## The Rifle Alela Diane

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Capo 2
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Am7 : 002010 032010 : C/B: 020010 **Em** : 022000

(Picking Intro & verse)

## C C/B Am7 Am7 e | ----- | B | ---1---1--| G | -0---0---| D | --2---0---2---| A | 3---2---0----| E | -----|

## [Intro]

C C/B Am7 Am7 (x2)

## [Verse]

C/B C Am7 Am7 I ve been knockin on that door in my sleep C C/B Am7

Fighting the fireplace glow

C C/B Am7 Am7

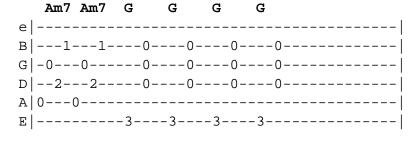
Knockin on that door in my sleep

C C/B Am7

Fighting the fireplace glow

Am7 Am7

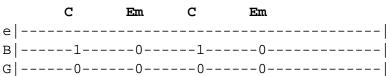
To keep me away



Am7 Am7

To keep me away from home

(Picking chorus)



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D|---0-2---0-2---0|
A | -2---3--3---2------|
E | ----- |
[Chorus]
            Em
                                          Em
Papa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!
They re comin from the woods!
  C
Oh! They re comin from the woods!
And mama you re running too
              Em
Oh! My mama, you re running too
           Em
Mama you re running too
С
Oh! My mama, you re running too
           Em
Brother, I m so sorry that you watched the paintings burn
[Verse]
            C/B Am7
                            Am7
I ve been holding onto the gold
         C C/B Am7
When letting go would free my hand
          C C/B Am7
And I ve been tying your tongue in a knot
          C C/B
                                    Am7
Oh! I ve been tying your tongue in a knot
   Am7
        Am7
To wrap this death
                  G G G
   Am7 Am7
To wrap this death in a sheet
[Chorus]
           Em
                         C
Papa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!
     С
They re comin from the woods!
    C
Oh! They re comin from the woods!
And mama you re running too
Oh! My mama, you re running too
Mama you re running too
Oh! My mama, you re running too
           Em
Brother, I m so sorry that you watched the paintings burn
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[Verse]
C C/B Am7 Am7 C C/B Am7 Am7
And I can t hide the dirty paths down that carpet anymore
C C/B Am7 Am7 C C/B Am7 Am7
No, no, I can t hide the dirty paths down that carpet anymore
      C C/B Am7 Am7
There were too many heavy boots
       C C/B Am7 Am7
There were too many heavy boots
       C C/B Am7 Am7
There were too many heavy boots
 C C/B Am7 Am7
There were too many big black boots
       C C/B Am7 Am7
And there were too many little brown shoes
Am7 Am7 G G G
Marching through
[Outro]
C C/B Am7 Am7
So I m counting it to the sky
C C/B Am7 Am7
Oh! I m counting it to the sky
C C/B Am7 Am7
I m counting it to the sky
C C/B Am7 Am7
Oh! I m counting it to the sky
Am7 Am7 Am7 Am7
Moving back, oh I m
                G (strum)
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Am7 Am7

Moving back to face the lack of home