

**Timothy Hay**  
**mewithoutYou**

Timothy Hay

Note: Some of the chord names are off a bit from the words, but if you listen to the song, you should be able to get it.

**E** **E**  
On a cold December, just before dawn  
**E** **E A** (repeat)  
As the sun said Hello! to the sky  
The Mantis prayed while the Lamellicorn  
Tunneled and rolled in a threadbare tie  
While the Holland Lops in the Karakung Glades  
Indignantly thump their feet and hop away  
When they cut their noses on the sharp-tipped blades  
(Which the grass doesn't mind in the least)  
And there's a heat-pat waiting in the chicken-wire hutch  
Where the does from the Netherlands stay  
But that dry alfalfa doesn't taste like much  
And we're tired of the timothy hay

**E E E E A E** (x2)  
**E E E D A**  
**E E E E A**

**E** **E**  
I touched her back, she was lying facedown  
**E** **D A E**  
As the dew turned to frost around her eyes,  
**E** **E**  
Me and Sister Margaret on the Pentagon lawn  
**E** **E A E** (repeat)  
Arrested, our wrists in a plastic tie  
While the rats by the tracks on these winter days  
Seeking shelter from the cold make a nest  
From the tracks of our various ways  
They can save their immortal

**Bm**  
souls

**Bm** **Cm**  
**A** **D**  
**Cm** **A**  
Oh no timothy hay, no more timothy hay, etc.

(repeat progression from the second stanza)  
On a cold December, just after dusk

As the sun bids its cordial goodbyes,  
We ll be split to pieces like an apple seed husk  
To reveal the tree that s been hidden inside  
Which sapling called in a tattered sarong  
As the seeds from the Shepherd s Purse fell,  
Broke the news to Mom,  
We found a better Mom we call God,  
Which she took quite well  
Singing, what a beautiful God there must be!

(End on E chord)