

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

She hides in an attic concealed on a shelf

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

Behind volumes of literature based on herself

/ D D7 / G G7

and runs across the pages like some tiny elf

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7

Knowing that it's hard to find stuff way-back in her mind,

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7

Winds up spending all of her time trying to memorize a-e-ver-y-line

/ D D7 / G7 / D7 / D7

Sweet Lorraine, ah— sweet Lor - raine.

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

Sweet lady of death wants me~ to die

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

so she can come sit by my bedside and sigh

/ D D7 / G G7

and wipe away the tears from all my friends eyes

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7

Then—softly she will explain Just exa—ctly who was to blame-

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7 / D7

for cau-sing- me- to-go insane- and fi~nally blow out my brain, Sweet Lorraine~

/ G7 / D7 / D7 2, 3,

ah— sweet Lor - raine~

<sup>4</sup> Well you know / D 2 F G / D 2 F G / G 2 G7 G / G 2 G7 G

that it's a shame and a pity you were raised up in the city

and you never / D 2 F G / G 2 G7 G / D 2 G7 G / G / D / D

learned Nothing 'bout coun-try ways, Ah~ 'bout-country-ways~

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

The joy of life she dresses in black

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

with celestial secrets engraved in her back

/ D D7 / G G7

and her face keeps flashing that she's got the knack

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7

but-you-know—when you look in to-her eyes—all~ she's learned—she's had to memorize

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7

& the o-nly way—you'll ever get her high is to let her do her thing & then watch-you-die

/ D7 / G7 / D7 / D7

Sweet Lorraine, ah— sweet Lor - raine.

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

Now she's the one who gives us all those magical things

/ D D7 / G G7 / D7 / G7

and reads us stories out of the I Ching,

/ D D7 / G G7

Then she passes out a whole new basket of rings

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7

that— when you put on your hand Makes you one~ of— the Angel Band

/ A7 / A7 / G7 / G7

& gives you-the-power— to-be-a-man—but what-it-does-for-her you never quite understand

/ D7 G7 / D7 / D7

Sweet Lorraine, ah— sweet Lor - raine.

<sup>4</sup> Well you know / D 2 F G / D 2 F G / G 2 G7 G / G 2 G7 G

that it's a shame and a pity you were raised up in the city

and you never / D 2 F G / G 2 G7 G / D 2 G7 G / G / D

learned Nothing 'bout coun-try ways, Ah~ 'bout-country-ways~

/ F / D / F D

Oh~ 'bout country ways- Oh~ 'bout country ways-

/ F / D / F / D / F / D / ....or jam on F D

Yeah, about country ways, ouh~ country ways ...