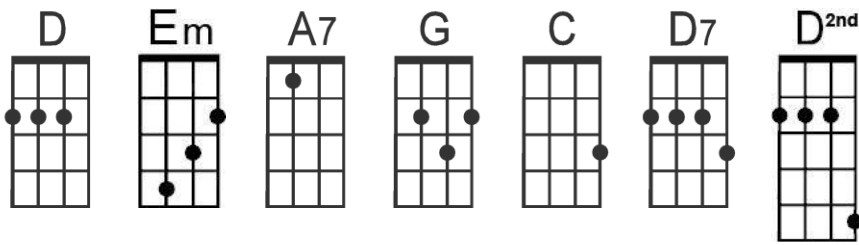


# El Paso

by Marty Robbins (1959)



## Intro:

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . | A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |

Out in the West Tex-as town of El Pa-so

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

I fell in love with a Mex-i—can girl—

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |

Night time would find me in Rosa's can-tin-a

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Mu-sic would play and Fa-lin-a would whirl—

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |

Black-er than night were the eyes of Fa-lin-a—

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Wick-ed and e-vil while cast-ing a spell—

D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |

My love was deep for this Mex-i—can mai-den

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

I was in love, but in vain I could tell—

G . . | . . . | C . . | G . . | . . . | . . . |

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

D<sup>2nd</sup> . . | . . . | D7 . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Wi—i—i—i—ind—

D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

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

. . | . . . | D7 . . | G . . | . . . | A7 . . | . . . |

Wick-ed Fa-lin-a, the girl that I love— So, in an—ger—

. | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |

I chall-enged his right for the love of this mai-den

A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

Down went his hand for the gun that he wore—

. | D . . | . . . | Em . . | . . . |

My chall-enge was an-swered in less than a heart-beat

. | A7 . . | . . . | . . . | D . . | . . . | . . . | . . . |

The hand-some young stran-ger lay dead on the floor—

**D** . . . | . . . . | **Em** . . . . | . . . . |  
Just for a mo-ment I stood there in si-lence

**A7** . . . | . . . . | . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
Shocked by the foul, e—vil deed I had done—

**D** . . . . | . . . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . . . |  
Man-y thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
I had but one chance and that was to run—

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

**D**<sup>2nd</sup> . . | . . . . | **D7** . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
Ti— i— i—i—ied—

**D** . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run

. . . . | . . . . . | **D7** . . | **G** . . . | . . . . | **A7** . . | . . . . |  
Up on its back and a—way I did ride— just as fast— as—

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

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
Out to the bad-lands of New Mex-i—co—

**D** . . . . | . . . . . | **Em** . . . . | . . . . . |  
Back in El Pa-so my life would be worth-less

**A7** . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
Eve-ry-thing's gone in life, no-thing is left—

**D** . . . . | . . . . . | **Em** . . . . | . . . . . |  
It's been so long since I've seen the young mai-den

**A7** . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
My love is stron-ger than my fear of death—

**G** . . . . | . . . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
I sad-dled up and a—way I did go— rid-ing a—lone in the

**D**<sup>2nd</sup> . . | . . . . | **D7** . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
Da— a— a-a—ark—

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

. . . . | **D7** . . | **G** . . . | . . . . | **A7** . . | . . . . |  
Worse than this pain in my heart— And at last— here—

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

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . | . . . . | . . . . |  
I can see Ro-sa's can-tin-a be-low—

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

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Down off the hill to Fa-lin-a I go—

**D** . . . | . . . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . . . |  
Off to my right I see five moun-ted cow-boys

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Off to my left ride a doz-en or more—

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

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

**G** . . . | . . . . . | **C** . . . | **G** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Some-thing is dread-ful—ly wrong for I feel— a deep burn-ing pain in my  
**D<sup>2nd</sup>** . . . | . . . . . | **D7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Si— i— i— i— ide—

**D** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Though I am try-ing to stay in the sad-dle I'm get-ting  
. . . | **D7** . . . | **G** . . . | . . . . . | **A7** . . . | . . . . . |  
Wear-y, un—a—ble to ride— But my love— for—

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

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Though I am wear-y, I can't stop to rest—

**D** . . . | . . . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . . . |  
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
I feel the bul-let go deep in my chest—

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

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . | **D** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
Kiss-ing my cheek as she kneels by my side—

*Slower:*

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

**A7** . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |  
One lit—tle kiss and Fe—li—na—

. | **D** . . . | . . . . . | **Em** . . . | . . . . . | **A7** . . . | . . . . . | **D\**  
Good— bye—