

**The Cold Acre**  
**Augie March**

Augie March " The Cold Acre

Capo 2  
Standard Tuning

INTRO (on piano)

	<b>Gmaj7</b>	<b>F#m</b>
e	-----	-----
B	-----1---	-----0---
G	---2---2-	---0---0-
D	-3-----	-2-----
A	-----	-----
E	-----	-----

**Gmaj7-F#m** (repeat x2)

	<b>Gmaj7</b>	<b>F#m</b>
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,	<b>Gmaj7</b>	<b>F#m</b>
And with my little bag, and with my little dog,	<b>D</b>	<b>F#m</b>
Who sleeps on my chest when he can t find a hole in a log,	<b>G</b>	<b>A</b>
And when I go, my dog will know	<b>F#m</b>	<b>Gmaj7</b>
to leave his old fellow and find a new pillow,		
far from the chill of the cold acre.	<b>A</b>	

**Gmaj7|F#m**

	<b>Gmaj7</b>	
Now there s a Hillydale here and a Lilydale there		
where there s joy in the living, in voices that ring in the air	<b>F#m</b>	<b>Gmaj7</b>
I d stay there but sooner or later I d have to go,	<b>F#m</b>	<b>D</b>
where I don t know,	<b>G</b>	<b>A</b>
but when a dog knows it s on him he doesn t ask why he just goes,	<b>F#m</b>	<b>G</b>
And when I go my bones will know,		
to pick up and follow the wagon that rolls		

**A**

on the cold acre...

**D**

My heart is a cold acre,

**F#m**

in my chest is a cold acre,

**G**

I don't grow any good anymore though

**A**

I've seeded my soul with

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

**Gmaj7-F#m** (repeat x2)

SOLO

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

**Gmaj7**

**F#m**

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

**Gmaj7**

**F#m**

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

**D**

**F#m**

With my little bag, and with my little dog,

**G**

**A**

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

**F#m**

**G**

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

Like a vampire carry my piece of the earth

**A**

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

**D**

My heart is a cold acre,

**F#m**

in my chest is a cold acre,

**G**

I don't grow any good anymore though

**A**

I've seeded my soul with all kinds of love

**D**

that don't grow in a cold acre,

**F#m**

nothing grows in a cold acre,

**G**

**A**

I don't know any good anymore from the bad

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

**F#m**

**G**

O grow, grow, grow, grow, grow,

**A**

And plant me in the only place I know,

That's the Cold Acre.

Gmaj7-F#m (repeat x8)