Red Velvet
Ian Tyson

Red Velvet
by Ian Tyson

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     G#              Bb           Eb                   C#
Four months ago in April, on a day-coach she came down
        G#            Eb              G#       Eb
And the dusty autumn winds begin to blow
           G#                 Bb               Eb               C#
I shouldâ€™a known I couldnâ€™t hold her livinâ€™ out so far from town
        G#                  Eb                G#      Eb
And the nights to come are long and slow to go

     G#                 Bb                 Eb                 C#
Well now sheâ€™s up and left me and went walkinâ€™ down the line
        G#            Eb              G#      Eb
And the dusty autumn winds begin to blow
    G#                 Bb            Eb                    C#
All dressed up in red velvet & her high-heeled shoes so fine
        G#                  Eb                G#
And the nights to come are long and slow to go

        F#        C#        Eb       G#
Well if Iâ€™d only known, before we kissed, that
C#                  Eb           Eb7                  G#     G#7
You canâ€™t keep red velvet on a poor dirt farm like this
   C#                  Eb              G#                F#
So now sheâ€™s gone and left me & went walkinâ€™ down the line
        C#            G#              C#     G#
And the dusty autumn winds begin to blow

          C#               Eb              G#             F#
Well Iâ€™ll sit & count the evening stars, as they walk around
         C#            G#              C#    G#
When the dusty autumn winds begin to blow
          C#             Eb                G#             F#
Then Iâ€™ll call my dog & take the truck & drive on into town
           C#                  G#              C#    G#
â€˜Cause the nights to come are long & slow to go

          C#               Eb              G#              F#
Well Iâ€™ll sit & count the evening stars, as they walk around
        C#            G#              C#     G#
And the dusty autumn winds begin to blow
          C#             Eb                G#             F#
Then Iâ€™ll call my dog & take the truck & drive on into town
           C#                  G#              C#   G#
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â€˜Cause the nights to come are long & slow to go

C# **G#** **C#**
And those dusty autumn winds, be - gin to blow