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The Cold Acre
Augie March

Augie March â€“ The Cold Acre

Capo 2
Standard Tuning

INTRO (on piano)

```
   Fmaj7     Em
e|---------|---------|
B|-----1---|-----0---|
G|---2---2-|---0---0-|(repeat x2)
D|-3-------|-2-------|
A|---------|---------|
E|---------|---------|
```

Fmaj7-**Em** (repeat x2)

```
          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**

```
              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)