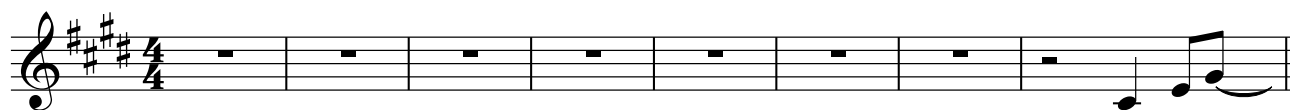


## Pale Rider

The Heavy Horses

♩ = 139



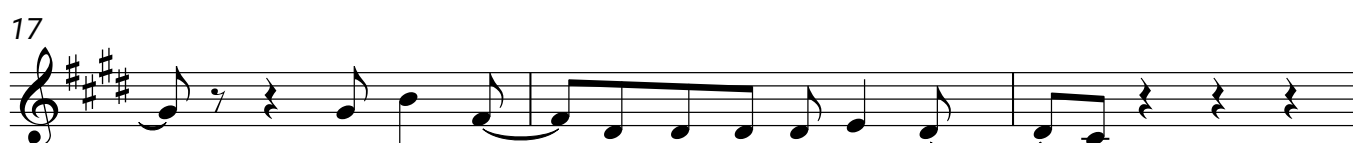
Ride to town,



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



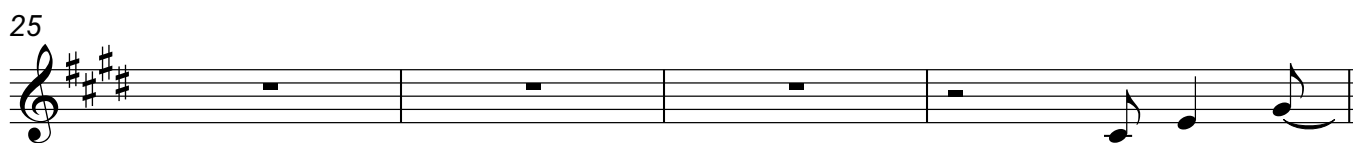
— to do and I don't stop for no\_ one So get your gun,



— 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