

**Muswell Hillbilly**  
**The Kinks**

*Intro*

**Eb Eb Eb**

**G# Bb Eb Eb (2X)**

*Verse*

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

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

**G# Bb Eb Eb (2X)**

*VERSE*

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

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

Bb C F(3x)

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

Bb C F(3x)

Bb C F F