

Sin Nombre
The Refreshments

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from David Cushman, <http://gladstone.uoregon.edu/~dcushman/guitar.html>

Em C D Em D x2

Em

Rode hard and put up wet

C

I aimed down, but I can't get up yeah

D **Em** **D**

It's a long ride back to the way I want to feel

Em

Sundown across the plain

C

I've been sore before, I'll be sore again

D **Em** **D**

No place to hide to keep from running

Em

Laid down in a cottonwood hallow

C

I left the trail, no man could follow

D **Em** **D**

Is it safe to rest my head again till morning?

Em

Cracked throat and my canteen's dry

C

And rain don't fall from an empty sky

D **Em** **D**

So I'll whisper Hail Marys till the sun comes up

C

Now don't tell me that part of the story when

G **D**

The cowboy falls in love

C

When it's raining in his pistol

G **D**

And his saddle, and the stars above

G **D**

When the candle's burnin' down

G **C**

And when midnight comes around

G **D**

Now all the best that we can hope for

C

Is to be laughing when we finally hit the ground

Em

Rode hard and come down tired

C

Stripped from the saddle when the eye of the fire

D **Em** **D**

And deep in dreams of women in clean water

Em

And I did before what I ll do again

C

So forgive me father if I have sinned

D **Em** **D**

But the old wood cracks, before it bends

C

Now don t tell me that part of the story when

G **D**

The cowboy falls in love

C

When it s raining in his pistol

G **D**

And his saddle, and the stars above

G **D**

When the candle s burnin down

G **C**

And when midnight comes around

G **D**

Now all the best that we can hope for

C

Is to be laughing when we finally hit the ground

Solo

C

Now don t tell me that part of the story when

G **D**

The cowboy falls in love

C

When it s raining in his pistol

G **D**

And his saddle, and the stars above

G **D**

When the candle s burnin down

G **C**

And when midnight comes around

G **D**

Now all the best that we can hope for

C

Is to be laughing when we finally hit yeah

G **D**

When the candle s burnin down

G **C**

And when midnight comes around

G **D**

Now all the best that we can hope for

C

Is to be laughing when we finally hit the ground

G D G C

G D C Em