

# TENDERFOOT

lyric by CLIVE JAMES, music by PETE ATKIN

Be-yond the border town they call Con-tri-tion  
The bad-lands are just bould-ers and mes-quite

Dm A<sup>m7</sup> B<sub>b</sub> C F E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub>

A school of Span-ish fri-ars built the miss-ion But left be-cause they couldnt take the heat And  
Dm A<sup>m7</sup> B<sub>b</sub> C D

further on the road to Ab-Sol-ut-ion the mes-as turn to mount-ains capped with snow And the  
F E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> F E<sub>b</sub> B<sub>b</sub> C Dm

way be-comes a form of Ex- E - cut- ion That on-ly hard-en-ed trav-ell-ers can go

F Eb Bb      F Eb Bb      F Eb Bb      D

## CHORUS

You can tell the horseman grieves for how he sinned He rides a

D      Dm      C      Bb

kill-ing trail Re-mind-ed of his hard heart by the hail

Eb      Ab      Cm      G

1.2.3.4.      5. A

And of his foll-y by the chill-ing wind Wind

Ab      Bb      C      F: E F      C