

## Bobcaygeon - The Tragically Hip

**G**                    **A\***    **G**                    **A\***

I left your house this morning about a quarter after nine

**G**                    **A\***    **G**                    **A\***

Coulda been the Willie Nelson, coulda been the wine

**Bm**                    **C**

When I left your house this morning

**G**                    **A\***

It was a little after nine

**Bm**                    **C**

It was in Bobcaygeon I saw the constellations

**G**                    **A\***

Reveal themselves one star at a time

**G**    **A\***    **G**    **A\***

**G**                    **A\***    **G**                    **A\***

Drove back to town this morning with working on my mind

**G**                    **A\***

I thought of maybe quitting

**G**                    **A\***

Thought of leaving it behind

**Bm**                    **C**

Went back to bed this morning

**G**                    **A\***

And as I'm pulling down the blind

**Bm**                    **C**

The sky was dull and hypothetical

**G**                    **A\***

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**    **A\***    **G**    **A\*** (X 2)

((I think you get the point now))

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.