

The Cold Acre
Augie March

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Capo 2
Standard Tuning

INTRO (on piano)

	Ema j7	Ebm
e	-----	-----
B	-----1---	-----0---
G	---2---2-	---0---0-
D	-3-----	-2-----
A	-----	-----
E	-----	-----

Ema j7-Ebm (repeat x2)

	Ema j7	Ebm
There s a place I ve been told, and when I grow old I may go there,		
I ve been told that my family s bones may lie under the snow there,	Ema j7	Ebm
And with my little bag, and with my little dog,	B	Ebm
Who sleeps on my chest when he can t find a hole in a log,	E	F#
And when I go, my dog will know	Ebm	Ema j7
to leave his old fellow and find a new pillow,		
far from the chill of the cold acre.		

Ema j7|Ebm

	Ema j7	
Now there s a Hillydale here and a Lilydale there		
where there s joy in the living, in voices that ring in the air	Ebm	Ema j7
I d stay there but sooner or later I d have to go,	Ebm	B
where I don t know,	Ebm	
but when a dog knows it s on him he doesn t ask why he just goes,	E	F#
And when I go my bones will know,	Ebm	E
to pick up and follow the wagon that rolls		

F#

on the cold acre...

B

My heart is a cold acre,

Ebm

in my chest is a cold acre,

E

I don't grow any good anymore though

F#

I've seeded my soul with

all kinds of love, that it aches so...

Ema j7-Ebm (repeat x2)

SOLO

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

Ema j7

Ebm

Though I wake from them mouthing they leave me not able to talk,

Ema j7

Ebm

These dreams are not nightmares but realms I've been choosing to walk,

B

Ebm

With my little bag, and with my little dog,

E

F#

Who rests on my stomach and barks at the oncoming fog,

Ebm

E

O but when I go, with my lot in tow,

Like a vampire carry my piece of the earth

F#

from the place of my death to the plots of my birth...

B

My heart is a cold acre,

Ebm

in my chest is a cold acre,

E

I don't grow any good anymore though

F#

I've seeded my soul with all kinds of love

B

that don't grow in a cold acre,

Ebm

nothing grows in a cold acre,

E

F#

I don't know any good anymore from the bad

except there's one that you have and one that you had,

Ebm

E

O grow, grow, grow, grow, grow,

F#

And plant me in the only place I know,

That's the Cold Acre.

Ema j7-Ebm (repeat x8)