The Cold Acre
Augie March

Augie March â€" The Cold Acre

Capo 2
Standard Tuning

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INTRO (on piano)
    Fmaj7       Em
e|---------|---------|
B|-----1---|-----0---|
G|---2---2-|---0---0-|(repeat x2)
D|-3-------|-2-------|
A|---------|---------|
E|---------|---------|
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Fmaj7-**Em** (repeat x2)

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          Fmaj7                                        Em
There s a place I ve been told, and when I grow old I may go there,
          Fmaj7                                       Em
I ve been told that my family s bones may lie under the snow there,
                       C                        Em
And with my little bag, and with my little dog,
      F                                             G
Who sleeps on my chest when he can t find a hole in a log,
          Em              Fmaj7
And when I go, my dog will know

to leave his old fellow and find a new pillow,
G
far from the chill of the cold acre.
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Fmaj7|**Em**

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             Fmaj7
Now there s a Hillydale here and a Lilydale there
             Em                                       Fmaj7
where there s joy in the living, in voices that ring in the air
Em                                        C
I d stay there but sooner or later I d have to go,
             Em
where I don t know,
          F                                           G
but when a dog knows it s on him he doesn t ask why he just goes,
          Em                F
And when I go my bones will know,

to pick up and follow the wagon that rolls
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       G
on the cold acre...


               C
My heart is a cold acre,
                  Em
in my chest is a cold acre,
          F
I don t grow any good anymore though
                  G
I ve seeded my soul with
all kinds of love, that it aches so...


Fmaj7-Em (repeat x2)

SOLO
C-Em-F-G-Em-F--G-


         Fmaj7                                           Em
Though I wake from them mouthing they leave me not able to talk,
       Fmaj7                                                    Em
These dreams are not nightmares but realms I ve been choosing to walk,
                  C                          Em
With my little bag, and with my little dog,
     F                                          G
Who rests on my stomach and barks at the oncoming fog,
              Em                    F
O but when I go, with my lot in tow,
Like a vampire carry my piece of the earth
         G
from the place of my death to the plots of my birth...


              C
My heart is a cold acre,
                  Em
in my chest is a cold acre,
          F
I don t grow any good anymore though
                  G
I ve seeded my soul with all kinds of love
                      C
that don t grow in a cold acre,
                  Em
nothing grows in a cold acre,
          F                                      G
I don t know any good anymore from the bad
except there s one that you have and one that you had,
   Em                        F
O grow, grow, grow, grow, grow,
                             G
And plant me in the only place I know,
That s the Cold Acre.
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Fmaj7-**Em** (repeat x8)

Fmaj7-**Em** (repeat x8)