

I'll Never Leave These Old Horses - Tom Russell

^D Goodbye Old Paint, I'm a ^A Leaving ^D Cheyenne

Was 10 below zero and he's 40 miles outside of town, ^A

On his ranch with 300 long horns about to give up the ghost, lay down. ^D

And he's got 5 head of horses, not one of them younger than 10..... ^A

^A He says if I sold the place and left them here, I would not be much of a man. ^D

Now every morning, past coffee he walks up the long gravel road., ^A

to a stonehouse where his guitar sits, waiting for stories to be told. ^D

^D And he stares out the window at a wild winter, ^A running her courses.

He says I bet it's warm down there in Santa Fe and me, I can't leave these old horses. ^D

^G *You know that love comes and goes, and rocks and it rolls you, and it spins you round and round, ^C ^G ^D

And when you reach the sad edge of love, Sometime you got to jump off and build new wings, on the way ^G ^C ^G ^E
back down. ^A

^G After 85 years kid, it's too late to second guess your choices, ^{F#m} ^G

Cause that's the way it played out, ^D ^A Me, I'll stay here with these horses. ^D

Now the Santa Fe sundown sheds a warm red mystical light. ^A

But he's froze to the bone, up in Alberta, but he won't quit the fight. ^G ^A ^D

^D And one old rugged leg hawk circles low and the old man hears voices. ^A

He says I guess I'm crazy kid, ^{as hell} But I'll never leave these old horses. ^D

^{F_m G} *You know that love comes and goes, and ^C rocks and it ^G rolls you, and it ^D spins you round and round,

^G And when you reach the sad edge of love, sometime you got to jump off and build new wings, on the way
^A back down.

^G After 85 years, it's too late to second guess your choices, ^{F_m G}

^D ^A ^A ^P ^{B_mE}
Don't slam the door when you leave kid, Leave me here with these horses.

^D ^A ^A ^D
Shut the gate down on the main road, and leave me here with these horses.

^{D_m} ^A ^D
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^D ^A ^D
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