Jack Straw - Weir/Hunter

```
E Esus4 E
Intro
e----------------------11h12----11--9------------------0---0---0---
B--9--10------9h10--12------------------12--9----------0---0---0---
G---------11--------------------------------11--9\1--1---2---1---
D----------------------------------------------------2---2---2---
A----------------------------------------------------2---2---2---
E----------------------------------------------------0---0---0---
```

```
E                F#m                      C#m    A
We can share the women, we can share the wine.
E            Bm        D              A                    E    G#m D A
We can share what we got of yours 'cause we done shared all of mine.
E                F#m            C#m    A
Keep on rollin', just a mile to go;
E            Bm        D            A                E      B  A  E
Keep on rollin' my old buddy, you're movin' much too slow.
```

```
E7sus4 020200        E7 020100   E7sus                E7
I just jumped the watchman, right outside the fence.
E7sus4                E7                E7sus4            E7
Took his rings, four bucks in change, ain't that Heaven sent?
F#7sus4 242422      F#7 242322          F#7sus4          F#7
Hurts my ears to listen, Shannon, burns my eyes to see;
F#7sus4              F#7              F#7sus4              D    Bm A E
Cut down a man in cold blood, Shannon, might as well been me.
```

```
D        Bm      A                    E
We used to play for silver, now we play for life;
D        Bm      A                          E
And one's for sport and one's for blood at the point of a knife.
D        Bm      A                    E
And now the die is shaken, now the die must fall.
D        Bm    A        E                    A
There ain't a winner in the game, who don't go home with all.
          D      G      D      G (s.n. BASS  G F# F E)
Not with all.
```

```
Leavin' Texas, Fourth day of July,
Sun so hot, the clouds so low, eagles filled the sky
Catch the Detroit ... Lightnin' out of Sante Fe,
The Great Northern out of Cheyenne, from sea to shining sea.
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Gotta go to Tulsa, first train we can ride.
Gotta settle one old score, one small point of pride.
There ain't a place a man can hide, Shannon, keep him from the sun
Ain't a bed can give us rest man, you keep us on the run.
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```
Jack Straw from Wichita cut his buddy down,
And dug for him a shallow grave and laid his body down.
Half a mile from Tucson, by the morning light,
One man gone and another to go, my old buddy you're moving too slow.
```

```
E                F#m                      C#m  A    E
We can share the women, we can share the wine.
```