

July, July! - The Decemberists

E E7

[Verse]

A B E D

There is a road that meets the road that goes to my house

A B E

and how the green grows there.

A B E D

And we got special boots that beat the path to my house

A B E

and it's careful, and it's careful when I'm there.

[Verse]

A B E D

And I say your uncle was a crooked French Canadian

A B E

and he was gunshot running gin

A B E D

and how his guts were all suspended in his fingers

A B E

and how he held'em, how held'em, held'em in.

[Pre-Chorus]

F#m E

And the water rolls down the drain.

F#m E

The water rolls down the drain.

D

O what a lonely thing!

E

In a lonely drain!

[Chorus]

A D E E7

July, July, July

A D E

never seemed so strange

A D E E7

July, July, July

A D E E7 A D E E7

never seemed so, never seemed so strange.

[Verse]

A B E D

This is the story of the road that goes to my house

A B E

and what ghosts do there remain.

A B E D

And all the troughs that run the length and breadth of my house

A B E

and the chickens, how they rattle chicken chains.

[Verse]

A B E D

And we'll remember this when we are old and ancient,

A B E

though the specifics might be vague.

A B E D

And I'll say your camisole was a sprightly light magenta

A B E

when in fact it was a nappy bluish gray.

[Pre-Chorus]

F#m E

And the water rolls down the drain.

F#m E

The blood rolls down the drain.

D

O what a lonely thing!

E

In a blood red drain!

[Chorus]

A D E E7

July, July, July

A D E

never seemed so strange

A D E E7

July, July, July

A D E E7 A D E

never seemed so, never seemed so strange

E7 A D E

It never seemed so strange

E7 A D E

It never seemed so strange

E7 A D E E7 A D E E7

It never seemed so straaaaaaaaaaaaange

End on A