

Last Gunfighter Ballad
Johnny Cash

Capo 4

Bm **A**
The old gunfighter stood on the porch and stared into sun
G **D**
And relived all the old days back when he was livin by the gun
Bm **A**
When deadly games of pride were played and livin was mistakes not made

Chorus 1:

G
And the thought of the smell of the black powder smoke
A **D**
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
G **D**
The thought of the smell of the black powder smoke
A **D**
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

And it s always keep your back to the sun And you can almost feel the weight of
that gun
It s faster than snakes or a blink of the eye and it s a time for all slow men
to die
His eyes get squinty and he s straight as log as he empties his gun at the dirty
dog

Chorus 2:

And he s hit by the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Hit by the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Now the burn of a bullet is only a scar and he s back in his chair in front of a
bar
And the streets re empty and the blood s all dried, the dead re dust and and
the
inside
So buy him a drink and lend him an ear he s nobody s fool and he s the only one
here

Chorus 3:

Who remembers the smell of the black powder smoke
And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke
Remember the smell of the black powder smoke

And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Said I stood in that street before it was paved, I learned the shoot or be shot
before I

shave

And I did it all for the money and the fame, noble was nothing but feelin no
shame

And nothing was sacred but stayin alive and all that I learned from a Colt 45

Chorus 4:

Was to cuss the smell of the black powder smoke

And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Cuss the smell of the black powder smoke

And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

Now he s just an old man that nobody believes says he s a gunfighter the last of
his breed

And there s ghosts in the street seekin revenge, callin him out to the lunatic
fringe

He s out in the traffic now checking the sun and he s killed by a car as he goes
for his gun

Chorus 5:

So much for the smell of the black powder smoke

And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke

So much for the smell of the black powder smoke

And the stand in the street at the turn of a joke