

# In The Real West

By TISH HINOJOSA

Moderate cut time



*mf*



It's the way of life— in the real— west,— 'neath a




*(See additional lyrics)*

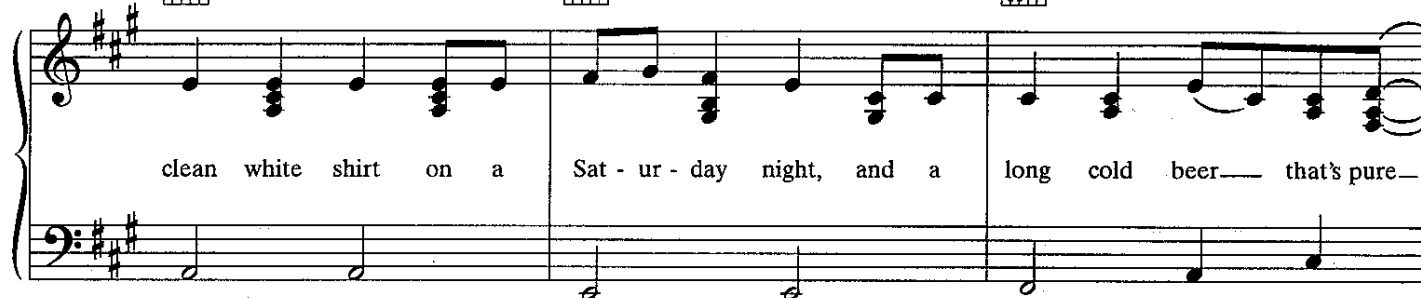


prair - ie moon— that's heav - en blessed. And a tall boot shuf - fle



on a wood - en— floor.— It's a

A  E  F#m 






clean white shirt on a Sat - ur - day night, and a long cold beer— that's pure—

D  A  E 







de - light. And if you heard me say it, well there's a whole lot more—

A  D 





It's the way of life— in the

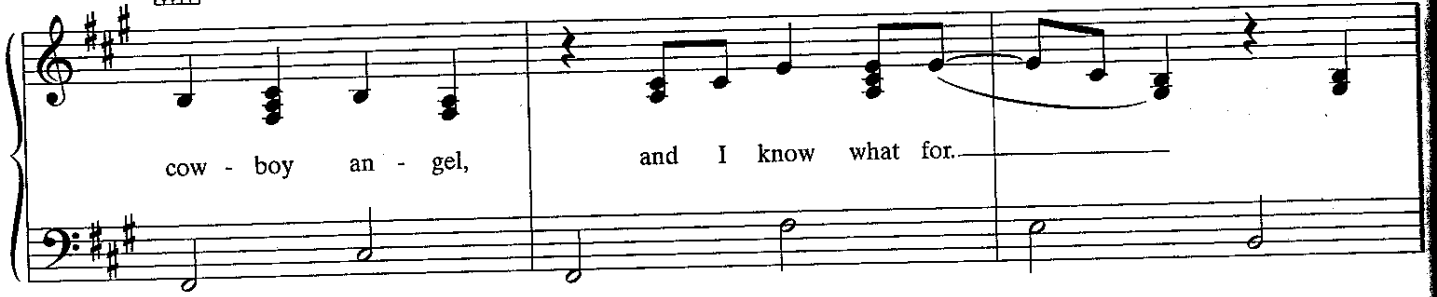
A  E  A 





real— west;— I'm a cit - y girl— but I must con - fess: I'd be a

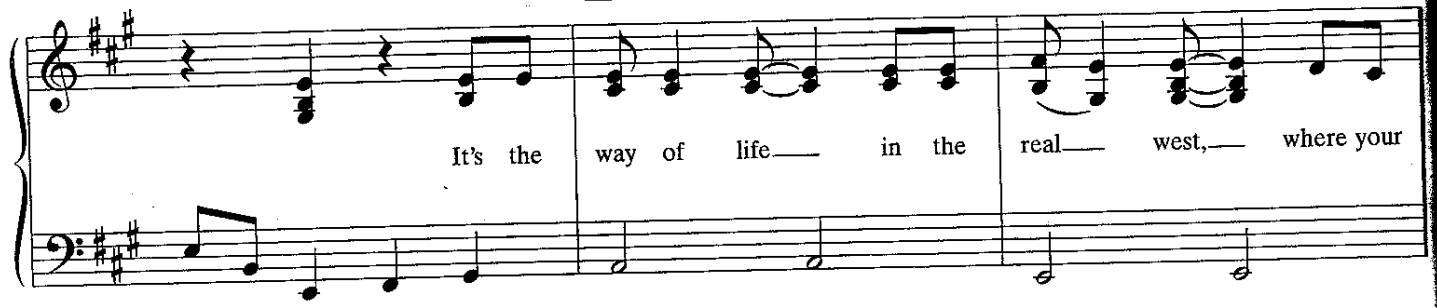
F#m  E 




cow - boy an - gel, and I know what for.



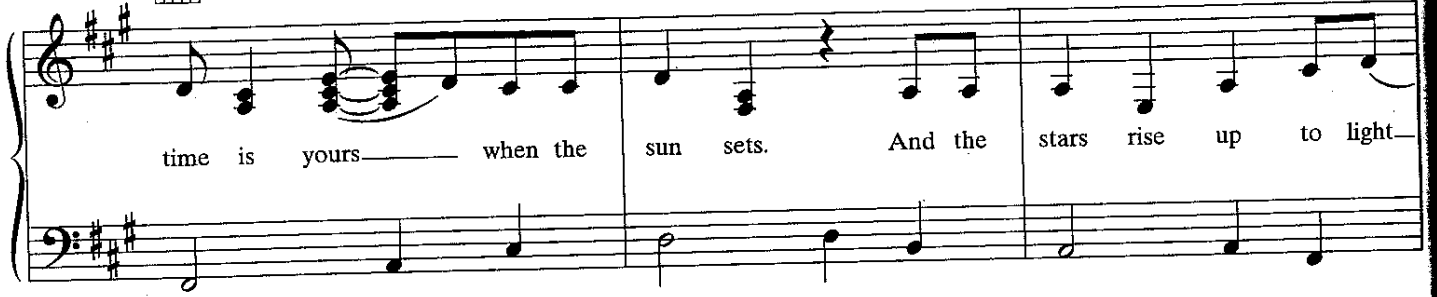
A  E 



It's the way of life in the real west, where your




F#m  D  A 

time is yours when the sun sets. And the stars rise up to light



E  1. A 

the west - ern sky. La -



2A D A E

sky. And the stars rise up to light the west - ern

A

sky. Yo - de - lay - ee.

E A E7 A

hee hee hee.

*Additional Lyrics*

2. Laredo up north to Cimarron,  
 If I'm lost, you know I've gone  
 To where the spurs that jingle are the working kind.  
 It's the way of life in the real west,  
 And if I were a man I guess  
 I'd ride and rope and wrangle 'til the day I die.  
 (To Chorus)