

Brown-Eyed Woman

100-108 bpm

Intro	C#m E A E
Verse	Gone are the days C#m E B A
Chorus	B /// % A /// E / B / A /// E / C#m / F#m /// A / E /// E ///
Verse/Chorus	1920 when he
Solo	
Verse/Chorus	Delilah Jones
Bridge	Tumble down Bm A E C#m / B / A / Abm A E
Verse/Chorus	Daddy made whiskey
Reprise V1	Gone are the days
Play with a Back Beat	

<p>Gone are the days when the ox fall down, Take up the yoke and plow the fields around Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please, Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."</p>	<p>Chorus B /// % A /// E / B / A /// E / C#m / F#m /// A / E /// E /// Brown-eyed women and red grenadine, The bottle was dusty but the liquor was clean. Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down, And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.</p>	<p>2. 1920 when he stepped to the bar, drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar. 1930 when the wall caved in, he made his way selling red-eyed gin.</p> <p>Chorus</p> <p>Lead 3x verse</p>		
<p>3. Delilah Jones was the mother of twins, two times over and the rest were sins. Raised eight boys, only I turned bad, didn't get the lickin's that the other ones had.</p>	<table border="1"> <tr> <td data-bbox="783 1000 915 1214"> <p>Chorus</p> </td> <td data-bbox="915 1000 1213 1214"> <p>Bridge Bm A E : C#m B A A^bm A E</p> </td> </tr> </table>	<p>Chorus</p>	<p>Bridge Bm A E : C#m B A A^bm A E</p>	<p>Tumble down shack in Big Foot county. Snowed so hard that the roof caved in. Delilah Jones went to meet her God, and the old man never was the same again.</p>
<p>Chorus</p>	<p>Bridge Bm A E : C#m B A A^bm A E</p>			
<p>4. Daddy made whiskey and he made it well, cost two dollars and it burned like hell. I cut hick'ry just to fire the still, drink down a bottle and be ready to kill.</p>	<p>Chorus - Verse 1 - Chorus - End</p> <p>And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.</p>			

Chorus (E-72 version; No chorus until after 2nd verse in 1978)

| 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 /// | E /// |

Sound of the thunder with the rain pourin' down,

And it looks like the old man's

<pre> --9---9-----7----- -10---9h10p9-----7h9p7-----5-5-7p5---5-- -11-----11-----9---6-----5-4-- -11-----7-----6-- ----- -F#m-----A-----E-- </pre> <p style="text-align: right; margin-right: 20px;">or</p>	<pre> ----- --2-----0-- --2-----1-- --2---4p2---2-- ---4---4-2-- --A-----E-- </pre> <p>gettin' on.</p>
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<p>2. 1920 when he stepped to the bar, drank to the dregs of the whiskey jar. 1930 when the wall caved in, he made his way selling red-eyed gin.</p>	<pre> ----- ----- ---9\\----- -9\\---2-----2- -----2-2-4-- ----- </pre>	<p>Chorus</p>
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Lead - 3x verse Play one off 9th position C#m form -catch A, E and B forms

-E-72	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----
-4-5h	6-6-6/8\6\4-	-4-4-6-	-----	-----	-4/6-6-6/8-6\4-4-4-6-
-----	-----	-----6-4\2-2h	-4-2-4-4/6-4\2-	-4b6r4-2-	-----6-6-4-2-
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----4-	-----
-----	-C#m-----	-E-----	-----	-----	-----

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-----	-----	-----
-2-2-----2-2-2-----	-----4h6p4-	-4-5-6-
-----3-4-----4-4b6-4b6-4-2-	-5h6-----	-----
-----	-----	-----

E B A C#m E

-A-----	-----	-----
-----	--5---5-7p5--9\--	-----5--
-11p10p9p8--9p8p7p6--8p7p6p5\4-6--	-----6-----9\--	-----6--
-----	-----9\--	-----6--
-----	-----	-2-3-4--
-----	-----	-----

-A-----	-----
-----	-----
-----9---11p9-----9	-----
--9h10h11---11-----11p10p9-----9---10-11-	-----
-----10h11---11-10p9\7---7-9/11-11--	-----
-DP18-----	-----9

<p>3. Delilah Jones was the mother of twins, Two times over and the rest were sins. Raised eight boys, only I turned bad, Didn't get the lickin's that the other ones had.</p>	<p>Chorus</p>
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<p>Bridge <u>Rythm</u></p> <p>Bm / / / A / E / C#m / B / A / A^bm / A / / / A / E / / / / % </p> <p>Tumble down shack on Big Foot county. Snowed so hard that the roof caved in. Delilah Jones went to meet her God, and the old man never was the same again.</p>	<pre> again----- ----- ----9-6-9--9-6-9----- ----9-7-9--9-7-9----- -----2-3-4- -DP18----- </pre>	<p>4. Dad made whiskey and he made it well, Cost two dollars and it burned like hell. I cut hick'ry just to fire the still, Drink down a bottle and be ready to kill.</p>
<p>Chorus</p>	<p>5. (1 Repeated) Gone are the days when the ox fall down, take up the yoke and plow the fields around. Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please, Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."</p>	<p>Chorus</p>

End (whoo-oooh) And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.

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|-C#m-----11-12-14--|
|-----12-13-14-----|
|-----11-12-13-----|
|-----9-10-11/13-14-----|
|-----9-10-11-----|
|-9-11-12-----|

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