

**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**

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