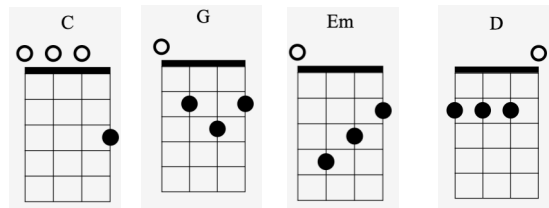


Stick Season Noah Kahan



[Verse 1]

G

As you promised me that I was more than all the miles combined

D

You must have had yourself a change of heart like halfway through the drive

Em

'Cause your voice trailed off exactly as you passed my exit sign

C

Kept on driving straight and left our future to the right

[Verse 2]

G

Now I am stuck between my anger and the blame that I can't face

D

And memories are something even smoking just can not replace

Em

And I am terrified of weather 'cause I see you when it rains

C

Doc told me to travel but there's COVID on the planes

[Chorus]

G

And I love Vermont but it's the season of the sticks and I

D

Saw your mom she forgot that I existed

Em

And It's half my fault but I just like to play the victim I'll drink

C

alcohol 'till my friends come home for Christmas

G

And I'll dream each night of some version of you

D

That I might not have but I did not lose

Em

Now you're tyre tracks and one pair of shoes

C

D

G

And I'm split in half but that'll have to do ooh ooh

[Verse 3]

G
So I thought that if I piled something good on all my bad
D
That I could cancel out the darkness I inherited from dad

Em
No I am no longer funny 'cause I miss the way you laugh
C
Once called me forever now you still can't call me back

[Chorus]

G
And I love Vermont but it's the season of the sticks and I
D
Saw your mom she forgot that I existed
Em
And it's half my fault but I just like to play the victim, I'll drink
C
alcohol 'till my friends come home for Christmas
G
And I'll dream each night of some version of you
D
That I might not have but I did not lose
Em
Now you're tyre tracks and one pair of shoes
C **D** **G**
And I'm split in half but that'll have to do ooh ooh

[Bridge]

G **D**
Oh, that'll have to do
Em
My other half was you
C
I hope this pain's just passing through
D
But I doubt it

[Chorus]

G*

And I love Vermont but it's the season of the sticks and I

D

Saw your mom she forgot that I existed

Em*

And It's half my fault but I just like to play the victim, I'll drink

C*

alcohol 'till my friends come home for Christmas

G

And I'll dream each night of some version of you

D

That I might not have but I did not lose

Em

Now you're tire tracks and one pair of shoes

C

D

And I'm split in half but that'll have to do

Have to do ooh

G*