

**The List**

**Thea Gilmore**

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Capo 2nd Fret

**F-**

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

**Bb-** **C-**

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

**F-**

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

**Bb-** **C-**

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

**F-**

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

**Bb-** **C-**

Into some veiled little suburb that they bulldozed through

**F-**

Where the little fat angels guard the harvest like they should

**Bb-** **C-**

Well its downtown now but it used to be the woods

It used to be the woods

**Eb** **F-**

And, oh its a lonely little town

**Eb** **F-**

And oh, its a lonely little tune

Dsus6 **C-** **F-**

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

**F-**

First he heard her voice and then he saw her face

**Bb-** **C-**

She shone just like a crucifix, an instrument of grace

**F-**

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

**Bb-** **C-**

They got a new religion, a needle and a spoon

**F-**

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

**Bb-** **C-**

And they walked that great divide between Disciples and partisans

**F-**

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

**Bb-** **C-**  
But the life that grew inside her well that felt a bit like love  
felt a bit like love

**Eb** **F-**  
And, oh its a lonely little town

**Eb** **F-**  
And oh, its a lonely little tune

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

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

**F-**  
The seasons are a metronome, the rhythm and the wild

**Bb-** **C-**  
The winter took his heart away, the spring it took her child

**F-**  
And the honeyed breath of summer is sweet and overgrown

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

To find your way back homeâ€•

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

**Bb-** **C-**  
The striking of a match, the smell of Paraffin

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

**Bb-** **C-**  
But the lonely are the prettiest of all, they burn from the inside

They burn from the inside

**Bb-** **C-**  
Yeah, the lonely are the prettiest of all, they burn from the inside