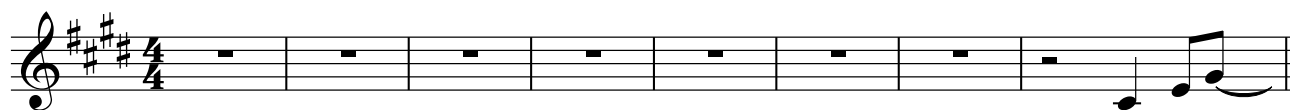


Pale Rider

The Heavy Horses

♩ = 139



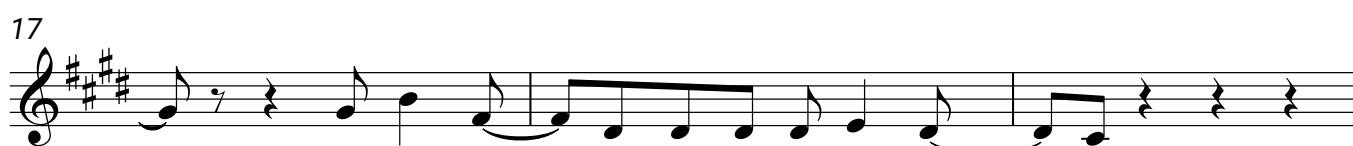
Ride to town,



— shoot 'em up and keep on go - ing 'Cause I got a job



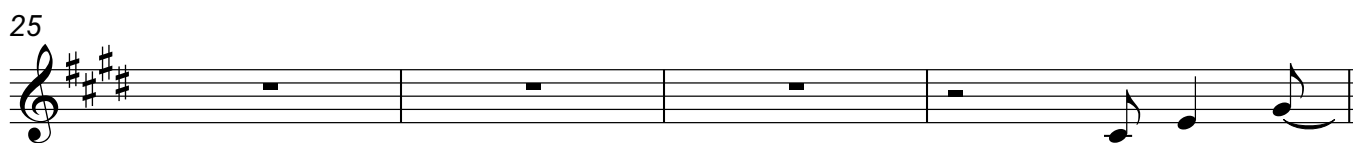
— to do and I don't stop for no_ one So get your gun,



— and kiss your_ wife, and lock up your daugh - ter



Don't let her fall___ in love_ with the pale ri - der___



Ma - ny men



— have quick-ly found___ I'm un-for-gi - ving They say dy-



- ing ain't no way to make a li - ving So get your gun