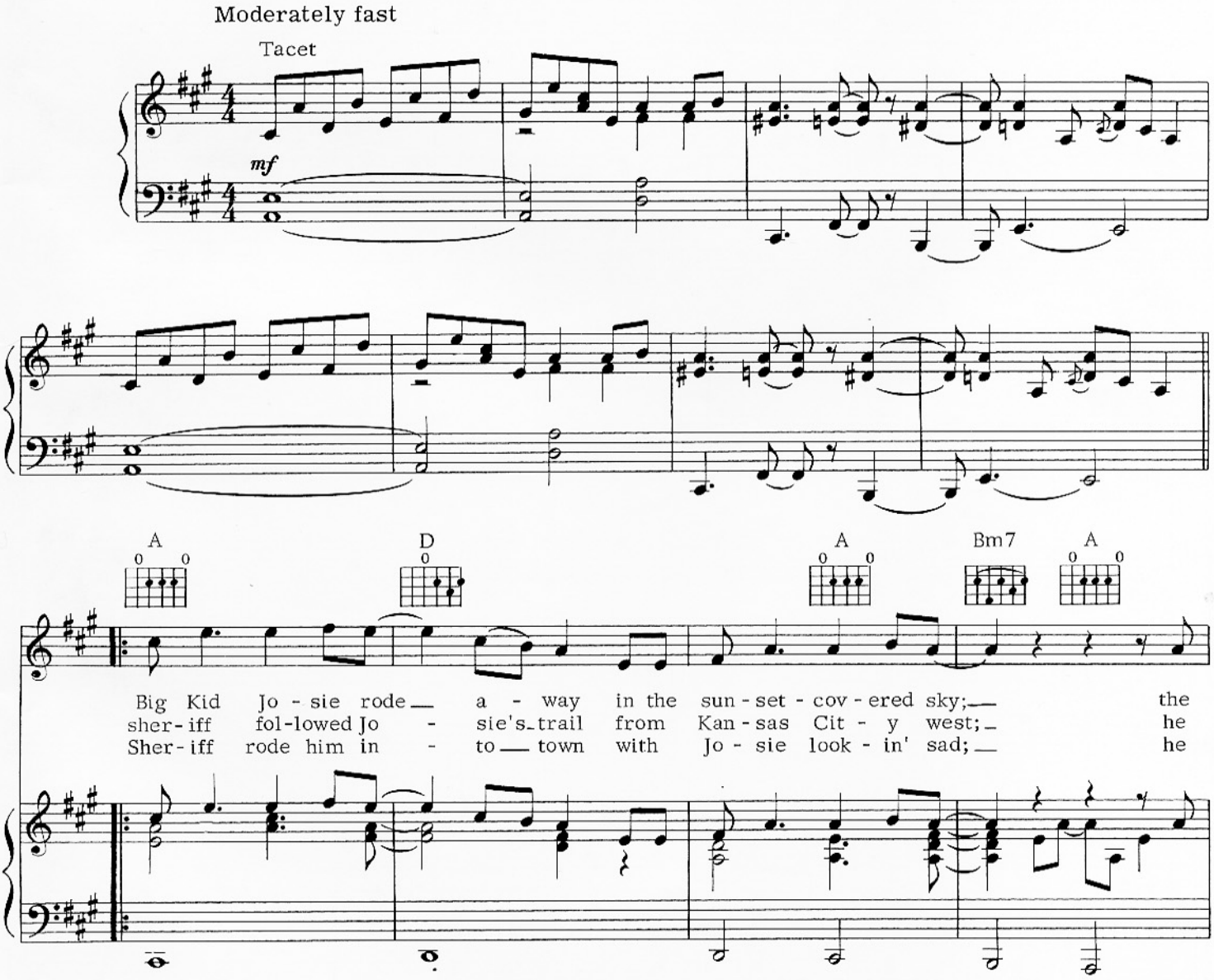
The Sheriff

Music by KEITH EMERSON Words by GREG LAKE



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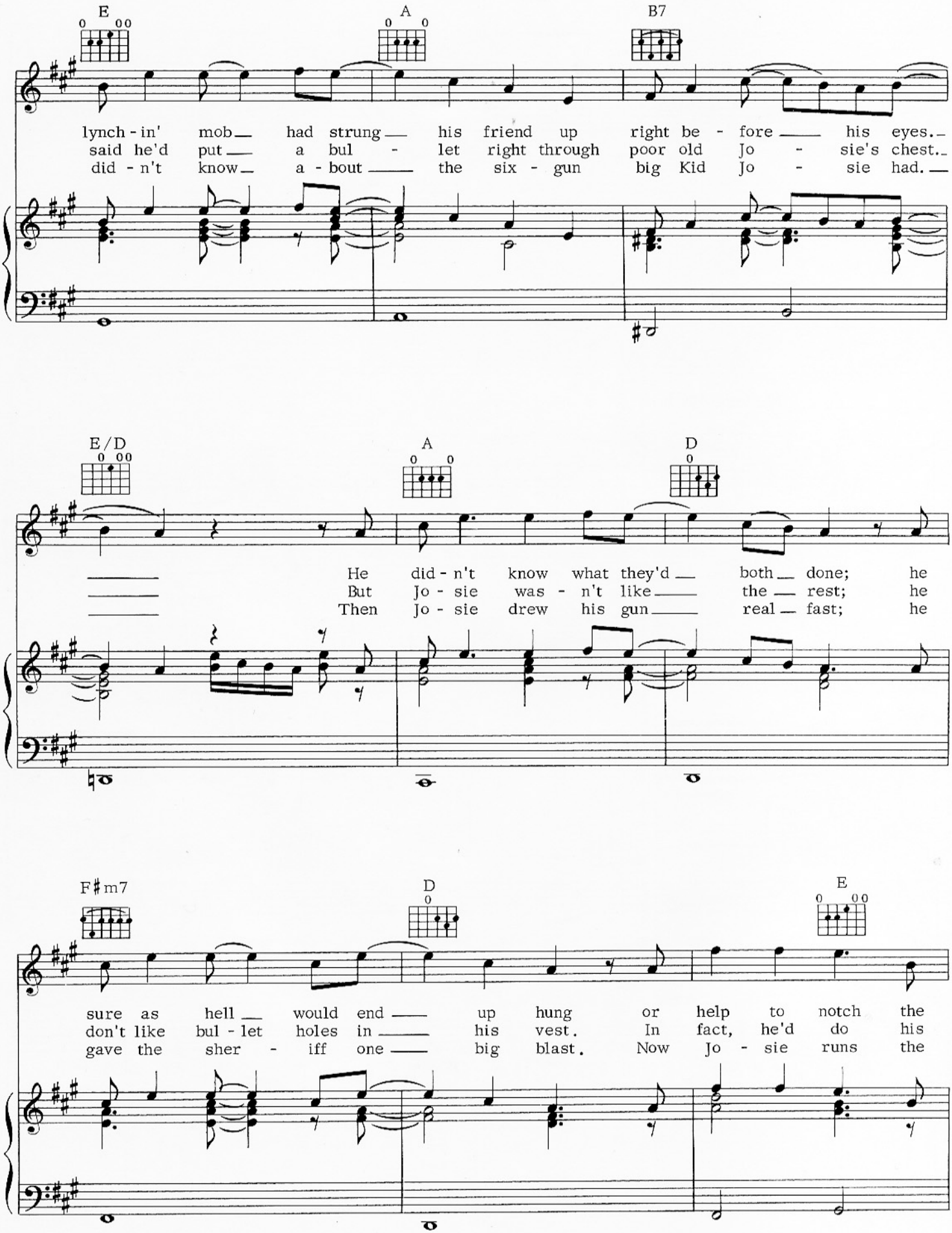
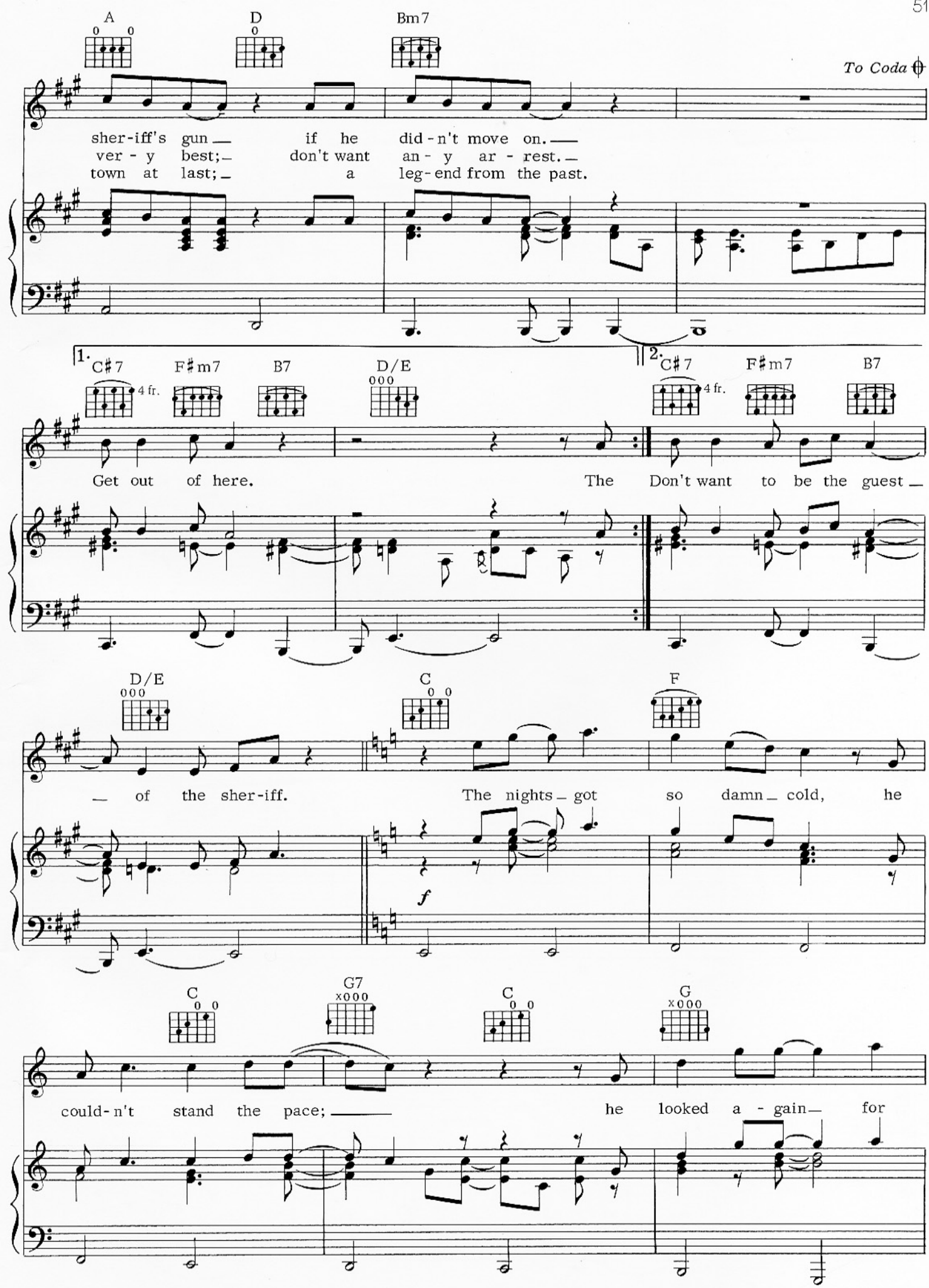
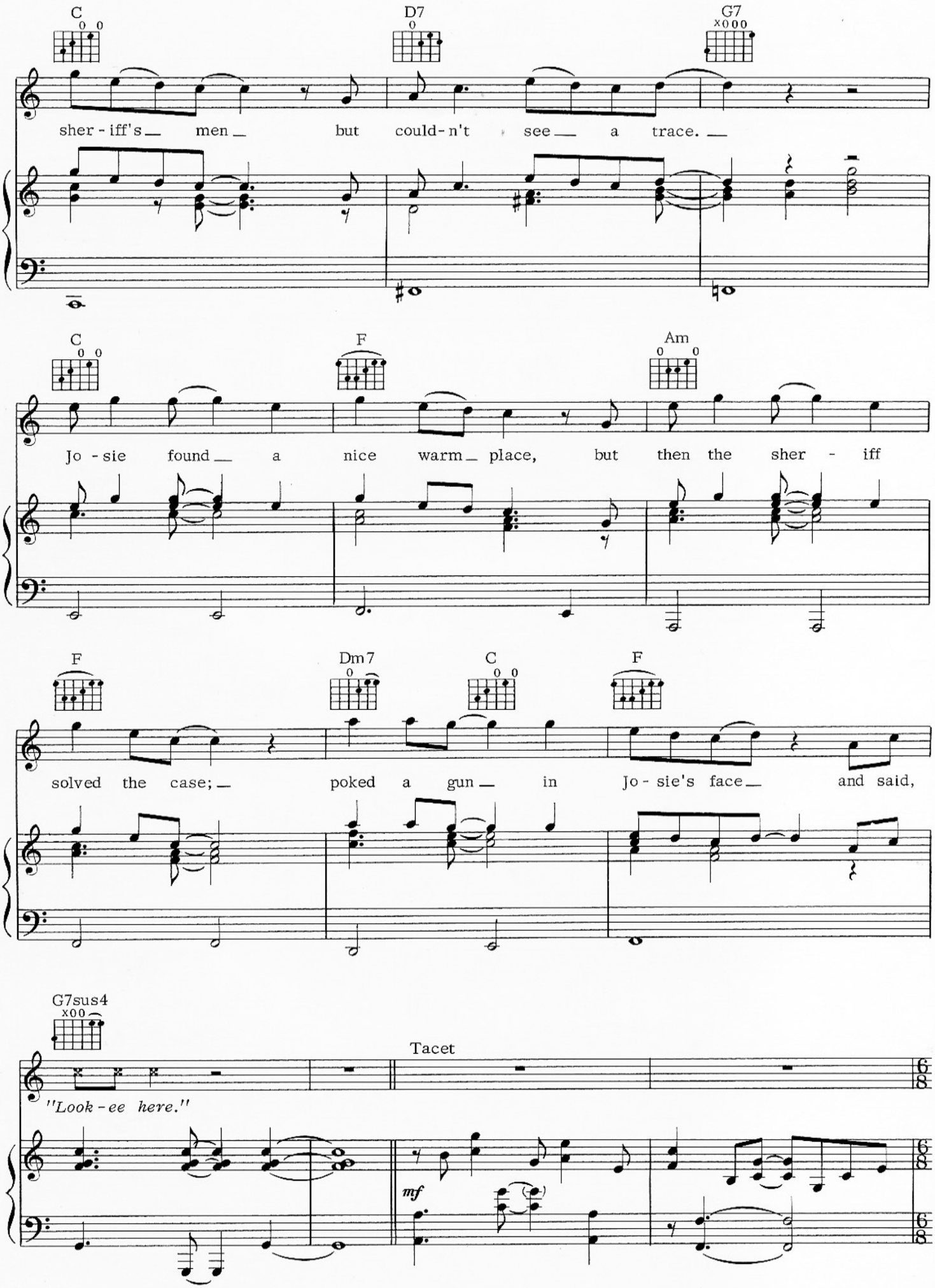
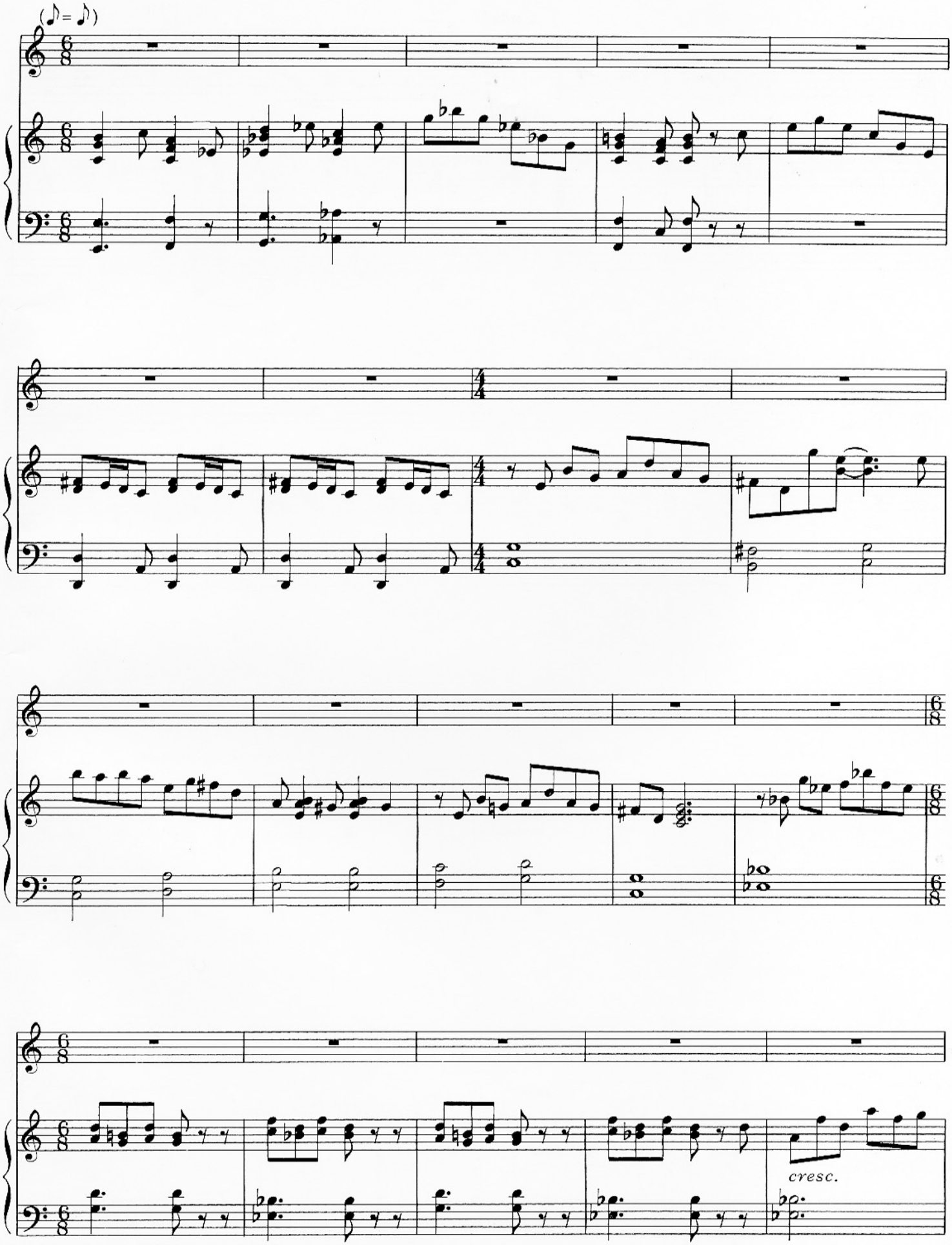
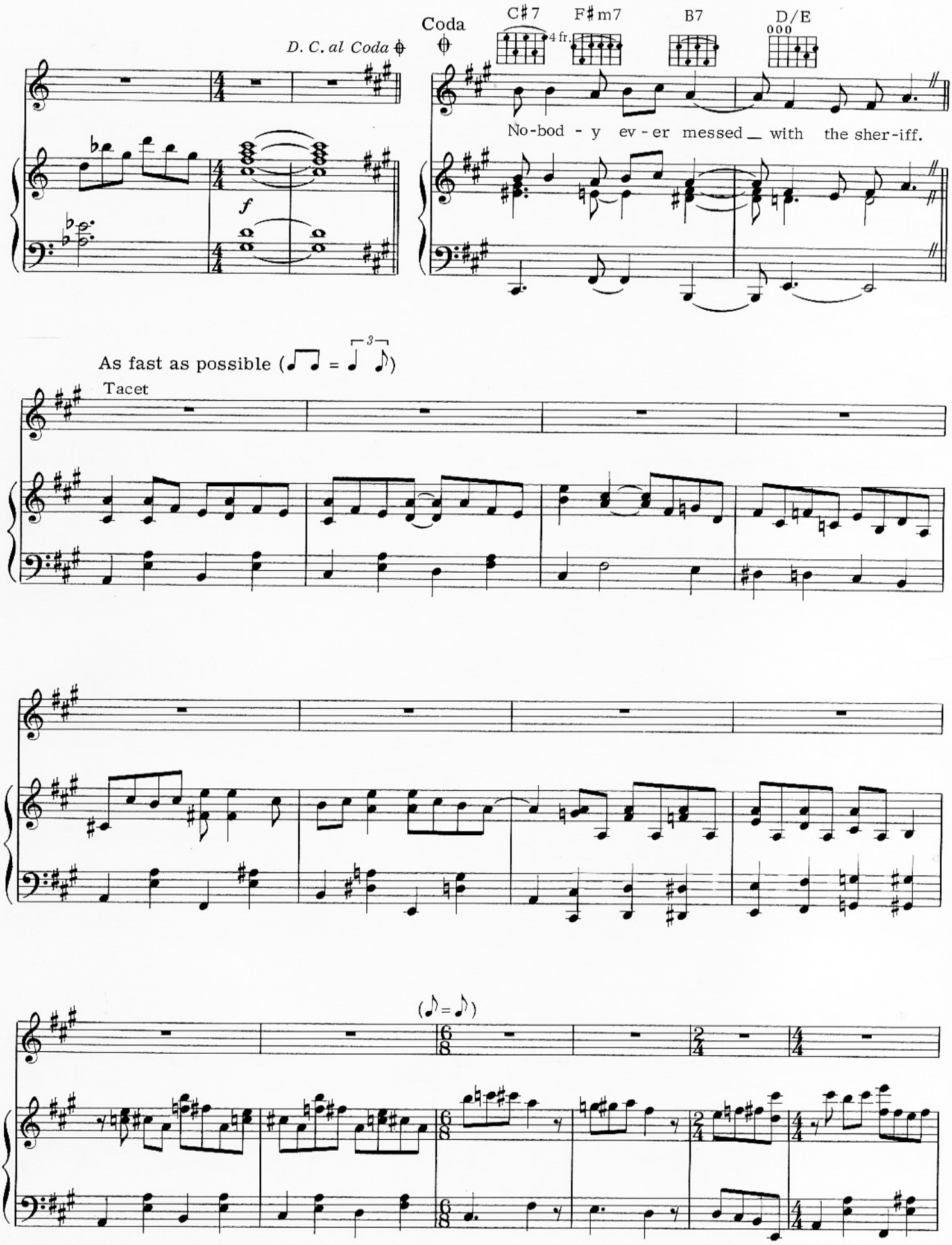
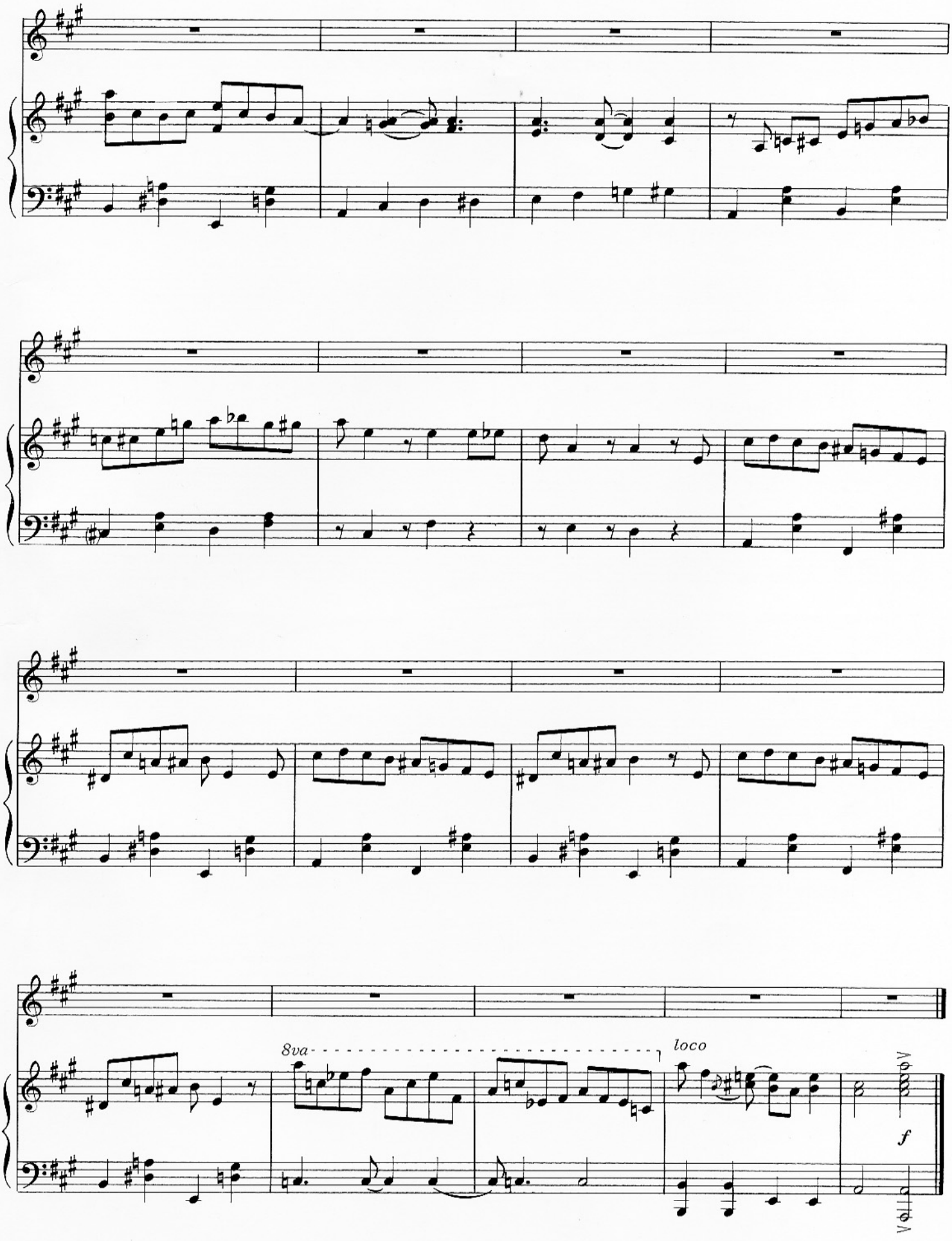

E
A
B7
lynch - in' mob had strung his friend up right be - fore his eyes.
said he'd put a bul - let right through poor old Jo - sie's chest.
did - n't know a - bout the six - gun big Kid Jo - sie had.
E/D
A
D
He did - n't know what they'd both done; he
But Jo - sie was - n't like the rest; he
Then Jo - sie drew his gun real fast; he
F♯m7
D
E
sure as hell would end up hung or help to notch the
don't like bul - let holes in his vest. In fact, he'd do his
gave the sher - iff one big blast. Now Jo - sie runs the


A
D
Bm7
To Coda
sher-iff's gun — if he did-n't move on. —
ver - y best; — don't want an - y ar - rest. —
town at last; — a leg-end from the past.
1.
C♯7
F♯m7
B7
D/E
4 fr.
Get out of here. The
2.
C♯7
F♯m7
B7
4 fr.
Don't want to be the guest —
D/E
C
F
— of the sher-iff.
The nights — got so damn — cold, he
f
C
G7
C
G
could-n't stand the pace; —
he looked a - gain — for


C
D7
G7
sher - iff's men but could - n't see a trace.
C
F
Am
Jo - sie found a nice warm place, but then the sher - iff
F
Dm7
C
F
solved the case; poked a gun in Jo - sie's face and said,
G7sus4
Tacet
"Look - ee here."
mf


(♪= ♪)
cresc.


D. C. al Coda
Coda
C♯7
F♯m7
B7
D/E
4 fr.
No-bod - y ev - er messed _ with the sher-iff.
As fast as possible
Tacet


8va
loco
f