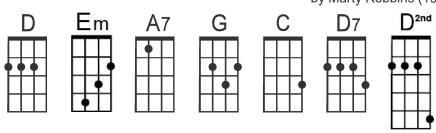
El Paso

by Marty Robbins (1959)



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D · · . · · . · · . · · . · · . · · . · · . · · . · · . ·
D . Em . A7 D Out in the West Texas town of El Paso, I fell in love with a Mexican girl———
D . Em . A7 D Night time would find me in Rosa's can-tina, music would play and Fa-lina would whirl———
D . Em . A7 D Blacker than night were the eyes of Fa-lina, wicked and evil while casting a spell————
D . Em . A7 D My love was deep for this Mexican maiden, I was in love, but in vain I could tell—————
G . C G . D ^{2nd} . D7 One night a wild young cowboy came in, wild as the West Texas wi———i-i-ind——
D D7 G . A7 . Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing, with wicked Fa-lina, the girl that I love. So, in ang——er
D . Em . A7 D I challenged his right for the love of this maiden, down went his hand for the gun that he wore———
D . Em . A7 D My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat, the handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor——
D . Em . A7 D Just for a moment I stood there in silence, shocked by the foul, evil deed I had done———
D . Em . A7 D Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there, I had but one chance and that was to run———
G . C G D^{2nd} . $D7$ Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran, out where the horses were ti———i-i-ied——
D D7 G . A7 . I caught a good one, it looked like it could run. Up on its back and a-way I did ride just as fast as
D . Em . A7 D I could from the West Texas town of El Paso, out to the badlands of New Mexi-co———
D . Em . A7 D Back in El Paso my life would be worthless, everything's gone in life, nothing is left———
D . Em . A7
G . C G D ^{2nd} . D7 I saddled up and a-way I did go, riding a-lone in the daa-a-a-ark
D D7 G . A7 . Maybe to-morrow a bullet may find me, to-night nothing's worse than this pain in my heart. And at last here

D . Em . A7 D I am on the hill over-looking El Paso, I can see Rosa's can-tina be-low————	
D . Em . A7 D My love is strong and it pushes me onward, down off the hill to Fa-lina I go———	
D . Em . A7 D Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys, off to my left ride a dozen or more———	
D . Em . A7 D Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me, I have to make it to Rosa's back door———	
G . C G D ^{2nd} . D7	
D D7 G . A7 . Though I am trying to stay in the saddle, I'm getting weary, un-able to ride. But my love for	
D . Em . A7 D Fa-lina is strong and I rise where I've fallen, though I am weary, I can't stop to rest———	
D . Em . A7 D I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle, I feel the bullet go deep in my chest———	
D . Em . A7 D From out of nowhere Fa-lina has found me, kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side——	
Slow	
D . Em . A7 D . Em . A7 . Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for, one little kiss and Fe-li——na Good bye————	D,

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v2 - 11/7/16)