# Haunting

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

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**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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