

Bobcaygeon - Tragically Hip

[: G | Am :]

G **Am** **G** **Am**
I left your house this morning about a quarter after nine
G **Am** **G** **Am**
Coulda been the Willie Nelson, coulda 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**
I thought of maybe quitting
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

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

G Am G Am (X 2)

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.

G Am G Am

G Am G Am G