Spring Of 65 The Holy Modal Rounders

Verses repeat same chord progression with a solo after verses 2 (piano), 4 (mandolin), and 6 (fiddle).

[Verse 1]

Dm Am C Dm

I woke up one morning, in the spring of 65

Dm Am C Dm

Considering myself lucky, to be found alive.

Dm Am C Dm

I hitched up my horses, my business to pursue,

[Verse 2]

The sunshine made my head feel strange, it was an honest try.

Dm Am C Dm

So I unhitched my mule, and saddled up my mare

Dm Am C Dm

And rode down to the grocery, to see what s doin there.

[Verse 3]

Old man Hawkins brought a load of whiskey from his still.

[Verse 4]

[Verse 5]

Dm Am C Dm

The night was clear as crystal, the moon was full and bright

C DmDmΑm And nothing looked familiar, in that pale, unearthly light. Am C There was no wind, no calling birds, in fact it was so still, DmC I scarcely drew a breath, till I d reached old Laurel Hill. [Verse 6] DmΑm C I ll tell you of our party, and how it did commence Αm C When four of us jolly boys, got on the floor to dance. DmΑm C The fiddler being willing, his arm a being strong, Αm C DmHe played the Crippled Kingfisher about four hours long. [Verse 7] DmAm C I see the morning star boys, I guess we danced enough DmAm We ll spend another hour, in paying cash for cuff. Am DmWe ll go back to our plows, we ll whistle and we ll sing, DmWe never shall be guilty of another such a thing. [Verse 8] DmAm DmCome all you newsy women, who gather news about Am C Don t tell no tales upon us, we re bad enough without. Dm

Dont tell no tales up on us, and kick up any fuss, DmAm C DmYou been guilty of the same thing, perhaps a whole lot worse.