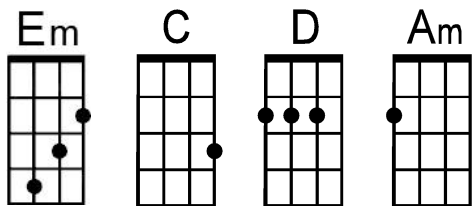


# Hurry Sundown

by the Outlaws



**Intro:** Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Em . . . | . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Em . . .

. | Em . . . . | C . . . .  
Gypsies danced a- round the campfire, shook their tambour—rines,

. | D . . . . | Am . . . Em  
They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw, Sundown was his name.

. | . . . . | C . . . .  
As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky be-gan to fall,

. | D . . . .  
You could see his shadow in the light of the moon,

. | Am . . . Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Em . . .  
He heard the gypsies' call—

. | Em . . . . | C . . . .  
She had hair as black as darkness, her eyes were emerald green,

. | D . . . . | Am . . . Em  
Oh, her voice was soft and tender, and, ooh, she loved to sing.

. | . . . . | C . . . .  
She will sing no more, or dance a—gain, or shake her tambour—rine,

. | D . . . .  
They have taken her a—way, she's dead and gone,

. | Am . . . | Em . . . |  
You could hear the gypsies' sing—

Am . D . | Em . . . . | Am . D . | Em . . . . |  
**Chorus:** Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down— Oo—ooo hurry Sun-down—  
(the gypsies' cry—)

Am . D . | Em . . . . | C . D  
Oo—oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down—  
(oh, the gypsies' cry—)

. | Em . . . . | C . . . .  
Silver doubles in his holsters, stars strapped to his heels,

. | D . . . . | Am . . . Em  
There was fire in his eyes, they say that he was dressed to kill.

. | . . . . | C . . . .  
He had hands as fast as lightening, a heart as cold as steel,

. | D . . . . | Am . . . | Em . . . . |  
He had come for the one that took her life to lie him in Boot Hill—

Am . D . | Em . . . | Am . D . | Em . . . |  
**Chorus:** Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down\_\_\_\_\_ Oo\_\_\_\_\_ooo hurry Sun-down\_\_\_\_\_

(the gypsies' cry\_\_\_\_\_)

Am . D . | Em . . . | C . D  
Oo\_\_\_\_\_oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down\_\_\_\_\_

(oh, the gypsies' cry\_\_\_\_\_)

. | Em . . . | C . . .  
Gypsies danced a- round the campfire, shook their tambour—rines,

. | D . . . | Am . Em  
They were waiting for the ghost of an outlaw, Sundown was his name.

. | . . . | C . . .  
As the midnight hour grew closer and the sky be-gan to fall,

. | D . . .  
You could see their shadows in the light of the moon,

| Am . Em . . . | C . . . | D . . . | Em . . .  
They'd heard the gypsies' call\_\_\_\_\_

Am . D . | Em . . . | Am . D . | Em . . . |  
**Chorus:** Oo-ooo, hurry Sun-down\_\_\_\_\_ oo-ooo hurry Sun—un—down—

Am . D . | Em . . . -- | C\\ \\ -- D\\ \\ ---- | Em\  
Oo-ooo, hurry Sun—un—down\_\_\_\_\_