

The More You Pay

Don McLean

D

The auctioneer said, I m not through yet,

C A D

Here s a horse the likes of which you ve never seen,

G C \ B Am Em

And the straw hats in the sun, with a face beneath each one,

C\B G Am

Shown doubtful and the auctioneer got mean.

Am G F E

Do you think that you can find a horse like this every day?

Am G F E

I don t think there s any better on this earth,

Am E Am

And the more you pay, the more it s worth.

D

Then out she came, a snow-white mare,

C A D

Prancin and a dancin in the silver sun,

G C \ B Am Em

They watched her from behind, as she did her bump and grind,

C\B G Am

Walkin naked, sad and graceful for their fun.

Am G F E

Oh how I wished I could afford that lady painted white,

Am G F E

A queen with high nobility of birth,

Am E Am

But the more you pay, the more it s worth.

D

My pockets hung with empty blues,

C A D

Silent heels were standin on my growin pains,

G C \ B Am Em

My bid was not too bad, two bits was all I had,

C\B G Am

And the stable boy just handed me the reins.

Am G F E

Well the gallery went wild, and the auctioneer half smiled,

Am G F E

What we don t sell we shoot or give away,

Am E Am

Cause the more you pay, the more it s worth.

Bm Em Bm Em

And where was the boy, who rode on her back,

Bm **Em** **A**
With his arms holding tight round her neck?

Bm **Em**
How tightly he clung,

Bm **Em**
When they both were young,

C **B** **Am**
And fate had not let this poor girl be so
Em

Disgraced.

<http://www.youtube.com/mattnourse>