

## One Crowded Hour Augie March

Hear this song at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=48WMWKwVV2s>

From: Richard G's Ukulele Songbook [www.scorpex.net/uke.htm](http://www.scorpex.net/uke.htm)

Should you expect to see something that [Gm] you hadn't seen  
And some[Am]body you've known since [Bb] you were sixteen  
If [C] love is a [Dm] bolt from the blue then [Bb] what is a bolt but a [F] glorified screw  
That [Bb] doesn't hold nothing to[C]gether

Far from these [F] nonsense bars and their [Gm] nowhere music  
It's [Am] making me sick and I [Bb] know it's making you sick  
There's [C] nothing there it's like [Dm] eatin air it's like [Bb] drinking gin with [F] nothing else in  
And that [Bb] doesn't hold me to[C]gether

Chorus:

*But for [F] one crowded [Gm] hour you were the [Am] only one in the [Bb] room  
I [C] sailed around all those [Dm] bumps in the night to [Bb] your beacon in the [F] gloom  
I [A] thought I had found my [Bb] golden September*

*In the [F] middle of that purple [Dm] June*

*But [F] one crowded [Gm] hour would [Bb] lead to my [C] wreck and [F] ruin*

[F] Now I know you like your boys who take their [Gm] medicine  
From the [Am] bowl with their silver [Bb] spoon  
Who'd [C] run away with the dish and [Dm] scale the fish by the [Bb] silvery light of the [F] moon  
Who were [A] taught from the womb  
To be[Bb]lieve to the tune that as [F] far as their beady eyes [Dm] see  
It's a [F] pleasure pen meant for them [Gm] built for them rent for them  
[Bb] Not for the [C] likes of [F] me they're not for the [Bb] likes of you and [C] me

Chorus

Oh but the [C] green eyed harpy of the [Am] sa[Gm]lt [F] land  
She [C] takes into hers [Am] m[Gm]y [F] hand  
And she said [Dm] boy I know you're [G7] lying  
[Am] Oh but [Gm7] then so am [C] I

Now [F] put me in a cage full of [Gm] lions I'll learn to speak [Am] lion  
In fact I [Bb] know the language [C] well I picked it [Dm] up while I was [Bb] versing myself  
In the [F] languages they speak in [Gm] hell that night the [Am] silence gave birth to a [Bb] baby  
They [C] took it away to her [Dm] silent dismay  
And they [Bb] raised it to be a [F] lady now she [Bb] can't keep her mouth [C] shut and for

Chorus

Yes and [F] one crowded [Gm] hour you were the [Am] only one in the [Bb] room  
I [C] played a few songs to those [Dm] bumps in the night in fact I [Bb] played this very [F] tune  
You said [A] what is this four stringed [Bb] instrument but an [F] adolescent [Dm] loom  
And [F] one crowded [Gm] hour would [Bb] lead to my [C] wreck and [F] ruin

