Far From Home
Neil Young

(intro) **Bb F Bb F Bb F Dm Bb F**

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         Bb                  F
    When I was a growing boy,
        Bb                                      F
    a-rocking on my daddy s knee,
       Bb                          F                G
    Daddy took an old guitar and sang
        Bb                                  F
    ?Bury me on the lone prairie.

                Bb                     F
    Uncle Bob sat at the piano,
                  Bb                            F
    my girl cousins sang harmony,
       Bb                                   F       G
    those were the good old family times
            Bb                          F
    that left a big mark on me.

(   Bb F   Bb F   Bb F G  Bb F   )

   Bb                              F                        Bb
 F
Bury me out on the prairie where the buffalo used to roam,
                   Bb                             F            G
where the Canada geese once filled the sky,
          Bb                    C           F
and then I won t be far from home.
  Bb                               F                          Bb
  F
Bury me out on the prairie, where the buffalo used to roam,
         Bb                               F          G
you won t have to shed a tear for me,
              Bb                                  F
 cause then I won t be far from home.

(   Bb F   Bb F   Bb F G  Bb F   )

       Bb                                                   F
    Walking down the trans-Canada highway,
              Bb                   F
    I was talking to a firefly,
      Bb                                       F                            G
    trying to make my way to Nashville, Tennessee,
                  Bb                                F
    when another car passed me by.
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                Bb                                        F
    Some day I m gonna make big money,
             Bb                              F
    and buy myself a big old car,
                      Bb                                F            G
    make my way on down to that promised land,
              Bb                     C           F
    and then I m gonna really go far.

(   Bb F   Bb F   Bb F Dm  Bb F   )

   Bb                              F                         Bb
 F
Bury me out on the prairie where the buffalo used to roam,
                   Bb                              F            G
where the Canada geese once filled the sky,
          Bb                                  F
and then I won t be far from home.
         Bb                               F                          Bb
         F
Just bury me out on the prairie, where the buffalo used to roam,
         Bb                               F         G
you won t have to shed a tear for me,
              Bb                                  F
 cause then I won t be far from home.

(   Bb F  Bb F   Bb F G  Bb C  F   )
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