She Aint Speakin Now Of Montreal

SHE AIN T SPEAKIN NOW - OF MONTREAL

Created by: dcolspector

Many of the chords are barred, so play around with different inversions and shapes. For instance, try

the Bb into C in the verses as E shapes (on the 6th and 8th frets,

respectively). Use that same Bb

shape when it is used alongside the Fmaj7 (which I notated just below this $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{N}$ it is the Cmaj7 shape on the 5th fret).

C#maj7/F - 143111

Fmaj7 - 587555

Dm - 557765

Am Am/G Bb A7

Dm Dsus2 Dm Dm7 Dm Dsus2 Dm (Only a hammer-on for the non-Dm chords)

C#maj7/F

Like some sepulchral tableaux,

F

I sit frozen holding your hand.

C#maj7/F

Though $I\hat{a} \in \mathbb{M}$ m trying to think only,

C

Positive thoughts I understand.

Вb

That this tomorrow,

Fmaj7

May not be the tomorrow that,

Bb Fmaj7

Your eviscerating suffering will end, oh.

Bb

Will you ever be yourself again?

Single notes â€" [F G F A D F G]

Gmaj

F

Girl with the flu, I hear the death rune,

```
She ain't doin well.
                            Dm
                                            Gm
Her eyes they seem cast and fatherless.
Her psyche s cracked or, anyhow,
                   Bb
She ain t speakin now.
Dm
    Dsus2
            Dm
                   Dm7
                          Dm
                                Dsus2
                                         Dm
                                              (Only a hammer-on for the non-Dm
chords)
Nightfall, like some leaden sea,
Dilates as I hold vigil by your bed.
Watching the pillowcase soaking with sweat around your head.
I can t repel the snaking veil of morbidity,
That s disfiguring the seraph of your face.
Oh, the organism s been debased.
Girl with the flu, I hear the death rune,
She ain't doin well,
Her eyes they seem cast and fatherless
Her psyche s shattered or, anyhow,
She ain t speakin now.
 You scream that the books are falling off the shelves onto you, but,
   I can t see them.
Е
 Your hallucination ravings, I m writing them all down so,
Bb
 You can read them,
          C
When your mind no longer aches and your febrility breaks.
Girl with the flu, I hear the death rune,
She ain't doin well.
Her eyes they seem cast and fatherless,
Her psyche s cracked or, anyhow,
She ain t speakin now.
Girl with the flu, I hear the death rune,
She ain't doin well.
Her eyes they seem cast and fatherless,
Her psyche s shattered or, anyhow,
She ain t speakin now.
Dm
```

F

Gm