**The matador.**

**The white buffalo.**

Intro: Em C Em x2

Em C G F#m Em

Em C/Em

They call him the matador

C/Em

He settles all the scores

B

He kills in plain sight

With a blade and a smile

Em C/Em

Well he dont know what to think

C/Em

He aint had enough to drink

B

Will he take him by surprise

To see the whites of his eyes

Em C Em x2

Em C G F#m Em

Em C Em

Well he'll settle things in the sun

C Em

Plays god like the chosen one

B

Well he's storied from town to town

Kills for sport and pride

Em C Em x2

Em C G F#m Em

Am B

The matador raised his blade to the sun

Em Am

To show the blade, the damage is done

B

Children cry in their mother's arms

Em Am

As the people replied with a deafining swarm

B

The crowd rose as the blood's running warm

B

Oh

Em C Em x2

Em C G F#m Em

Em C/Em

They call him the matador

C/Em

He settles all the scores

B

He kills in plain sight

With a blade and a smile

Outro:

Em C Em x6