

Thinking of rabbits he kept as a child

JoniMitchell.com Transcription for Guitar:

## Jeremy

Author: Sue Tierney DADF#AD, 'Joni' Tuning: x75435, Capo 3

This transcription is the author's own work and represents their interpretation of the song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. Copyrighted material on this website is used in accordance with 'Fair Use'

From Archives Vol. 1. Fret positions are from capo. Listen to the recording to get rhythms and fingering styles. Intro: Hard strum pause Hard strum |||3|| ||||| |||1|| | | | | 3 | | | | | | | | | | | | | 1 | | 15|||| 150||| 13|||| 15|||| 150||| 13||| Finger pick style ---3-----0--1--1--1-0-----0----0---0---0----0----0----0----0---0---0---0---0---0---0---0---0---0---0------5---5-----3---3---3----2--2--2--2---0--0--2-0--|||\*||3 |||\*||1 | \* | | | | | \* | | | | Jeremy sits in the sun and he stares |||\*||1 |||\*||1 | \* | | | | | | \* | | | at the stripes on the floor from the bars on the door, |||\*||1 |||\*||3 | \* | | | | | \* | | | |

```
|||*||1
                                  | | | * | | 1
      | * | | | |
                                  ||*||
      I \cup I \cup I \cup I
In a chicken wire cage; he remembers the rage
      |||*||1
                        | | | * | | 1
      | * | | | |
      | * | | | |
                        Of his father the night he made his one call;
   | * | * | | 1
                       *****1
   I \cup I \cup I \cup I
The relative stranger who left him to fall
      000000
      | | | | | | 1
                          |||*||1
                           | * | | | |
To the mercy of judges with no shield at all.
                                         000000
      |||*||3 |||*||1
                                         | | | | | 1
                               |||*||1
      | * | | | |
                                         | * | | | |
      | * | | | |
                               Now he sits and he stares at the punishing wall.
                                                  000000
|||*||3
           |||*||1
                      | | | * | | 1
                               |||*||1 |||*||1
                                                  | * | | | | | | | | |
                               ||*||| ||*|||
                                                  | * | | | |
           | * | | | |
                      I \cup I \cup I
```

Second verse (same chords as first verse)

Jeremy picks up the crayon he saved and he writes in the dark and he thinks of the park And the flower he gave to the girl with the bells. He remembers her smile; it was gone at the trial. Hear the footsteps of night guards patrolling the halls. There are coughers and talkers who don't sleep at all. 'Midst the curse words and worse words That someone had scrawled He writes her a poem on the punishing wall.

Bridge:

```
|||*||3 |||*||1 |||*||1
                             |||*||1
| * | | | | | | | | |
                              ||*|||
|*||| | | | | | |
                  Mary,
       sweet Mary, it's dark and it's cold;
|||*||3 |||*||1
                   |||*||1
                              |||*||1
| * | | | | | | | |
                              | | * | | |
|*||| | | | | |
                   It's all of the stories you've ever been told.
      |||*||1
                         |||*||1
      | * | | | |
      | * | | | |
                         Keep the jar on the window, keep the lock on the door.
                                               000000
                        *****1
   | * | * | 1
                                                | | | | | | 1
   Keep your mind on the man; keep away from the store.
(pause for 4 beats)
Last verse - sing the melody as with the first verse
|||*||3
                 |||*||1
| * | | | |
                 | * | | | |
Oh, Jeremy gentle, oh, Jeremy kind
      |||*||1
                                  | | | * | | 1
      | * | | | |
                                  | | * | | |
                                  I \cup I \cup I \cup I
As you walk with the thieves and the killers believe
        |||*||3
                           |||*||1
        | * | | | |
                           | * | | | |
That our numbers are growin'; the change has to come.
                                              000000
    |||*||1
                              |||*||1
                                              | * | | | |
                              ||*|||
                                              Put resentment aside; don't turn bitter and die.
```

© 1967, 1969 by Siquomb Publishing Corp., New York, N. Y. Used by Permission