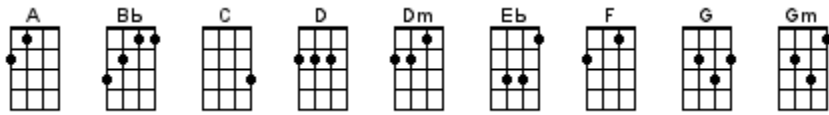


# Haunting

Terry Woods 1993 (as recorded by his band, The Pogues, on their album, Waiting For Herb)



< 6/8 time means / 1 2 3 4 5 6 / but counted as / 1 2 / 1 2 / >

INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

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

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

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

Sit [Gm] down on that stool, hear the [Dm] cant of a fool  
And the [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 [Gm]/[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]/[Gm]/[Gm]/  
[Bb]/[A]/[C]/[F]/[Gm]/[Gm]/[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

[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/

[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/[G][D]/

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

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

[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/  
[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/[G][D]/[G]

[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/  
[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/[G][D]/[G]

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

[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/  
[G]/[D]/[G]/[D]/  
[G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/[G][D]/[G] ↓ ↓

