

Bandit Queen
The Decemberists

Words and Music by Colin Meloy. Transposed by walksonground.

THE BANDIT QUEEN

C **C7**
As the Sun is sinking low,

F **Fm**
And the evening s tucked in tow,

C **Am** **G** **(G7)**
On the horizon, my true love I see-e-e-e-eee.

C **C7**
She ain t fancy, she ain t fine

F **Fm**
While her fingers number only nine

C **Am** **F** **G**
She s the belle of the ball of the insurgency.

[CHORUS]

C **Am**
She s my Bandit Queen, laying beneath the moon

F **G**
In a bandit cave, a blanket laid for two

C **Am**
If I could find a way to your hideaway by the sea

F **G7** **C**
O Bandit Queen, steal away to me.

Am
Somewhere on a mountain, by a starry water fountain

C **C/B**
In an alcove hid by some trees

Am

Amidst a pile of treasure, reclining at her leisure,

F

G

My ladylove sniffs at the breeze.

F

And sitting up, she adjusts her turban

C

And takes another swig from a bottle of bourbon

D7

G (off)

And listening to the whistling of the train in station

(no chord)

Odds are it will never reach its destination.

C

Am

Cause the Bandit Queen, astride her steed will ride

F

G

C

Oh, let me be the one to lay within your theivin arms tonight.

[Instrumental and tap dance, not that hard to B.S.]

[CHORUS]