

Muswell Hillbilly
The Kinks

Intro

D D D

G A D D (2X)

Verse

D Well I said goodbye to Rosie Rooke this morning,
A I m gonna miss her bloodshot alcoholic eyes,
D She wore her Sunday hat so she d impress me,
A I m gonna carry her memory til the day I die.
D They ll move me up to Muswell Hill tomorrow,
A Photographs and souvenirs are all I ve got,
D They re gonna try and make me change my way of living,
A But they ll never make me something that I m not.

D Cos I m a Muswell Hillbilly boy,
A but my heart lies in old West Virginia,
D Never seen New Orleans, Oklahoma, Tennessee,
A Still I dream of the Black Hills that I ain t never seen.

G A D D (2X)

VERSE

E They re putting us in identical little boxes,
B No character just uniformity,
E They re trying to build a computerised community,
B But they ll never make a zombie out of me.
E **A**

They ll try and make me study elocution,
B E
Because they say my accent isn t right,
E A
They can clear the slums as part of their solution,
B E
But they re never gonna kill my cockney pride.
E A
Cos I m a Muswell Hillbilly boy,
B E
But my heart lies in Old West Virginia,
E
Though my hills they re not green,
A B
I ve seen them in my dreams,
B
Take me back to those Black Hills,
E
That I have never seen.

A B E(3x)

E A
Well I m a Muswell Hillbilly boy,
B E
But my heart lies in Old West Virginia,
E
Though my hills are not green,
A B
I ve seen them in my dreams,
B
Take me back to those Black Hills,
E
That I have never seen.

A B E(3x)

A B E E