[G7], but I know that yo[C]u ve got your reas[Cm]ons,
These th[G]ings that a[B]re pl[Em7]easin you can h[A7]urt you so[D7]meh[G]ow.
[D]   [F#]

Don t you d[Em]raw the Queen of Di[Bm7]amonds, boy,
She ll b[C]eat you if she s a[G]ble,
You know the Qu[Em7]een of Hearts is al[C]ways your best [G]bet.[B7]
Well it s[Em]eems to me some f[Bm7]ine things
Have been l[C]aid upon your t[G]able,
But you o[Em]nly want the o[A7]nes that you can t [Am7]get.

Desperado, you know you ain t getting younger,
Your pain and your hunger, they re driving you home.
And freedom, freedom, well that s just some people talking,
Your prison is walking through this world all alone.

Don t your feet get cold in the wintertime,
The sky won t snow and the sun won t shine,
It s hard to tell the nighttime from the day.
You re losing all your highs and lows,
Ain t it funny how the feeling goes away.

Desperado, why don t you come to your senses,
Come down from your fences, open the gate.
It may be raining, but there s a rainbow above you,
You better let somebody love you,
You better l[G]et some[G7]body l[Em]ove you,[C]   [G]   [Am]
You better l[G]et some[B7]body l[Em]ove you,
Be[**Am7**]fore it s too late.[**G**]   [**G7**]   [**C**]   [**Cm**]   [**G**]
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Submitted to the ftp.nevada.edu:/pub/guitar archives
by Steve Putz
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