

# Johnny Gunn

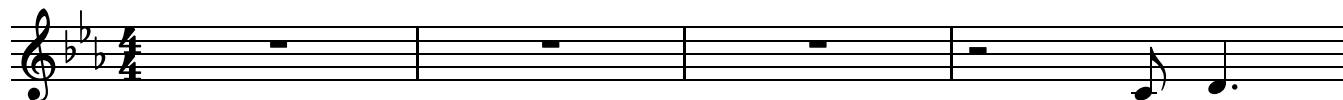
David Kuncicky

♩ = 160  
Cm

Cm

Cm

Cm



Down on

5 Verse Cm Cm Bb Bb

San Fran - cis - co Street in the town of San - ta Fe In the

9 Bb Bb Fm7 Cm

bar at the La Fon - da just be - fore Fi - es - ta Day

13 Cm Cm Cm Bb

Boot heels ech - oed on the stone He swaggered through the smoke

17 Bb Bb Bb Fm

Two shots of hooch bar - ten - der the room went still

21 Fm Cm Bb7 Pre-chorus Eb

no one spoke Some called him the

25 Eb Bb Bb Cm

har - bin - ger of death Some called him the

29 Cm Gm Ab Fm

temp - ter of fate He nev - er lost a bet

33 Fm G7 G7 Chorus Cm

or his nerve He could make a preach - er cuss

37 Cm Bb Bb Ab  
 make a brave man cry He was a Jack of all trades

41 Ab G7 G7 Cm  
 mas - ter of one John-ny Gunn

45 Cm Cm Cm Verse Cm  
 He was drink-in' and cuss-in' at

49 Cm Bb Bb Bb  
 evr-ry one who came in - to his view No one dared to

53 Bb Fm7 Cm Cm  
 chal-lenge the leg-end in that room He laughed as the men stared

57 Cm Bb Bb Bb  
 at the floor but then he crossed the line He spoke a name he

61 Bb Fm7 Cm Cm  
 should not speak with a smirk un - der his smile In the

65 Cm Cm Bb Bb  
 far back of the the bar-room he caught a face - less grin

69 Bb Bb Fm Ab  
 Just a fleet-ing shad - ow where the lan-tern light grew

73 Cm Bb7 Eb Pre-chorus Eb  
 thin John-ny's swag-ger crowd-ed out good

77 Bb Bb Cm Cm

sense He sneered at what he could not

81 Bb Ab Fm Fm

see hecrowed a chal-enge to the dark

85 G7 G7 Chorus Cm Cm

His face as cold as ice

89 Cm Bb Bb Ab

handsquick on the draw They said he was the best

93 Ab G7 G7 Cm

sec - ond to none John-ny Gunn

97 Cm Verse Cm Cm Cm Bb

The sun was bright that noon on San Fran - cis - co Street

101 Bb Bb Bb Fm7

The old Ca - the - dral bell rang out the time to meet

105 Cm Cm Cm Cm

But bells don't ring for mer-cy the

109 Bb Bb Bb Bb

saints don't take a side The street don't care who's fam-ous the

113 Fm7 Cm instrument break G7 Cm Cm Bb Bb Ab

truth comes hard and wide

121 Ab G7 G7 Cm Cm Bb Bb Ab

129 Ab G7 Bb7 Pre-chorus Eb

His hat in the

133 Eb Eb Bb Cm

gut ter dust in John-ny's mouth No one knew the

137 Cm Gm Ab Fm

man in the shadows some-one swore

141 Fm G7 G7 Chorus Cm

he rode south What makes a man turn

145 Cm Bb Bb Ab

vio - lent what makes him come un - done What makes him turn his back

149 Ab G7 G7 Ab

to the sun Mas - ter of

153 G7 G7 G7 Cm

self de - cept - ion John-ny Gunn