

Muswell Hillbilly
The Kinks

Intro

C# C# C#
F# G# C# C# (2X)

Verse

C# Well I said goodbye to Rosie Rooke this morning,
F# I m gonna miss her bloodshot alcoholic eyes,
G# She wore her Sunday hat so she d impress me,
C# I m gonna carry her memory til the day I die.
F# 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,
F# But they ll never make me something that I m not.

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

F# G# C# C# (2X)

VERSE

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

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

G# Bb Eb(3x)

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

G# Bb Eb(3x)

G# Bb Eb Eb