

Dark Hollow

David Bromberg

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By David Bromberg

Iâ€™d rather [A] be stuck in [E] some dark [A] hollow
Where the sun refu[D]ses to [A] shine
Then to be here a[E]lone, [D] knowing that youâ€™re gone
It would [A] cause me to [E] lose my [A] mind [E][A]

Chorus

So blow your [E] whistle [A] freight train
Carrying me far on [D]down the [A] track
Iâ€™m going a[E]way Iâ€™m [D] leaving today
Iâ€™m [A] going and I [E] ainâ€™t coming [A] back [E][A]

Iâ€™d rather be stuck in [E] some dark [A] hollow
Where the sun refu[D]ses to [A] shine
Than to be stuck in [E] New York [D] City
In a [A] small room with [E] you on my [A] mind. [E][A]

Repeat Chorus