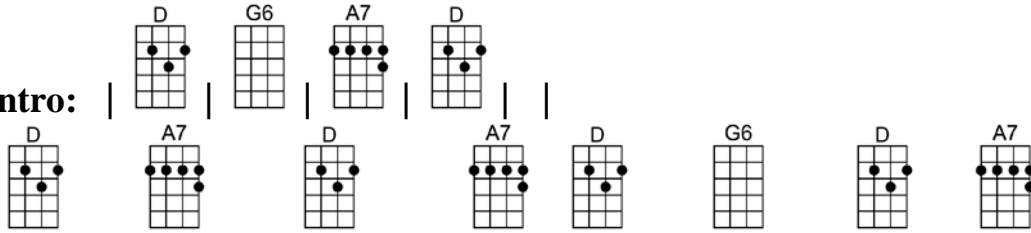


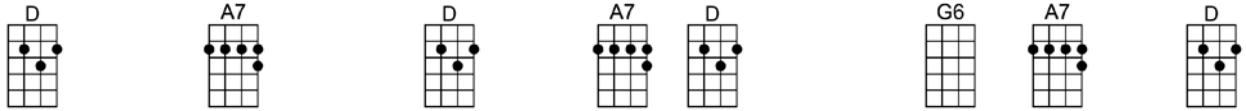
STREETS OF LAREDO_(BAR)

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

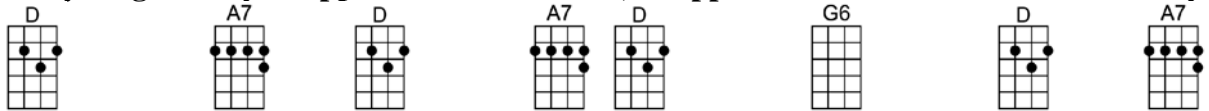
Intro:



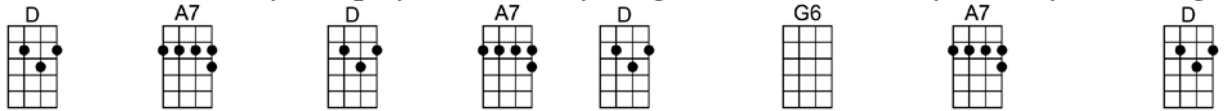
As I walked out in the streets of La-redo, as I walked out in La-redo one day



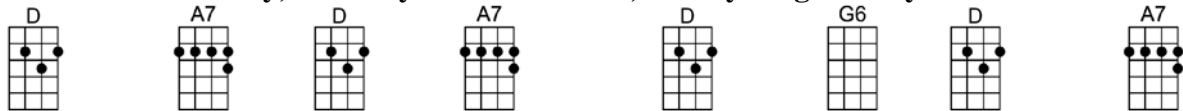
I spied a young cowboy wrapped all in white linen, wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay



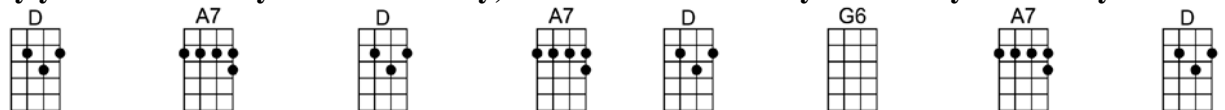
Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly, sing the dead march as you carry me a-long



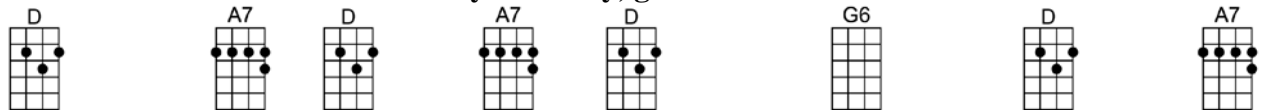
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me, I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong



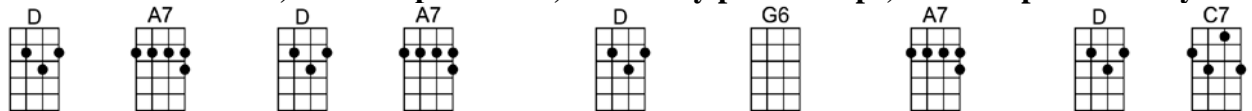
I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy, these words he did say as I boldly walked by



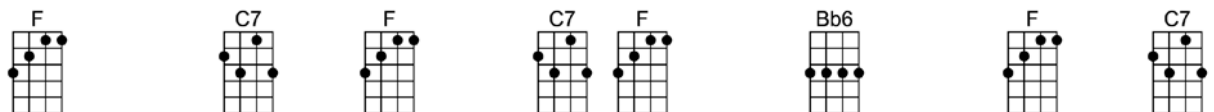
Come sit down be-side me and hear my sad story, got shot in the breast and I know I must die



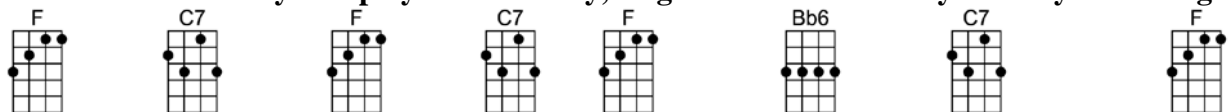
Go fetch me some water, a cool cup of water, to cool my parched lips, then the poor cowboy said



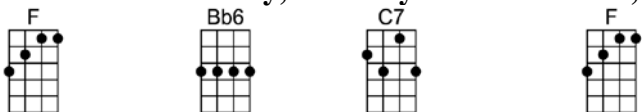
Be-fore I re-turned his spirit had left him, had gone to his maker, the cowboy was dead



Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly, sing the dead march as you carry me a-long



Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me, I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong



I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong

STREETS OF LAREDO

3/4 123 12 (without intro)

Intro: | D | G6 | A7 | D | |

D A7 D A7 D G6 D A7
As I walked out in the streets of La-redo, as I walked out in La-redo one day

D A7 D A7 D G6 A7 D
I spied a young cowboy wrapped all in white linen, wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay

D A7 D A7 D G6 D A7
Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly, sing the dead march as you carry me a-long

D A7 D A7 D G6 A7 D
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me, I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong

D A7 D A7 D G6 D A7
I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy, these words he did say as I boldly walked by

D A7 D A7 D G6 A7 D
Come sit down be-side me and hear my sad story, got shot in the breast and I know I must die

D A7 D A7 D G6 D A7
Go fetch me some water, a cool cup of water, to cool my parched lips, then the poor cowboy said

D A7 D A7 D G6 A7 D C7
Be-fore I re-turned his spirit had left him, had gone to his maker, the cowboy was dead

F C7 F C7 F Bb6 F C7
Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly, sing the dead march as you carry me a-long

F C7 F C7 F Bb6 C7 F
Take me to the valley, there lay the sod o'er me, I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong

F Bb6 C7 F
I'm a young cowboy and know I've done wrong