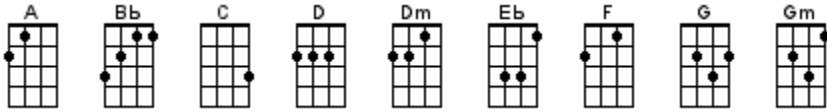


# Haunting

The Pogues 1993



< 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]/**  
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**[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]/**  
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**[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]/

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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

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 [G]/[D]/[G][D]/[G]/[G][D]/[G] ↓ ↓

