

Lay It Down  
Cowboy Junkies

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Date: Thu, 23 Jan 1997 14:23:10 -0600  
From: Brian Davies <davies@ils.nwu.edu>  
Subject: Latest version of "cowboy-junkies/lay-it-down-album" file

Welcome to my ever-expanding transcription of the Cowboy Junkies album "Lay It Down". I started this in honor of my first Cowboy Junkies concert at the Riviera in '96, and posted 5 songs and 2 fragments the day of the show. It has slowly grown to include 8 complete songs and 3 fragments. The latest improvements are Gabriel Simonet s much appreciated chords to Bea s Song and a correction on Hold On To Me. My annotations are in {braces}.

- Brian

LAY IT DOWN  
THE COWBOY JUNKIES

Transcriptions by Brian Davies  
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<http://www.ils.nwu.edu/~davies/>

SOMETHING MORE BESIDES YOU by the Cowboy Junkies

{The verses are all G and C chords, though the fingerings are a bit out of the ordinary and there are a lot of odd little runs. The chorus is easy -- here it is.}

I [D] guess I believe that there s a point  
to what we [C] do.  
But I [Am] ask myself is there  
something more be[G]sides you?

A COMMON DISASTER by the Cowboy Junkies

{This is arranged for a single guitar -- they play the first bit of the riff on the bass, and have the guitar playing the synchopated chords. For

the lines I've marked [Bb], the guitar actually stays on Cm, with the second and fourth notes of the main bass line reversed, so that there's a Bb bass note under the chord, but that sounds a bit weird if you're playing it solo.}

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[tab](e) |-----|-----3-----3---3-|
(B) |-----|-----4-----4---4-|   Let the last chord ring.
(G) |-----|-----5-----5---5-|   Play twice for intro.
(D) |-----|-----5-----5---5-|
(A) |-----|-----3---3-----3---3-|
(E) |-----3-6-3-|-----|
      1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &   1 & 2 & 3 & 4 &[/tab]
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[Cm] A candle burning for everything I've ever wanted.  
[Cm] A tattoo burned for everything I've ever wanted and lost.  
[Bb] I had a long list of names that I kept in my back pocket,  
[Cm] but I've cut it down to one and your name's at the top.

[F] Won't you [Eb] share a common dis[Cm]aster  
[Eb] Share with [F] me a common dis[Bb]aster  
[Dm] Oh [Eb] oh, common dis[Cm]aster

[Cm] I found myself a friend, but he's crooked as a stick in water.  
[Cm] So now I'm writing fairy tales to catch the spirit of revenge.  
[Bb] He's got a plan to steal my little sister,  
[Cm] but I'm not too concerned 'cause I will get him in the end.

Chorus

Solo on First Half Of Verse, First Line of Chorus

[Cm] Going to find me someone to share a common disaster.  
[Cm] Run away with me from a life so cramped and dull.  
[Bb] Not worry too much about the happily-ever-after.  
[Cm] Just keep the Caddy moving 'til we're well beyond that hill.

Chorus

LAY IT DOWN by the Cowboy Junkies

{Play around with your chord voicings on this. I've been getting a good sound playing D as x077x5 and just sliding that form up and down, so C is x055x3, etc. You can play the second string open on the E chord, but the rest of the time it sounds better muted. Also worth a try is playing D x/0/0/14/10/0. I've written the chorus as D's on the fifth and tenth frets, but play around with that as well.}

[D] [C] [Bm] [D]  
[D] [C] [Bm] [D] [F] [E] [D]

He [D] left his dead in the [C] cottonwood trees  
the [Bm] ground grown too hard with the [D] years.  
[D] Falling down was not what it [C] used to be  
the [Bm] ground grown too hard with the [D] years. [F] [E] [D]

[D] [C] [Bm] [D]

He [D] told his children those [C] little white lies  
the [Bm] truth would only para[D]lyze them. [F] [E] [D]  
[D] He told himself those [C] little white lies  
the [Bm] truth would only para[D]lyze him.

[Dv] Lay it [Dx] down,  
[Dx] lay it [Dv] down.  
[D] [C] [B] [A]  
[D] [B] [A] [D]

He [D] sold most of what he [C] cherished,  
the [Bm] rest he let them [D] steal. [F] [E] [D]  
[D] Shot his dog out in the [C] open field  
the [Bm] rest he let them [D] steal.

[D] [C] [Bm] [D] [F] [E] [D]

He [D] broke all of his [C] promises,  
[Bm] under a sea green [D] sky.  
[D] They never thought to [C] ask him why,  
[Bm] under a sea green [D] sky.

Chorus

Solo over a drone in D

[D] Please bury me in the [C] cottonwood trees  
the [Bm] ground grown too [D] cold for me.  
[D] Going to sleep tonight in a [C] warm feather bed  
the [Bm] ground grown too [D] cold for me.

Chorus

HOLD ON TO ME by the Cowboy Junkies

One thing more: In HOLD ON TO ME it isn't [E] [A] how you said,  
or at least I heard something else, it sounded, for me, more like  
022100 022200 022100 022200  
**E E4? E E4?**

{The lyric sheet has two repetitions of "Hold on to me" at the end,  
but drag the ending out as long as you'd like. The coda keeps repeating  
the [E] [Es4] [E] [Es4] pattern.}

[E] [Es4] [E] [Es4] [E] [Es4]

[E] If you [Es4] offered me a [E] shade of [Es4] blue  
would I re[E]turn it [Es4] saying that [E] it was [Es4] too  
dark or [G#m] light?  
Or would I [B] see it for the [G#m] precious thing  
that [F#m] it might one [G#m] day [A] be?  
Hold on to [E] me. [Es4] [E] [Es4]

[E] If you [Es4] offered me a [E] point of [Es4] view  
would I dis[E]miss it [Es4] saying that [E] it was [Es4] too  
black and [G#m] white?  
Or would I [B] see it as the [G#m] special thing  
That [F#m] it would no [G#m] doubt [A] be?  
Hold on to [E] me. [Es4] [E] [Es4]

I ll [B] hold on to this [A] gift we share  
it is as [B] slippery as it is [C#m] rare.  
I ll [B] hold on to that [A] feeling  
of [G#m] waking and finding you [C#m] there.  
[F#m] I ll hold on [G#m] to [A] you and you hold on to [E] me. [Es4] [E] [Es4]

[E] If I [Es4] asked you for a [E] simple [Es4] thing  
would you [E] do it [Es4] without [E] too much [Es4] thinking or [G#m] fuss?  
Would you [B] see it for the [G#m] precious thing  
that [F#m] it would sure[G#m]ly [A] be?  
Hold on to [E] me. [Es4] [E] [Es4]

Hold on to me.  
Hold on to me.

COME CALLING by the Cowboy Junkies

[C#m] [A] [B] [B]  
[C#m] [B] [A] [A]

The [C#m] stillness here,  
like what he [A] sometimes finds in[B]side her, [B]  
[C#m] hits so hard it can [B] steal your breath for[A]ever. [A]  
He [C#m] sometimes wonders  
is the [A] sum of their lives to[B]gether [B]  
[C#m] him on the floor and her [B] lost to a mind in [A] tatters. [A]

These days he s [F#] drinking for the pleasure of [A] falling  
and he s [F#] falling for the pleasure of pre[A]tending  
that she s [F#] sitting by the window [A] waiting  
for him to come [C#m] calling. [A] [B] [B]

[C#m] [B] [A] [A]

If [C#m] I could fix me up a [A] week of twilight [B] hours [B]

we d [C#m] sit on the point  
and watch the [B] sun continually [A] flounder. [A]  
[C#m] Bathed in gold we d plug [A] into some kind of [B] power [B]  
and con[C#m]nect with those days  
back be[B]fore all of this went [A] sour. [A]

Cause I m [F#] drinking for the pleasure of [A] falling  
and I m [F#] falling for the pleasure of pre[A]tending  
that you re [F#] sitting by the window [A] waiting  
for me to come [C#m] calling. [A] [B] [B]

[C#m] [B] [A] [A]

[C#m] Odd how the darkness [A] always makes us [B] whisper [B]  
and with the [C#m] last of the sun  
you can [B] feel the approach of the [A] winter. [A]  
[C#m] Now is the time of each [A] day that I  
desperately [B] miss her. [B]  
I sup[C#m]pose I will learn how to [B] live my life with[A]out her. [A]

So you re [F#] drinking for the pleasure of [A] falling  
and you re [F#] falling for the pleasure of pre[A]tending  
that I m [F#] sitting by the window [A] waiting  
for you to come [C#m] calling. [A] [C#m] [A]

for you to come [C#m] calling. [A] [C#m] [A]  
for you to come [C#m] calling. [A] [C#m] [A]  
for you to come [C#m] calling. [A] [C#m] [A]

JUST WANT TO SEE by the Cowboy Junkies

{This is fragment number two. Marking where the chord changes occur is a bit of a pain, since there are two vocal tracks -- the [D] on "guilt" and the following "just" mean that the vocals overlap, not that you should play two bars of D. The chords for the chorus are real sketchy.}

[E] [E] [D] [C]  
[E] [E] [D] [C]  
[E] [E] [D] [C]  
[E] [E] [D] [C]

[E] I don t want to be no patch on no quilt  
(I [D] just want to [C] see...)  
[E] Tear-stained stitching linking memories to [D] guilt  
(I [D] just want to [C] see...)  
[E] I don t want to be no hair on no wall  
(I [D] just want to [C] see...)  
[E] Blood-stained note saying fuck you all  
(I [D] just want to [C] see what kills [E] me) [D] [C]

[D?] Tommy, are you ready we [G?] better head to town  
[Am?] J.D. s box is waiting to be [Am?]lowered down  
and you [Dm?] know how he [G?] hates to be kept waiting [Am] round [G]

[E] [E] [D] [C]  
[E] [E] [D] [C]

[E] I don t want to be no chalk line [D] drawing  
(I [D] just want to [C] see...)  
[E] Toe-tagged question mark, until identi[D]fying  
(I [D] just want to [C] see...)  
[E] I don t want to fuse with no economy seat  
(I [D] just want to [C] see...)  
[E] fuel some fireball at 30,000 feet  
(I [D] just want to [C] see what kills [E] me) [D] [C]

[] Tommy, did you catch his face  
[] before they closed the lid?  
I [] swear I saw him wink once and [] flash me that old grin.  
Oh, you [] know, that would [] be just like [] him. []

Solo

[E] [E] [D] [C]  
[E] [E] [D] [C]

[E] I don t want to face no hollow-eyed [D] ending  
(I [D] just want to [C] see...)  
[E] Loved ones buried, empty days of waiting  
(I [D] just want to [C] see what kills [E] me) [D] [C]

Tommy, darling, come to bed  
we ll try and sleep away this sadness.  
These memories, too, are bound to die  
so our dreams will have to serve us.  
Tomorrow may be the day that our love betrays us.

LONELY SINKING FEELING by the Cowboy Junkies

{Fragment number three, though this time I ve included all the lyrics.  
These chords work, but are oversimplified -- there s a lot more going on  
than this. I also haven t done the bridge yet.}

She says, "I m getting that [C] lonely sinking [F] feeling,  
you [G] know what I mean?" [G]  
With his [G] hand on her back he s [F] thinking,  
"Where does [C] that leave me?" [C]  
[C] "Just when I think I ve un[C]covered the secret  
to [F] peace and tranquili[G]ty  
that [G] lonely sinking [F] feeling creeps [C] up on me."

He says, "I m seeing those [] doubt filled  
questioning [] eyes  
and I can t be[]llieve it s true."  
With her [] head in her hands she [] sighs,  
"It s [] me, not you."  
[] "Just when I thought that I d dis[]covered the joy  
of [] loving one so com[]pletely  
that [] lonely sinking [] feeling creeps [] up on me."

Here in this silent room we wait on ancient ritual.  
Staring at our hearts  
as if they were two caged animals.  
If I am the first to unlock those rusty doors  
will I be the first found bleeding on the floor?

She says, "I m getting that lonely sinking feeling,  
you know what I mean?"  
With his hand on her back he s thinking,  
"Where does that leave me?"  
"Just when I think I ve uncovered the secret  
to peace and tranquility  
that lonely sinking feeling creeps up on me.  
Just when I thought that I d discovered the joy  
of loving one so completely  
that lonely sinking feeling creeps up on me.  
that lonely sinking feeling creeps up on me."

ANGEL MINE by the Cowboy Junkies

Introduction on Verse Twice

He [C] searched for those wings that he [Am] knew  
that this angel should [Em] have at her back. [Em]  
And al[F]though he can t find them  
he [C] really don t mind  
because he [G] knows they ll grow back. [G]

And he [C] reached for that halo that he [Am] knows  
that she had when she [Em] first caught his eye. [Em]  
Although his [F] hand came back empty  
he s [C] really not worried  
because he [G] knows it still shines. [G]

[F] I can t promise that I ll [G] grow those wings  
or [C] keep this tarnished [G] halo [F] shined  
but I ll [F] never betray your [G] trust  
angel [C] mine. [C]

I [C] search all the time on the [Am] ground  
for our shadows [Em] cast side by side. [Em]  
[F] Just to remind me that I [C] haven t gone crazy

that you exist and are mine. [G]

And I [C] know that your skin is as [Am] warm and as real  
as that [Em] smile in your eyes. [Em]  
But I [F] have to keep touching and [C] smelling  
and tasting for [G] fear it's all lies. [G]

Chorus

Solo on Verse

[C] Last night I awoke from the [Am] deepest of sleeps  
with your [Em] voice in my head. [Em]  
And I could [F] tell by your breathing  
that [C] you were still sleeping  
I repeated those words that you had said. [G]

Chorus

Chorus

Solo on Verse Twice and Fade

BEA S SONG (RIVER SONG TRILOGY: PART II)

{The guitar part here is mostly arpeggios; the intro is the middle  
four strings on a C chord.}

Speed [C] River at my feet running low and flat  
I'm [Am] sitting here burning daylight,  
thinking about the past  
and that [F] distance out there  
where the earth meets the [C] sky.  
The [G] slightest move and this river mud  
pulls me [F] further down.  
[G] John's at my side, but he's [F] sitting on [C] firmer ground.

[C] John says I look at the moon and the stars  
[Am] these days more often than I look into his eyes  
and I [F] can't disagree so I don't say [C] nothing.  
I just [G] stare on past his face at Venus [F] rising,  
like a [G] shining speck of [F] hope hanging over the ho[C]rizon.

With [C] each passing year that I sit here  
that ho[Am]rizon seems to inch just that much nearer  
and [F] all that appears on it seems as clear as [C] spit.  
But if there's [G] one thing in my life  
that these years have [F] taught  
it's that you can [G] always see it [F] coming  
but you can never [C] stop it.



Solo on Verse

Speed [C] River at my feet running low and flat  
I m [Am] sitting here burning daylight,  
thinking about the past  
and that [F] distance out there  
where the earth meets the [C] sky.  
The [G] slightest move and this river mud  
pulls me [F] further down.  
[G] John s at my side,  
but he s not [F] noticing that I m [C] drowning.  
The [G] slightest move and this river mud  
pulls me [F] further down.  
[G] John s at my side,  
but he s not [F] noticing that I m [C] drowning.

SPEAKING CONFIDENTIALLY by the Cowboy Junkies

{Each chord in the main riff gets two beats except for the last pair,  
where the A and the G#m combined get two beats, and the G#m is really just  
a grace note back into the riff.}

[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [G#m] [A] [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [G#m] [A] [G#m]

[tab][C#m] Speaking [A] confi[B]dentially [G#m]  
[A] the fire that [F#m] burnt in[G#m]side of [A] me [G#m][//tab]  
[C#m] has turned to [A] ash the [B] tortured [G#m] tree  
[A] that grows be[F#m]side the [G#m] anguished [A] sea. [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] Speaking [F#m] confi[G#m]dentially. [A] [G#m]

[tab][C#m] Speaking [A] meta[B]phorical[G#m]ly  
[A] the earth I [F#m] trust be[G#m]neath my [A] feet [G#m][//tab]  
[C#m] is moving [A] now ever [B] so slight[G#m]ly  
[A] I shift my [F#m] feet but [G#m] feel no re[A]lief. [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] Speaking [F#m] meta[G#m]phorically. [A] [G#m]

[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [A] [G#m] <-- {the violin line is slightly  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [A] [G#m] different from the intro riff}

[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [G#m] [A] [G#m]

[tab][C#m] Speaking [A] hypo[B]thetically [G#m]  
[A] if the air you [F#m] breathed was [G#m] so u[A]nique [G#m][//tab]  
[C#m] would you [A] use it up to [B] idly [G#m] speak  
[A] or horde it [F#m] for A [G#m] rainy [A] week. [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] Speaking [F#m] hypo[G#m]thetically. [A] [G#m]

[tab][C#m] Speaking [A] kind of [B] cryptically [G#m]  
[A] the sea that [F#m] raged be[G#m]side the [A] tree [G#m][//tab]

[C#m] burning [A] bright for [B] all to [G#m] see  
[A] it just might [F#m] mean the [G#m] most to [A] me. [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] Speaking [F#m] kind of [G#m] cryptically. [A] [G#m]

[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [A] [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [A] [G#m]

[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [G#m] [A] [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [G#m] [A] [G#m]  
[C#m] [A] [B] [G#m] [A] [F#m] [G#m] [A] [G#m]

NOW I KNOW by the Cowboy Junkies

[C] Now I know, now I [G] know what it means to be [F] broken. [F]  
[C] Now I know, now I [G] know what it means to be [F] bared. [F]  
[C] You in the chair [G] perceptibly [F] sinking. [F]  
[C] I m on my knees once a[G]gain made aware of the [F] world out there. [F]  
[C] Grief is a word to de[G]scribe the absense of [F] feeling. [F]  
[C] Now I know, now I [G] know what it means to be [C] broken. [C]

Now I [C] know, now I know, now I [G] know what it means to be [F] broken. [F]  
Now I [C] know, now I know, now I [G] know what it means to be [F] bared. [F]  
[C] You in the chair [G] systematically [F] sinking. [F]  
[C] I m on my knees once a[G]gain made aware of the [F] world out there. [F]  
[C] Grief is a word to de[G]scribe the absense of [F] feeling. [F]  
Now I [C] know, now I know, now I [G] know what it means to be [C] broken. [C]

[C] [G] [F] [F]  
[C] [G] [C]

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* Brian Davies (davies@ils.nwu.edu) \* There are three kinds of lies: \*  
\* <http://www.ils.nwu.edu/~davies/> \* Lies, damned lies, and release \*  
\* Institute For The Learning Sciences \* dates. \*  
\* 1890 Maple Ave, Evanston, IL, 60201 \* - guess who \*  
\*\*\*\*\*