

Season of the Sticks

Noah Kahan

A | A | A | A*

[Verse 1]

A

As you promised me that I was more
than all the miles combined

E

You must have had yourself a change of
heart like halfway through the drive

F#m

'Cause your voice trailed off exactly as
you passed my exit sign

D
Kept on driving straight and left our
future to the right

[Verse 2]

A

Now I am stuck between my anger and
the blame that I can't face

E

And memories are something even
smoking weed does not replace

F#m

And I am terrified of weather 'cause I see
you when it rains

D
Doc told me to travel but there's COVID
on the planes

[Chorus]

A*

And I love Vermont but it's the season of
the sticks and I

E*

Saw your mom she forgot that I
existed

F#m*

And It's half my fault but I just like to play
the victim

D*

I'll drink alcohol 'till my friends come
home for Christmas

A

And I'll dream each night of some
version of you

E

That I might not have but I did not lose

F#m

Now you're tire tracks and one pair of
shoes

D

E

And I'm split in half but that'll have to do

A*

ooh ooh

[Verse 3]

A

So I thought that if I piled something
good on all my bad

E

That I could cancel out the darkness I
inherited from dad

F#m

No I am no longer funny 'cause I miss
the way you laugh

D

Once called me forever now you still
can't call me back

[Chorus]

A

And I love Vermont but it's the season of
the sticks and I

E

Saw your mom she forgot that I
existed

F#m

And It's half my fault but I just like to play
the victim

D

I'll drink alcohol 'till my friends come
home for Christmas

A

And I'll dream each night of some
version of you

E

That I might not have but I did not lose

F#m

Now you're tire tracks and one pair of
shoes

D

E

And I'm split in half but that'll have to do

A

ooh ooh

[Bridge]

A

E

Oh, that'll have to do

F#m

My other half was you

D

I hope this pain's just passing through

E

But I doubt it

[Chorus]

A*

And I love Vermont but it's the season of

the sticks and I

E*

Saw your mom she forgot that I
existed

F#m*

And It's half my fault but I just like to play
the victim

D*

I'll drink alcohol 'till my friends come
home for Christmas

A

And I'll dream each night of some
version of you

E

That I might not have but I did not lose

F#m

Now you're tire tracks and one pair of
shoes

D

E

And I'm split in half but that'll have to do

A

ooh ooh

A*