

## The List

Thea Gilmore

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Capo 2nd Fret

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**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