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Evacuation of the West-crd
By Bruce Springsteen

G    Bm    C    Em    D    Am    C    D
                       G                          Bm
It was on the day the cowboys were abandoned from the ranch
  C                          Em
Middle touch world as a master
        D                                      Am
They rode their ponies down in the cities of gold
        C                    D
To leave them for ever after
          G                    Bm
Now the sun was swollen red and old
        C                    Em
The earth it was windy, dark and cold
              D                      Am
Were the highway ends the desert takes its toll
    C                    D
So dusty, red and angry
              Em
It was a time when men died out on the praire
            Bm
From not having a decent friend
        C          C/B          C/A        C/G
At nights the ghosts to the more of riders
        G                          D      G    Bm
Was a howl in the candid winds
C    C/B        C/A        C/G        G        Bm
You can hear them crying
C    C/B          C/A        C/G    G        Bm
Good god, i think they're dying
C      C/B      C/A      C/G
              G                          Bm
When them rangers down in Dallas
                    C                    Em
Had all, but given it up and left
        D                    Am
And those that hang on hoping
        C                    D
Was trying their best to, to forget
          G                    Bm
The way those outlaws and desperadoes
  C                          Em
Right from the cheapest to the best
  D                          Am
Rode in on ponies made of skin and bones
    C                            D
Keep up their rusty guns and went back home
            Em
And the governor was sent down from population control
          Bm
And marshall law was past
C              C/B                    C/A              C/G
Riverboat gamblers put their money on faith
        G                    D
For the time for hope they passed
[G     Bm    C    C/B    C/A    C/G] x2
              G                          Bm
In the cold blue light of the desert night
              C                          Em
There was a thousand starry ships
        D                              Am
And men came down from still i don't now where
          C                    D
With death on their fingertips
              G                          Bm
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Now there's no more kings in texas
     C                                          Em
I swear they rounded up each and everyone
     D                     Am
And old Atlanta canastoga
        C                                         D
Reached from the Rocky Mountains into the old dead sun
     Em
Now Anna Maria walks the blames alone
       Bm
The last of a struggling people
                  C          C/B            C/A              C/G
She thinks of all those outlaws who wanted to reach for the skies
          G         D         G      Bm
And got stuck up on a steamboat
C        C/B     C/A       C/G      G      Bm
    Oh, you can hear them crying
C         C/B  C/A         C/G      G      Bm
 Good god, i think they're dying
 C        C/B     C/A     C/G          G       Bm
In the wind you can hear them sighing
C       C/B      C/A     C/G      Em  Bm    C   C/B   C/A   C/G   G
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