

Ballad Of Boot Hill
Johnny Cash

Capo 1st fret

G
Here lies Les Moore,
D
four slugs from a forty-four,
G
no Les no more.

Em **G**
Out in Arizona, just south of Tucson,
Em **D**
where tumbleweeds tumble in search of a home,
there s a town they call Tombstone
G
where the brave never cry.
Em **D** **G**
They live by a six-gun, by a six-gun they die.

Em **G**
It s been a long time now since the town was a boon.
Em **D**
The jailhouse is empty, so s the Palace Saloon.
G
Just one look will tell you that this town was real.
Em **D** **G**
A secluded old dirt road leads up to Boot Hill.

Em **G**
Walk up to the fence there and look at the view;
Em **D**
That s where they were hangin , eighteen-eighty-two.
G
It s easy to see where the brave men died;
Em **D** **G**
Rope marks on the old tree are now petrified.

Em **G**
At night, when the moon shines so far away,
Em **D**
It gets mighty lonesome, lookin down on their graves.
G
There lies Billy Clanton; never wanted to kill,
Em **D** **G**
but he s there with the guilty, way up on Boot Hill.

(Boot Hill.)

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