

The List

Thea Gilmore

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Capo 2nd Fret

E-

He was a clubland caller, he was younger than he felt

A-

B-

Settled like a moth down in the east-end Neon belt

E-

Well he used to be a believer, 'til the city got its grip

A-

B-

Now if there's any holiness left, Well he can't remember it

E-

She was a high-rise butterfly, crashed in '92

A-

B-

Into some veiled little suburb that they bulldozed through

E-

Where the little fat angels guard the harvest like they should

A-

B-

Well its downtown now but it used to be the woods

It used to be the woods

D

E-

And, oh its a lonely little town

D

E-

And oh, its a lonely little tune

Dsus6

B-

E-

And if my name is on that list I'll see you soon

E-

First he heard her voice and then he saw her face

A-

B-

She shone just like a crucifix, an instrument of grace

E-

And they got on like children, they got a hotel room

A-

B-

They got a new religion, a needle and a spoon

E-

And they gave thanks to the heavens, but the devil held their hands

A-

B-

And they walked that great divide between Disciples and partisans

E-

And the brown and the Bible, they were never quite enough

A-
But the life that grew inside her well that felt a bit like love

felt a bit like love

D **E-**
And, oh its a lonely little town

D **E-**
And oh, its a lonely little tune

Dsus6 **B-** **E-**
And if my name is on that list I guess Iâ€™ll see you soon
Dsus6 **B-** **E-**
And if my name is on that list I guess Iâ€™ll see you soon

E-
The seasons are a metronome, the rhythm and the wild

A- **B-**
The winter took his heart away, the spring it took her child

E-
And the honeyed breath of summer is sweet and overgrown

A- **B-**
But its always autumn sings â€œits not too late To find your way back homeâ€•

To find your way back homeâ€•

E-
And a bell sometimes reminds them, or the singing in the wind

A- **B-**
The striking of a match, the smell of Paraffin

E-
And some folks are drawn to the flames, and some just want to hide

A- **B-**
But the lonely are the prettiest of all, they burn from the inside

They burn from the inside

A- **B-**
Yeah, the lonely are the prettiest of all, they burn from the inside