

Muswell Hillbilly
The Kinks

Intro

C C C

F G C C (2X)

Verse

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

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

F G C C (2X)

VERSE

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

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

G A D(3x)

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

G A D(3x)

G A D D