

Bobcaygeon - The Tragically Hip

G - 3x0030	Am - x02210	Bm - 224432	C - x32010
Em - 022000	D - xx0232		

G Am G Am (x2)

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 G Am
When I left your house this morning 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 G Am
I thought of maybe quitting, thought of leaving it behind
Bm C G Am
Went back to bed this morning and as I'm pulling down the blinds
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 C
Til the men they couldn't hang stepped to the mic and sang
D
And their voices rang with that Aryan twang

G Am G Am (x2)

G Am G Am
I got to your house this morning just a little after nine
G Am G Am
In the middle of that riot couldn't get you off my mind
Bm C G Am
So I'm at your house this morning 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 (repeat to end...) Em