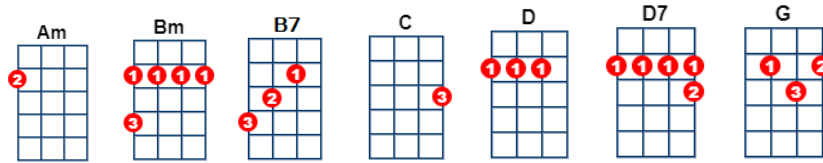


# Country House – Blur (1995)



[G] City dweller success[D]ful fella,  
 [Am] Thought to himself: "Oops, I've got a lot of money."  
 I'm [C] caught in a [Bm] rat race termin[B7]ally.  
 I'm a pro[G]fessional cynic, but my [D] heart's not in it.  
 I'm [Am] paying the price of living life at the limit.  
 [C] Caught up in the [Bm] century's anxi[B7]ety.  
 It [D] preys on him, he's [D7] getting thin.

*Now he [G] lives in a house a very big house in the [D] country.  
 Watching [C] afternoon repeats and the food he eats in the [G] country.  
 He takes all [G] manner of pills and piles up analyst bills in the [D] country.  
 Oh! It's like an [C] animal farm, lots the rural charm in the [G] country.*

He's got [G] morning glory and [D] life's a different story.  
 [Am] Everything's going Jackanory. [C] Touched with his [Bm] own mortal[B7]ity.  
 He's [G] reading Balzac, [D] knocking back Prozac.  
 It's a [Am] helping hand that makes you feel wonderfully [C] bland.  
 Oh, it's a cent[Bm]ury's rem[B7]edy for the [D] faint at heart a [D7] new start. (So simple.)

*He [G] lives in a house a very big house in the [D] country.  
 He's got a [C] fog in his chest, so he needs a lot of rest in the [G] country.  
 He doesn't [G] drink, smoke, laugh. Takes herbal baths in the [D] country.  
 You should [C] come to no harm, on the animal farm in the [G] country.*

*(Refrain as verse)* [G] [D] [Am] [Am] [C] [Bm] [B7]  
 [G] [D] [Am] [Am] [C] [Bm] [B7]

[G] Blow, blow me [D] out, I am so [C] sad, I don't know [G] why.  
 [G] Blow, blow me [D] out, I am so [C] sad, I don't know [G] why.

*Oh! He [G] lives in a house a very big house in the [D] country.  
 Watching [C] afternoon repeats and the food he eats in the [G] country.  
 He takes all [G] manner of pills and piles up analyst bills in the [D] country.  
 Oh! It's like an [C] animal farm, lots the rural charm in the [G] country.*