

The Rifle
Alela Diane

Capo 2

Am7 : 002010
C : 032010
C/B : 020010
Em : 022000

(Picking Intro & verse)

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

[Intro]

C C/B Am7 Am7 (x2)

[Verse]

C C/B Am7 Am7
I ve been knockin on that door in my sleep
C C/B Am7 Am7
Fighting the fireplace glow
C C/B Am7 Am7
Knockin on that door in my sleep
C C/B Am7 Am7
Fighting the fireplace glow
Am7 Am7
To keep me away

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

Am7 Am7 G G G G
To keep me away from home

(Picking chorus)

C Em C Em
e|-----|
B|-----1-----0-----1-----0-----|
G|-----0-----0-----0-----0-----|

D|---0--2---0--2---0--2---0--2-----|
A|-2---3--3---2--2---3--3---2-----|
E|-----|

[Chorus]

C **Em** **C** **Em**
Papa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!
C **Em**
They re comin from the woods!
C **Em**
Oh! They re comin from the woods!
C **Em**
And mama you re running too
C **Em**
Oh! My mama, you re running too
C **Em**
Mama you re running too
C **Em**
Oh! My mama, you re running too
C **Em** **C** **Em**
Brother, I m so sorry that you watched the paintings burn

[Verse]

C **C/B** **Am7** **Am7**
I ve been holding onto the gold
C **C/B** **Am7** **Am7**
When letting go would free my hand
C **C/B** **Am7** **Am7**
And I ve been tying your tongue in a knot
C **C/B** **Am7** **Am7**
Oh! I ve been tying your tongue in a knot
Am7 **Am7**
To wrap this death
Am7 **Am7** **G** **G** **G** **G**
To wrap this death in a sheet

[Chorus]

C **Em** **C** **Em**
Papa, get the rifle from its place above the French doors!
C **Em**
They re comin from the woods!
C **Em**
Oh! They re comin from the woods!
C **Em**
And mama you re running too
C **Em**
Oh! My mama, you re running too
C **Em**
Mama you re running too
C **Em**
Oh! My mama, you re running too
C **Em** **C** **Em**
Brother, I m so sorry that you watched the paintings burn

[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 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

Am7 Am7 G (strum)
Moving back to face the lack of home