

The Matador
Gretchen Peters

Song: The matador
Artist: Gretchen Peters
Composer: Gretchen Peters
Album: Hello cruel world
Tabbed by: DJ
29th April 2013

Live video of Gretchen:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CJ0C2z1TmBU>

CAPO: 7th fret (Will then sound in the recorded key of Em)

Chord shapes and fret positions are relative to the capo:

Am = x02210 **F** = 133211 **G** = 320003 **Gsus4** = 3x0013

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[Intro]

Am **F** **Am** **F**
| / / / / / | / / / / / | / / / / / | / / / / / |

[Verse 1]

Am **F**
I threw a rose to the matador, not sure who I was cheering for,
 G
My aim was true, my heart was full,
 F
I loved the fighter... and the bull,
 Am **F**
I loved like only a woman can, a very complicated man,
 G
I bound his wounds, I heard his cries,
 F
I gave him truth, I told him lies!

[Verse 2]

Am **F** **Am** **F**
| / / / / / | / / / / / | / / / / / | / / / / / |

Am **F**
His rage is made of many things, faithless women, wedding rings,
 G
Snakes and snails and alcohol,
 F
His daddy s fist thrown through the wall,

Am

Ah, but he s beautiful when he s in the ring,

F

The devil howls, the angels sing,

G

Sparks fly from his fingertips,

F

And words, like birds, fly from his lips!

[Bridge]

F

G

Some man is lying in the dirt, some woman s crying that he s hurt,

F

But he s not alive without the thrill,

G

Gsus4 G

With - out the dance, without the kill,

F

The lights go down, the people roar,

G

They re cheering on the matador,

F

G

Am F

And this is how the story goes, I knew it when I threw the rose!

[Verse 3]

Am

F

| / / / / | / / / / |

Am

F

I come to each and every show, the woman in the second row,

G

I watch them in their ancient dance,

F

And I know I never stood a chance,

Am

Cause while other demons prance and clown,

F

It s vanity that takes you down,

G

F

I thought that I could be the one, but I m just another hanger-on!

[Verse 4]

F

Some man is bleeding in the dirt,

G

Some woman s crying that she s hurt,

F

But who are we without the thrill,

G

Gsus4 G

With - out the dance, without the kill?

F

G

And he is bull and matador, and I m the mother and the whore,

F

And this is how the story goes,

G **Am** **F**
I knew it when I threw ...the rose!

[Coda]

Am **F**
| / / / / | / / / / |

Am **F**
I threw a rose to the matador, not sure who I was cheering for,

G
My aim was true, my heart was full,

F
I loved the fighter and the bull!

Am **F**
||: / / / / | / / / / :|| [Repeat]