Tragically Hip - Bobcaygeon

And falling one cloud at a time tom: G Fm C Intro: G Am G Am That night in Toronto with its checkerboard floors G D Riding on horseback and keeping order restored Am G Am I left your house this morning about a quarter after nine Em Til the men they couldn't hang G Am G Could've been the Willie Nelson, could've been the wine С Stepped to the mic and sang When I left your house this morning D And their voices rang with that Aryan twang G Am It was a little after nine (G Am G Am) C Bm It was in Bobcaygeon I saw the constellations (G Am G Am) G Am Reveal themselves one star at a time G Am Am I got to your house this morning just a little after nine (G Am G Am) Am In the middle of that riot G Am G Am Am Drove back to town this morning with working on my mind Couldn't get you off my mind Bm So I'm at your house this morning Am Thought of leaving it behind G Am Just a little after nine Bm Went back to bed this morning Bm С G Am And as I'm pulling down the blind Cause it was in Bobcaygeon where I saw the constellations С G Am Bm The sky was dull and hypothetical Reveal themselves one star at a time Am (G Am G Am) Acordes

