

Noah Kahan - Stick Season

tom:

A

[Verse 1]

A

As you promised me that I was more than all the miles combined
you must've

Had yourself a change of heart like half way through the drive
because your

Voice trailed off exactly as you passed my exit sign

Kept on driving straight and left my future to the right

[Verse 2]

A

Now I am stuck between my anger and the blame that I can't
face and

Memories are something even smoking weed does not replace and
I am

Terrified of weather cause I see you when it rains

And doc told me to travel but there's Covid on the planes

[Chorus]

A

And I love Vermont but it's the season of the sticks and I

Saw your mom and she forgot that I existed and its

Half my fault I'm just like to be the victim, I drink

Alcohol till my friends come home for Christmas and I'll

Dream each night of some version of you that I

Might not have but I did not lose now

I'm tire tracks and one pair of shoes and I'm

Split in half but that'll have to do

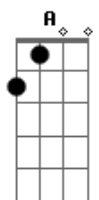
[Verse 3]

A

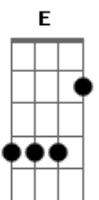
So I thought that if I piled something good on all my bad that
I

Could cancel out the darkness I inherited from dad, no, I am

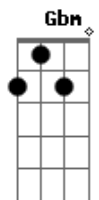
Acordes



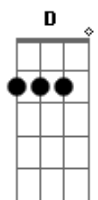
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Gbm

No longer funny 'cause I miss the way you laugh

D

Once called me forever now you still can't call me back

[Chorus]

A

And I love Vermont but it's the season of the sticks and I

Saw your mom and she forgot that I existed and its

Half my fault but I'm just scared to play the victim

I'll drink alcohol till my friends come home for Christmas and
I'll

Dream each night of some version of you that I

Might not have but I did not lose now

Your tire tracks and one pair of shoes and I'm

Split in half but that'll have to do

[Verse 4]

E

Oh, that'll have to do

Gbm

My other half was you

D

I hope this pain's just passing through

E

But I doubt it

[Chorus]

A

And I love Vermont but it's the season of the sticks and I

Saw your mom and she forgot that I existed and its

Half my fault but I'm just scared to play the victim

I'll drink alcohol till my friends come home for Christmas and
I'll

Dream each night of some version of you that I

Might not have but I did not lose now

I'm tire tracks and one pair of shoes and I'm

Split in half but that'll have to do