

# Tragically Hip - Bobcaygeon

tom:

Intro: G Am G Am

G Am G Am  
 I left your house this morning about a quarter after nine  
 G Am G Am  
 Could've been the Willie Nelson, could've been the wine  
 Bm C  
 When I left your house this morning  
 G Am  
 It was a little after nine  
 Bm C  
 It was in Bobcaygeon I saw the constellations  
 G Am  
 Reveal themselves one star at a time

( G Am G Am )

G Am G Am  
 Drove back to town this morning with working on my mind

G Am  
 Thought of leaving it behind  
 Bm C  
 Went back to bed this morning  
 G Am  
 And as I'm pulling down the blind  
 Bm C  
 The sky was dull and hypothetical  
 G Am

And falling one cloud at a time

Em C  
 That night in Toronto with its checkerboard floors  
 G D  
 Riding on horseback and keeping order restored  
 Em  
 Til the men they couldn't hang  
 C  
 Stepped to the mic and sang  
 D  
 And their voices rang with that Aryan twang

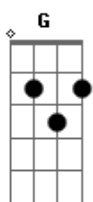
( G Am G Am )  
 ( G Am G Am )

G Am G Am  
 I got to your house this morning just a little after nine  
 G Am  
 In the middle of that riot  
 G Am  
 Couldn't get you off my mind  
 Bm C  
 So I'm at your house this morning  
 G Am  
 Just a little after nine

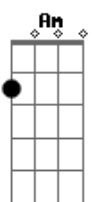
Bm C  
 Cause it was in Bobcaygeon where I saw the constellations  
 G Am  
 Reveal themselves one star at a time

( G Am G Am )

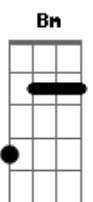
## Acordes



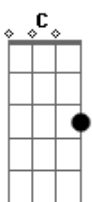
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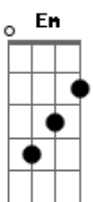
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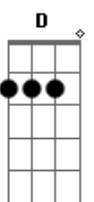
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