

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

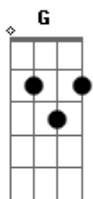
(G Am G Am)
 (G Am G Am)

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

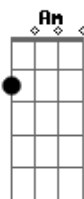
Bm C
 Cause it was in Bobcaygeon where I saw the constellations
 G Am
 Reveal themselves one star at a time

(G Am G Am)

Acordes



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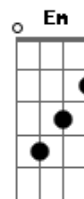
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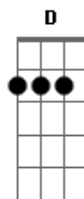
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