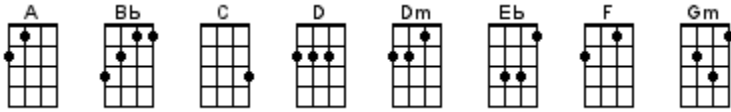


Haunting

The Pogues 1993 (as adapted by Mike Cox and Chris Hill for BUG)



INSTRUMENTAL INTRO: / 1 2 3 4

Sit **[Gm]** down on that stool, hear the **[Dm]** cant of a fool
And a **[Eb]** strange tale I'll tell unto **[Dm]** ye
Of a **[F]** time that I lived at the **[Eb]** butt of a hill
'Neath the **[D]** burial chambers you **[Gm]** see **[Gm]**

Sit **[Gm]** down on that stool, hear the **[Dm]** cant of a fool
And a **[Eb]** strange tale I'll tell unto **[Dm]** ye
Of a **[F]** time that I lived at the **[Eb]** butt of a hill
'Neath the **[D]** burial chambers you **[Gm]** see

One **[Gm]** Saturday night, I get **[Dm]** up on me bike
For to **[Eb]** go to a dance in the **[Dm]** town
I **[F]** set off at seven to be **[Eb]** there for eleven
No **[D]** thought to the rain comin' **[Gm]** down

[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm] /
[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm]

I **[Gm]** pushed up the hill, the rain **[Dm]** started to spill
So for **[Eb]** shelter I had to re-**[Dm]**sort
Helter-**[F]**skelter I went, as **[Eb]** downhill I sped
To the **[D]** trees at the old fairy **[Gm]** fort

I **[Gm]** pulled up me bike, b' a **[Dm]** tree in the gripe
To find **[Eb]** shelter out of the **[Dm]** storm
The **[F]** rain it came down and like **[Eb]** stones beat the ground
It was **[D]** grand to be dry in that **[Gm]** storm

[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm] /
[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm]

I was **[Gm]** dreamin' away, a-**[Dm]**bout better days
When a **[Eb]** voice it says, "Dirty ould **[Dm]** night"
I fell **[F]** over me bike, I **[Eb]** got such a fright
When the **[D]** ghostly voice bid me that **[Gm]** night

I jumped **[Gm]** up with a start, gave the **[Dm]** storm not a thought
As the **[Eb]** hail beat a rhythm on **[Dm]** me
And I **[F]** stared at the tree that had **[Eb]** spoken to me
Not a **[D]** body was there I could **[Gm]** see

[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm] /
[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm]

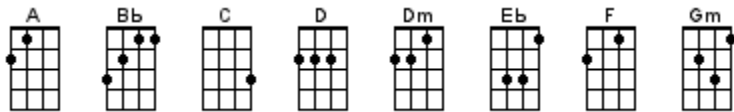
I **[Gm]** trembled and shook, the tree **[Dm]** twisted and booked
As the **[Eb]** wind got into a **[Dm]** scream
And I **[F]** grabbed for me bike in that **[Eb]** devil's own night
Ex-**[D]**pecting to wake from a **[Gm]** dream

But the **[Gm]** voice that I'd heard, not a-**[Dm]**nother word said
As the **[Eb]** hair on the head stood on **[Dm]** me
And I **[F]** said an Our Father as I **[Eb]** peddled much faster
A-**[D]**way from that ghost-haunted **[Gm]** tree

[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm] /
[Bb][A] / [C][F] / [Gm] / [Gm]

For **[Gm]** weeks and weeks after, with **[Dm]** nerves a disaster
No-**[Eb]**where near that road would I **[Dm]** go
And from **[F]** dusk through the night, I would **[Eb]** shake with the fright
Of the **[D]** tree that had haunted me **[Gm]** so

So when-**[Gm]**ever I go to a **[Dm]** dance in the town
I make **[Eb]** sure not to stop on the **[Dm]** way
To be **[F]** there for eleven, I **[Eb]** still leave at seven
But I **[D]** go me a different **[Gm]** way
I **[D]** go me a different **[Gm]** way
I **[D]** go me a different **[Gm]** way
I **[D]** go me a different **[Gm]** way **[Gm]** ↓



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