

Oregon Hill  
Cowboy Junkies

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#  
#  
#

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#  
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #  
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #  
#-----#

Oregon Hill (M. Timmins/Cowboy Junkies)  
(from the album Black Eyed Man)

Submitted by Steve Scowden (steve.scowden@sf.jwtworld.com)

Corrections/improvements welcome.

(I m playing this song with a E- E6 -E7 riff through most of the verses. That is, an E, then an E with pinkie added on 2nd fret of 2nd string, then sliding my pinkie up to the 3rd fret. Of course, there may be better way.)

**E- E6 -E7** riff

The hoods are up on Pine Street, rearends lifted, too  
The great-grandsons of General Robert E. Lee

**F#m**

are makin love with a little help from STP

**A**

**E- E6 -E7**

Their women on the porches, comparin alibis

(E- E6 -E7 riff)

Greasy eggs & bacon, bumper stickers aimed to start a fight  
Folk in wrecks, confederate caps, if you want some shine well

**F#m F#m7**

you can always find some more

**A**

**E- E6**

**-E7**

but what I remember most, is the color of Susie s door

**C#m**

**G#**

**A**

**E**

And Susie says she s up there, cutting carrots still

**E** **B** **Am**  
Susie says she s missing me

**F#m** **E- E6 -E7**  
so I m missing, Oregon Hill

(**E- E6 -E7** riff)

A river to the south, to wash away all sin  
A college to the east of us, to learn where sin begins

**F#m** **F#m7**  
A graveyard to the west of it all

**A** **E- E6 -E7**  
The child may soon be lying in it

**A** **E**  
Cause to the north there is a prison,

**A** **E**  
which I ve come to call my home

**A** **E**  
but come Monday morning, no country song,

**B** **A** **E**  
will sing me home again

**C#m** **G#** **A** **E**  
Susie says she s up there, cutting carrots still

**E** **B** **Am** **F#m** **E- E6 -E7**  
Susie says she s missing me, so I m missing, Oregon Hill

(**E- E6 -E7** riff)

Sunday morning, 8 a.m., sirens fill the air  
Sounds like someone made the river

**F#m** **F#m7**  
Sounds like someone being born again

**A** **G#m** **F#m** **E- E6 -E7**  
But me, I m just lyin here in Susie s bed

**A** **E**  
Baptists celebrating with praises to the lord

**A** **E**  
Rednecks doin it with gin

**A** **E** **B** **A** **E**  
Me and Susie, we re just celebrating, the joys of sleepin in,

**F#m** **A** **E- E6 -E7**  
because tomorrow, I ll be home again.

**C#m** **G#**  
Susie says she ll wait there,

**A** **E**  
cutting carrots by the window sill

**E** **B** **Am**  
Susie says always think of me,

**F#m** **E- E6 -E7**  
when you think of, Oregon Hill