

Band, Across The Great Divide

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