

Streets of Larado by Marty Robins

[C] As I walked [G7]out in the [C]streets of La[G7]redo
As [C] I walked [G7]out in [C]Laredo one [G7]day
I [C] spied a poor [G7]cowboy all [C] wrapped in white [G7] linen
All [C] wrapped in white [G7] linen as [C]cold [G7]as the [C]clay

[C]Oh beat the drum slowly and [F]play the fife lowly
[C] Sing the death march as you carry me a[G7] long
Take me [C]to the green valley then [F] lay the sod o'er me
[C] I'm a young cowboy and I [G7] know I've done [C] wrong

[C] I see by your [G7] outfit that [C] you are a [G7]cowboy
These [C] words he did [G7]say as I [C] boldly walked [G7] by
Come [C] sit down be[G7]side me and [C] hear my sad [G7]story
Got [C] shot in the [G7]breast and I [C] know I [G7]must [C]die

[C] Go fetch me some [G7]water a [C] cool cup of [G7] water
To [C] cool my parched [G7] lips then the [C] poor cowboy [G7]said
Be[C]fore I re[G7]turned his [C]spirit had [G7]left him
Had [C] gone to his [G7] Maker the [C] cowboy [G7]was [C] dead

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