

Bobcaygeon – The Tragically Hip

[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

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

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
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 (2x)

End on **G**