

Tragically Hip – Bobcaygeon

Capot 133333.

Verse (4/4) (x4) (x2)

E
B
G
D
A
E

D E- F#- G D- E-

Bridge (8/4)

E
B
G
D
A
E

B- G D A B- G A A

Verse 1

I left your house this morning, about a quarter after nine
Could have been the Willie Nelson, could have been the wine
When I left your house this morning, it was a little after nine
It was in Bobcaygeon, I saw the constellations
Reveal themselves one star at a time.

Verse 2

Drove back to town this morning, with working on my mind
I thought of maybe quitting, thought of leaving it behind
I went back to bed this morning, and as I'm pulling down the blind
Yeah, the sky was dull, and hypothetical
And falling one cloud at a time

Bridge

That night in Toronto, with its checkerboard floors
Riding on horseback, and keeping order restored
Till the men they couldn't hang stepped to the mic and sang
And their voices rang with that Aryan twang.

Verse 3

I got to your house this morning, just a little after nine
In the middle of that riot, couldn't get you off my mind
So I'm at your house this morning, just a little after nine
'Cause it was in Bobcaygeon, where I saw the constellations
Reveal themselves one star at a time.

(End on B-)