

The List

Thea Gilmore

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Capo 2nd Fret

F#-

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

B-

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

B-

C#-

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

F#-

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

B-

C#-

Into some veiled little suburb that they bulldozed through

F#-

Where the little fat angels guard the harvest like they should

B-

C#-

Well its downtown now but it used to be the woods

It used to be the woods

E

F#-

And, oh its a lonely little town

E

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

B-

C#-

She shone just like a crucifix, an instrument of grace

F#-

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

B-

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

B-

C#-

And they walked that great divide between Disciples and partisans

F#-

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

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

felt a bit like love

E **F#-**
And, oh its a lonely little town

E **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

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

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

B- **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

B- **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

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

They burn from the inside

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