

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