



Brown-Eyed Woman

**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."**

Chorus

**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.**

**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.**

Chorus Solo 3x verse

**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.**

Bridge

**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.**

**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.**

Chorus - Verse 1 - Chorus - End

And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.



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		
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."	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.		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. Chorus Solo 3x verse
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.	Chorus	Bridge Bm A E : C#m B A A ^b m A E	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.
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.	Chorus - Verse 1 - Chorus - End And it looks like the old man's gettin' on.		



Brown-Eyed Woman

100-108 bpm

Intro	C#m /// E /// A /// A / E /// %			
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----4--
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----5--
-----4--4h5h-	-----6-6--6/8-6/4--	-----4--4h6p4-	-----0--1-	-----6--
-----4/6-----6-	-----	-----6-6-4\2-	-----2-2-----2-2--2-4-	-----6--
-----	-----	-----	-----3h4-	-----2--2-2h3--4--
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----4-

C#m /// E /// B /// A /// C#m /// E /// A /// A / E /// %				
1. Gone are the days when the ox fall down,	-----	-----	Take up the yoke and plow the fields around	-----
	-----4-4h6p4-	-----4-	-----9-	-----
	-----4/6-----6-	-----4-	-----9-----9-	-----
	-----	-----6-	-----8h9-----	-----
	-----	-----B-	-----9-----	-----
			-----5h7-5-----	-----
			-----6-----6-	-----
			-----7-----Bob-----	-----2-3-4-
			-----Missoula 74-	-----
Gone are the days when the ladies said, "Please, Gentle Jack Jones won't you come to me."	-----12/14-won't u ---9-----			
	-----12/14-----10--9--			
	-----9--9--			
	-----9--			

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>	<pre> ----- --2-----0-- --2-----1-- --2--4p2--2-- --4--4--2-- --A-----E-- </pre>
or	gettin' on.

<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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Solo - 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-	-----	-----	-----

E B A C#m E

-----	-----	-----	-A-	-----	-----
-----	-----	4h6p4-	-4-5-6-	-11p10p9p8-9p8p7p6--8p7p6p5\4-6-	--5--5-7p5--9\--
-2-2-	2-2-2-	-5h6-	-----	-----	-----6-----9\--
-----	3-4-	4-4b6-4b6-4-2-	-----	-----	-----9\--
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----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 Rythym</p> <p>Bm /// A / E / ‡ C#m / B / A / A^bm / A /// A / E /// % 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>	<table border="1"> <tr> <td>again-----</td> </tr> <tr> <td>-----</td> </tr> <tr> <td>-----9-6-9--9-6-9-----</td> </tr> <tr> <td>-----9-7-9--9-7-9-----</td> </tr> <tr> <td>-----2-3-4-</td> </tr> <tr> <td>-DP18-----</td> </tr> </table>	again-----	-----	-----9-6-9--9-6-9-----	-----9-7-9--9-7-9-----	-----2-3-4-	-DP18-----	<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>
again-----								

-----9-6-9--9-6-9-----								
-----9-7-9--9-7-9-----								
-----2-3-4-								
-DP18-----								



Chorus	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."	Chorus
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End (who-ooh) 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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