Acordesweb.com

Brown Eyed Woman
Grateful Dead

This is how i play it.

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E-------------------------------------------------------------|
B-------------------------------------------------------------|
G-------4-5-6-6----6^86--4-4---4h6p4-----------------------|
D---4^6---------------------------------6--------------------|
A-------------------------------------------------------------|
E-------------------------------------------------------------|

E-----------------------------------------------------4-----|
B-----------------------------------------------------5-----|
G----------------------------------0--1----------------6-----|
D---42--2--2------2--2-----2--4----------------------6-----|
A---------------4---------------------------2-2--3-3--4-----|
E-------------------------------------------------------------|
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C#m                        E
Gone are the days when the ox fall down,
B                                  A
You take up the yoke and plow the fields around.
C#m                        E
Gone are the days when the ladies said,  Please,
A                                    E
Gentle Jack Jones won t you come to me.

B
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,
    A                        E          B
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.
A                             E            C#m
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin  down,
       F#m                     A        E
And it looks like the old man s gettin  on.

1920 when he stepped to the bar,
Drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar.
1930 when the wall caved in,
He paid his way selling red-eyed gin.

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin  down,
And it looks like the old man s gettin  on.

Delilah Jones was the mother of twins,
Two times over and the rest were sins.
Raised eight boys, only I turned bad,
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Didn t get the lickin s that the other ones had.

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin down,
And it looks like the old man s gettin on.

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Bm                    A        E
Tumble down shack in Big Foot county.
Bm                       A          E
Snowed so hard that the roof caved in.
C#m     B             A        G#m
Delilah Jones went to meet her God,
        A                            E
And the old man never was the same again.
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Daddy made whiskey and he made it well.
Cost two dollars and it burned like hell.
I cut hick ry just to fire the still,
Drink down a bottle and be ready to kill.

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin down,
And it looks like the old man s gettin on.

Gone are the days when the ox fall down,
You take up the yoke and plow the fiends around.
Gone are the days when the ladies said Please,
Gentle Jack Jones won t you come to me.

Brown-eyed women and red grenadine,
The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin down,
And it looks like the old man s gettin on.

```
       F#m                      A       E
And it looks like the old man s gettin  on.
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