

The Decemberists: July, July!

INTRO

E

VERSE I

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 II

And I say your uncle was a crooked French Canadian
and he was gunshot running gin
and how his guts were all suspended in his fingers
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 E
O what a lonely thing! In a lonely drain!

CHORUS

A D E D
July, July, July
A D E
never seemed so strange
A D E D
July, July, July
A D E D A D E
never seemed so, never seemed so strange.

VERSE III

This is the story of the road that goes to my house
and what ghosts do there remain.
And all the thoughts that run the length and breadth of my house
and the chickens, how they rattle chicken chains.

Verse IV

And we'll remember this when we are old and ancient,
though the specifics might be vague.
And I'll say your camisole was a sprightly light magenta

when in fact it was a nappy bluish gray.

REPEAT PRE-CHORUS

REPEAT CHORUS

END on E