

INTRO: A A/G# F#m A F#m A A7 D F#m B D A E

F#m A
They were duelin', Doolin' Dalton,

F#m A A7
High or low, it was the same

D F#m
Easy money, and faithless women
B A C#

Red eye whiskey for the pain

F#m A C#
Go down, Bill Dalton, it must be God's will

F#m A A7
Two brothers lyin' dead in Coffeyville

D F#m
Two voices call to you from where they stood

B D A
Lay down your law books now, they're no damn good

C#m F#m A
Better keep on movin', Doolin' Dalton

C#m F#m A A7
'Till your shadow sets you free

D F#m
If you're fast and if you're lucky

B D A
You will never see that hangin' tree.

C#m A D
Well the towns lay out across the dusty plains

B F#m
Like graveyards filled with tombstones waitin' for the names

A Em7 A7 D
And a man could use his back or use his brains

Bm E C#m
But some just went stir crazy, Lord 'cause nothin' ever changed

F#m A
'Till Bill Doolin met Bill Dalton

F#m A A7
He was workin' cheap, just bidin' time

D F#m
Then he laughed and said, "I'm goin',"

B E
And so he left that peaceful life behind

OUTRO: A E F#m A7 D C#m Bm E D F#