

Raul's Tambourine

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intro *Bm* *A* *G* *a c# D*
D - - -
"This guitar kills Fascists," said Woody Guthrie.
D - A -
"This banjo surrounds hate," answered Pete.
G A D Bm -
The tambourine I gave him was an instrument of peace
G Em A -
And it saved Raul one day from getting beat.
D - - -
He called, said his computer finally found me.
D - A -
He'd thought of me these more than forty years.
G A D Bm
I told him, me too! I have not forgotten you.
E7 - A -
And o'er the phone we shared a couple beers.
G A D -
Fresh from college, near Vallejo, I taught first grade.
D A D -
Raul then was my teen-aged classroom aide.
G A D Bm
A handsome lad, the kids and I all loved him.
G - A -
He reminds me now about a gift I made.
Bm - D -
On a Tijuana beach with friends, he met una amiga
Bm - A -
Soon, behind her formed a large group of tough guys.
G A D Bm
"I will see you later," politely, said Raul but then
E7 - A -
His one friend cracked a joke a bit too wise.

Bm - D -
 Prontito the pachucos came on threatening.
 Bm - A -
 The wise-guy friend let out a shout and ran.
 G A D Bm
 Raul turned to the mob and tried to reason
 G A D -
 While his other friend flashed something in his hand.

F# - G -
 It was my parting gift, my old tambourine:
 F#7 - G7 -
 Each jingle seemed a sharpened Ninja star
 G#dim - Adim -
 As his amigo brandished, whirled, rattled, shook and thumped it
 G#dim - A7 -
 And Raul escaped with only one small scar.

c# d e
 D/f# - - -
 "This guitar kills Fascists," said Woody. "Hate
 D - A -
 Surrenders to this banjo," declared Pete.
 G A D Bm -
 The tambourine I gave him proved an instrument of peace
 G - F# -
 And it saved Raul from winding up dead meat.
 G A D Bm -
 My old tambourine Raul still takes down from his wall
 G - A -
 It reminds him that good friends are a rare treat.
 G A D -
 And it reminds him as he sings to keep the beat.

Bm A G a c# D