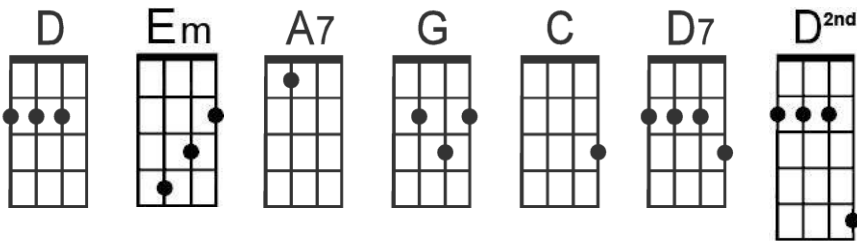


El Paso

by Marty Robbins (1959)



Intro:
D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . | A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |
Out in the West Tex-as town of El Pa-so

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
I fell in love with a Mex-i—can girl—

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |
Night time would find me in Rosa's can-tin-a

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Mu-sic would play and Fa—lin-a would whirl—

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |
Black-er than night were the eyes of Fa-lin—a—

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Wick-ed and e-vil while cast-ing a spell—

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |
My love was deep for this Mex-i—can mai-den

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
I was in love, but in vain I could tell—

G . . | . . . | C . . | G . . | . . . | . . . |
One night a wild— young cow-boy came in— Wild as the West Tex-as

D^{2nd} . . | . . . | D7 . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Wi— i— i— i— ind—

D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Dash-ing and dar-ing, a drink he was shar-ing with

. . . | D7 . . | G . . | . . . | A7 . . | . . . |
Wick-ed Fa-lin-a, the girl that I love— So, in an— ger—

. | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |
I chall-enged his right for the love of this mai-den

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore—

. | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |
My chall-enge was an-swered in less than a heart-beat

. | A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
The hand-some young stran-ger lay dead on the floor—

D . . . | | Em . . . | |
Just for a mo-ment I stood there in si-lence

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
Shocked by the foul, e—vil deed I had done—

D | | Em . . . | |
Man-y thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
I had but one chance and that was to run—

G | | C . . . | G . . . | | |
Out through the back door of Ro-sa's I ran— Out where the hors-es were

D^{2nd} | D7 | | | | |
Ti— i— i— i—ied—

D | | | | | |
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run

. . . . | | D7 . . . | G . . . | | A7 . . . |
Up on its back and a—way I did ride— just as fast— as—

. | D | | Em . . . | |
I could from the West Tex-as town of El Pa-so—

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
Out to the bad-lands of New Mex-i—co—

D | | Em . . . | |
Back in El Pa-so my life would be worth-less

A7 | | | D . . . | | | |
Eve-ry-thing's gone in life, no-thing is left—

D | | Em . . . | |
It's been so long since I've seen the young mai-den

A7 | | | D . . . | | | |
My love is stron-ger than my fear of death—

G | | C . . . | G . . . | | |
I sad-dled up and a—way I did go— rid-ing a—lone in the

D^{2nd} | D7 | | | | |
Da— a— a—a—ark—

D | | | | | |
May-be to-mor-row a bul-let may find me, to— night no-thing's

. | D7 . . . | G . . . | | A7 . . . |
Worse than this pain in my heart— And at last— here—

. | D | | Em . . . | |
I am on the hill o—ver--look-ing El Pa-so

A7 | | | D . . . | | | |
I can see Ro-sa's can-tin-a be-low—

D . . . | | Em . . . | |
My love is strong and it push-es me on--ward

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
Down off the hill to Fa-lin-a I go-----

D . . . | | Em . . . | |
Off to my right I see five moun-ted cow-boys

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
Off to my left ride a doz-en or more-----

D . . . | | Em . . . | |
Shout-ing and shoot-ing, I can't let them catch me

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
I have to make it to Ro-sa's back door-----

G . . . | | C . . . | G . . . | | |
Some-thing is dread-ful--ly wrong for I feel-- a deep burn-ing pain in my
D^{2nd} . . . | | D7 . . . | | | |
Si----- i----- i--i--ide-----

D . . . | | | | |
Though I am try-ing to stay in the sad-dle I'm get-ting

. | D7 . . . | G . . . | | A7 . . . | |
Wear-y, un--a--ble to ride----- But my love---- for--

. | D . . . | | Em . . . | |
Fa-lin-a is strong and I rise where I've fall-en

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
Though I am wear-y, I can't stop to rest-----

D . . . | | Em . . . | |
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
I feel the bul-let go deep in my chest-----

D . . . | | Em . . . | |
From out of no-where Fa--lin--a has found me

A7 . . . | | | D . . . | | | |
Kiss-ing my cheek as she kneels by my side-----

Slower:

D . . . | | Em . . . | | [hold]
Cra-dled by two lov--ing arms that I'll die-- for-----

A7 . . . | | |
One lit--tle kiss and Fe--li-----na-----

. | D . . . | | Em . . . | | A7 . . . | | D\
Good---- bye-----

