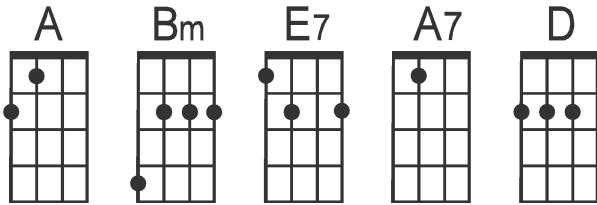


El Paso (key of A)

by Marty Robbins (1959)



Intro:

A . . | . . . | Bm . . | . . . | E7 . . | . . . | . . . | A . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

A . . . | . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
Out in the West Tex-as town of El Pa-so

E7 . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
I fell in love with a Mex-i—can girl—

A . . . | . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
Night time would find me in Rosa's can-tin-a

E7 . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Mu-sic would play and Fa-lin-a would whirl—

A . . . | . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
Black-er than night were the eyes of Fa-lin-a—

E7 . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |
Wick-ed and e-vil while cast-ing a spell—

A . . . | . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
My love was deep for this Mex-i—can mai-den

E7 . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | A7 . . . | . . . |
I was in love, but in vain I could tell—

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

A . . . | . . . | . . . | A7 . . . | . . . | . . . |
Wi— i— i— ind—

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

. . . | . . . | A7 . . . | D . . . | . . . | E7 . . . | . . . |
Wick-ed Fa-lin-a, the girl that I love— So, in an—ger—

. | A . . . | . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
I chall-enged his right for the love of this mai-den

E7 . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . |
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore—

. | A . . . | . . . | Bm . . . | . . . |
My chall-enge was an-swered in less than a heart-beat

. | E7 . . . | . . . | . . . | A . . . | . . . | . . . |
The hand-some young stran-ger lay dead on the floor—

A . . . | | **Bm** | |
Just for a mo-ment I stood there in si-lence

E7 | | | **A** | | |
Shocked by the foul, e—vil deed I had done—

A | | **Bm** | |
Man-y thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there

E7 | | | **A** | | **A7** | |
I had but one chance and that was to run—

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

A | | | **A7** | | |
Ti—i—i—ied—

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

. . . . | | **A7** | **D** | | **E7** | |
Up on its back and a—way I did ride— just as fast— as—

. | **A** | | **Bm** | |
I could from the West Tex-as town of El Pa-so—

E7 | | | **A** | | | |
Out to the bad-lands of New Mex-i—co—

A | | **Bm** | |
Back in El Pa-so my life would be worth-less

E7 | | | **A** | | | |
Eve-ry—thing's gone in life, no-thing is left—

A | | **Bm** | |
It's been so long since I've seen the young mai-den

E7 | | | **A** | | **A7** | |
My love is stron-ger than my fear of death—

D | | **G** | **D** | | |
I sad-dled up and a—way I did go— Rid-ing a—lone in the

A | | | **A7** | | |
Da— a— a—a—ark—

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

. . . . | **A7** | **D** | | **E7** | |
Worse than this pain in my heart— And at last— here—

. | **A** | | **Bm** | |
I am on the hill o—ver—look-ing El Pa-so

E7 | | | **A** | | | |
I can see Ro-sa's can-tin-a be-low—

A . . . | | **Bm** . . . | |
My love is strong and it push-es me on—ward

E7 . . . | | | **A** . . . | | |
Down off the hill to Fa-lin-a I go—

A . . . | | **Bm** . . . | |
Off to my right I see five moun-ted cow-boys

E7 . . . | | | **A** . . . | | |
Off to my left ride a doz-en or more—

A . . . | | **Bm** . . . | |
Shout-ing and shoot-ing, I can't let them catch me

E7 . . . | | | **A** . . . | | **A7** . . . | |
I have to make it to Ro-sa's back door—

D . . . | | **G** . . . | **D** . . . | | |
Some-thing is dread-ful—ly wrong for I feel— a deep burn-ing pain in my

A . . . | | | **A7** . . . | | |
Si— i— i—i—ide—

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

. . . | **A7** . . . | **D** . . . | | **E7** . . . | |
Wear-y, un—a—ble to ride— But my love— for—

. | **A** . . . | | **Bm** . . . | |
Fa-lin-a is strong and I rise where I've fall-en

E7 . . . | | | **A** . . . | | |
Though I am wear-y I can't stop to rest—

A . . . | | **Bm** . . . | |
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle

E7 . . . | | | **A** . . . | | |
I feel the bul-let go deep in my chest—

A . . . | | **Bm** . . . | |
From out of no-where Fa-lin—a has found me

E7 . . . | | | **A** . . . | | | |
Kiss-ing my cheek as she kneels by my side— (Slower)

A . . . | | **Bm** . . . | | **Bm** [hold] |
Cra—dled by two lov—ing arms that I'll die— for—

E7 . . . | | **E7** . . . | **E7** . . . | **E7** [hold] |
One lit—tle kiss and Fe—li—na— Goo-ood—

(A little faster)

A . . . | | **Bm** . . . | | **E7** . . . | | **A** |
Bye—