



The Gallery

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C#F#C#F#A#C#, 'Joni' Tuning: C#57543

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Thanks to Jim Leahy for the initial clue of the tuning for this song. I'm just indicating chord shapes. If you have any corrections or suggestions, email at sem8@cornell.edu

||||||
000000 = open strum
||||||

Intro:

|||||| | ||||| | ||||| | ||||| | ||||| | ||||*|1 | |||||
|**|*|12 |**|*|10 |**|*|12 |**|*|5 000000 |*||| 000000
|||||| | ||||| | ||||| | ||||| | ||||| | ||||| | |||||

||||||
|**|*|10
||||||

When I first saw your gallery

|||||| | ||||| | ||||*|1 | |||||
|**|*|5 000000 |*||| 000000
|||||| | ||||| | ||||| | |||||

I liked the ones of ladies

||||||
|**|*|10
||||||

Then you began to hang up me

|||||| | ||||| | ||||*|1 | |||||
|**|*|5 000000 |*||| 000000
|||||| | ||||| | ||||| | |||||

You studied to portray me

||||*|3 | ||||*|3 | |||||
|||||| |*||| |***|2
|*||| | ||||| | |||||
In ice and greens and old blue jeans

|||||| | ||||*|1
000000 |*|||
|||||| | |||||

And naked in the roses

|||||
|**|*|10
|||||

Then you got into funny scenes

||||| ||||| |||*|1 |||||
|**|*|5 000000 ||*||| 000000
||||| ||||| ||||| |||||

That all your work discloses.

Chorus:

||||| |||*|1 |||*|3 |||||
000000 |**||| |**||| |**|*|5
||||| ||||| ||||| |||||
"Lady don't love me now, I am dead

 ||||| |||*|3 |||*|1 |||||
 000000 |**||| |**||| 000000
 ||||| ||||| ||||| |||||
I am a saint, turn down your bed

 |||*|1 |||*|3 |||||
 |**||| |**||| |**|*|5
 ||||| ||||| |||||
I have no heart," that's what you said

 |||*|3 |||*|1
 |**||| |**|||
 ||||| |||||
You said, "I can be cruel

 ||||| |||*|1 |||||
 000000 ||*||| 000000
 ||||| ||||| |||||
But let me be gentle with you."

Somewhere in a magazine
I found a page about you
I see that now it's Josephine
Who cannot be without you
I keep your house in fit repair
I dust the portraits daily
Your mail comes here from everywhere
The writing looks like ladies'

"Lady, please love me now, I am dead
I am a saint, turn down your bed
I have no heart," that's what you said
You said, "I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you"

I gave you all my pretty years
Then we began to weather
And I was left to winter here
While you went west for pleasure
And now you're flying back this way
Like some lost homing pigeon
They've monitored your brain, you say
And changed you with religion

"Lady, please love me now I was dead
I am no saint, turn down your bed
Lady, have you no heart," that's what you said
Well, I can be cruel
But let me be gentle with you

When I first saw your gallery
I liked the ones of ladies
But now their faces follow me
And all their eyes look shady

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