FOLK BLOODBATH

JOSH RITTER

Intro: C - G - C	Travis picking throughout	First note=E
	Modified to res	semble original
G	С	J
Well Louis Collin	is took a trip out west	
Tron, Louis Com	F	
And when he returned, well, Delia had gone to rest		G
C G	C	
The angels laid h	er away	0
G	C	8
_	ia, "That's the problem with life	
People are always	s leaving just as other folks arrive"	C
C G	C	
The angels laid h	er awav	
G	C	
And when the people heard that Delia was dead		
And when the pe	F	
And all of them gentlemen were dressed in red		
_		
_ C G	С	F
The angels laid her away		
Chorus 1:		@
G	С	
The angels laid h	er away	
E7	F	
Buried her six fee	et under the clay	E7
C G	C	□ □ /
The angels laid her away.		0
The angels laid n	er away.	2
		•
Verse 2:		
	downtown for a new suit of clothes	
"I'm gonna dress	up for Delia like a fine red rose"	
The angels laid h	im away	

He bought a ten gallon Stetson, and it was ox-blood red Stagger Lee shot Louis in the back of the head The angels laid him away

Oh Stagger Lee said to Louis: "Boy, don't you grieve I'm sending you to Delia you won't ever have to leave" The angels laid him away

Chorus 2:

The angels laid him away
Buried him six feet under the clay
The angels laid him away

Interlude 1: C - G - C - F- C

Verse 3:

Well the judge was a mean one, called Hanging Billy Lyons Said "Well you've always been a bad man, Stag, gonna hang you this time" The angels laid him away

And the jailer said to Stagger Lee, "What's the problem with you?" "Jailer, Louis Collins' ghost brought Delia with him too" The angels laid him away

Chorus 3:

The angels laid him away. Buried him six feet under the clay, The angels laid him away.

Interlude 2: [G - C - F - C - G - C - Am - F] then, [C - G - C]

Verse 4:

Well they lay little Delia in the churchyard deep Louis Collins at her head, stagger lee at her feet The angels laid them away

Out of Louis's bed came briars; out of Delia's came a rose Out of Stagger Lee's came Stagger Lee's cold lonely little ghost The angels laid them away

Well I'm looking out on rooftops, and I'm hoping it ain't true That the same god who looks out for them looks out for me and you The angels laid them away

Chorus 4:

The angels laid them away
Buried them six feet under the clay
The angels laid them away