

Brown Eyed Women

Intro: Jeff starts, then **C#m E A E**

B C C#m C#m **E B A**
Gone are the days when the ox fall down, You take up the yoke and plow the fields around.

B C C#m C#m **E A E**
Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please, Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

B A E B
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine, The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A E C#m F#m A E
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down, And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

B C C#m C#m **E B A**
1920 when he stepped to the bar, Drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar.

B C C#m C#m **E A E**
1930 when the wall caved in, He paid his way selling red-eyed gin.

B A E B
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine, The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A E C#m F#m A E
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down, And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

[SOLO in E major]

B C C#m C#m **E B A**
Delilah Jones was the mother of twins, Two times over and the rest were sins.

B C C#m C#m **E A E**
Raised eight boys, only I turned bad, Didn't get the lickin's that the other ones had.

B A E B
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine, The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A E C#m F#m A E
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down, And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

Bm A E Bm A E
Tumble down shack in Big Foot county. Snowed so hard that the roof caved in.

C#m B A G#m A E
Delilah Jones went to meet her God, And the old man never was the same again.

B C C#m C#m **E B A**
Daddy made whiskey and he made it well. Cost two dollars and it burned like hell.

B C C#m C#m **E A E**
I cut hick'ry just to fire the still, Drink down a bottle and be ready to kill.

B A E B
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine, The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A E C#m F#m A E
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down, And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

B C C#m C#m **E B A**
Gone are the days when the ox fall down, You take up the yoke and plow the fields around.

B C C#m C#m **E A E**
Gone are the days when the ladies said' "Please, Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."

B A E B
Brown-eyed women and red grenadine, The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean.

A E C#m F#m A E
Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down, And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

F#m A E
And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.