

Band, The

"Across The Great Divide"

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G g/b c/e g g/b

Standin by your window in pain, a pistol in your

C/e g g/b c/e

Hand, and i beg you, dear molly, girl,

D

Try and understand your man the best you can.

G a7 c em g

Across the great divide, just grab your hat, and take
that ride

A c em g

Get yourself a bride, and bring your children down to
the river side.

G c g c

I had a goal in my younger days, i nearly wrote my will

G c d

But i changed my mind for the better, i'm at the still,
had my fill and i'm fit to kill

G c g c

Pinball machine, and a queen, i nearly took a bust

G c d

Tried to keep my hands to myself, ya say it's a must,
but who can ya trust?

G c g c

Harvest moon shinin' down from the sky, a weary sign
for all

G c d

I'm gonna leave this one horse town, had t' stall till the
fall, now i'm gonna crawl!

G a c em g

A c g c

Now molly dear, don't ya shed a tear

G c g

Your time will surely come, you'll feed your man

C d

Chicken ev'ry sunday, now tell me, hon, what-cha done
with the gun

G a7 c em g

Across the great divide, just grab your hat, and take
that ride

A c em g

Get yourself a bride, and bring your children down to
the river side.

G a c g

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