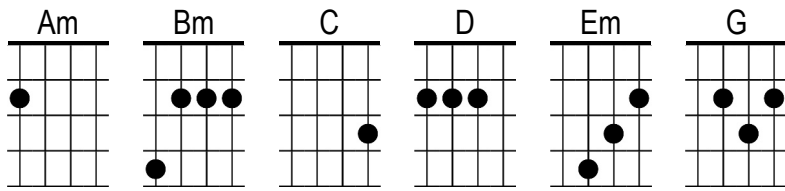


Bobcaygeon

The Tragically Hip



Intro

G Am G Am x2

G I left your house this **Am** mornin' **G** about a quarter after **Am** nine
G Could've been the Willie **Am** Nelson, **G** could've been the **Am** wine
Bm When I left your house this **C** mornin', it was a **G** little after **Am** nine
It was in Bob **Bm** caygeon, I saw the **C** constellations
Re **G**veal themselves one star at a **Am** time

G Am G Am

G Drove back to town this **Am** mornin', **G** with workin' on my **Am** mind
G I thought of maybe **Am** quittin', **G** thought of leavin' it be **Am** hind
Bm Went back to bed this **C** mornin', and as I'm **G** pullin' down the **Am** blind
The **Bm** sky was dull and **C** hypothetical, and **G** fallin' one cloud at a **Am**
time

That night in To **Em** ronto with its **C** checkerboard floors
Riding on **G** horseback and keepin' **D** order restored
Til the men they **Em** couldn't hang stepped to the **C** mic and sang
And their **D** voices rang with that | Aryan twang

G Am G Am x2

G I got to your house this **Am** mornin', **G** just a little after **Am** nine
G In the middle of that **Am** riot, **G** couldn't get you off my **Am** mind
Bm So I'm at your house this **C** mornin' **G** just a little after **Am** nine
Cause it was in Bob **Bm** caygeon where I saw the **C** constellations
Re **G**veal themselves one star at a **Am** time

G Am G Am x2
G ↓