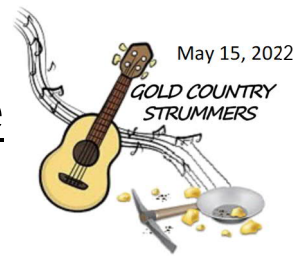


Music & lyrics by Woody Paul
Published 1981

Compadres in the Old Sierra Madre



Intro: F7 E7 Am Am (2 beats each)

Am F7
There is a place I know, way down in Mexico

Dm E7 Am
High in the old Sierra Madre

Am F7
Where many an outlaw band from across the Rio Grande

Dm E7 Am
Have found a haven, a holdout, a hideaway

Chorus:

F G7 C Am
But danger rides with those who stray up-on their secret hide-a-way

Dm E7 Am F7 E7 (triplet)
Where death is sure to welcome any-one with-in the law

Am F7
But if a man must run, from any lawman's gun

Dm E7 Am
He'll find com-padres in the old Sierra Madre

Am F7
Deep in the dark of night, beside the campfire's light

Dm E7 Am
They weave the tales of the lives of the bandits

Am F7
Of jewels rare and old, of coaches filled with gold

Dm E7 Am
Holdups pulled off like they planned it

<Chorus>

Repeat first verse (either sing or as instrumental)

<Chorus>

Outro:

Dm E7 Am
He'll find com-padres in the old Sierra Madre

Dm E7 Am E7 A (sustain)
He'll find com-padres in the old Sierra Madre

