Desert Pete-crd

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           C                                        F              C
1. I was travelin' West of Buckskin on my way to a cattle run,
            F              C                  G               C
    'cross a little cactus desert under a hard blistering sun.
           C                                              F             C
    I was thirsty down to my toenails, stopped to rest me on a stump,
         F                          C                   G               C
    but I tell you I just couldn't believe it, when I saw that water pump.

      C                                  F              C
2. I took it to be a mirage at first, it'll fool a thirsty man,
     F             C                G               C
    then I saw a note stuck in a bakin' powder can.
          C                                        F                   C
    This pump is old, the note began, but she works, so give'er a try,
      F                   C                      G                C
    I put a new sucker washer in 'er, you may find the leather dry.

  - - - - - - - - -   - G                                          F             C
You've got to     prime the pump, you must have faith and believe,
                 - G                                          F             C
you've got to     give of yourself 'fore you're worthy to receive.
                F                  C                      E              F
Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face to your feet,
             C                 Am                   F       G       C
leave the bottle full for others, thank you kindly, Desert Pete.

                  C
3. Yeah, you'll have to prime the pump,
                 F                      C
    work that handle like there's a fire,
     F                        C                    G                      C
    under that rock you'll find some water I left there in a bitter's jar.
                  C                                        F                      C
    Now there's just enough to prime it with, so don't you go drinkin'
first,
          F               C                        G                              C
    just pour it in and pump like mad and, buddy, you'll quench your thirst.

+ CHORUS

              C                                                F
C
4. Well, I found the jar, and I tell you, nothin' was ever prettier to my
eye,
               F                       C
    and I was tempted strong to drink it,
                   G                          C
    because that pump looked mighty dry.
             C                                                    F             C
    But the note went on, have faith, my friend, there's water down below,
             F                  C                        G                    C
    you've got to give until you get, I'm the one who ought to know.

            C
5. So I poured in the jar and started pumpin',
              F                  C
    and I heard a beautiful sound
         F                        C              G                        C
    of water bubblin' 'n' splashin' up out of that hole in the ground.
       C                                                    F                   C
    I took off my shoes and drunk my fill of that cold refreshin' treat,
        F                        C
    I thanked the Lord, and I thanked the pump,
            G                          C
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and I thanked old Desert Pete.

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  - - - - - - - - -   - G                                          F            C
You've got to     prime the pump, you must have faith and believe,
                - G                                          F              C
you've got to     give of yourself 'fore you're worthy to receive.
               F                    C                    E               F
Drink all the water you can hold, wash your face to your feet,
             C                Am                   F         G        C
leave the bottle full for others, thank you kindly, Desert Pete.
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+ repeat last two lines of CHORUS

(orig. = capo 4th) (The Kingston Trio)