

Stick Season

by 4 Noah Kahan

C
As you promised me that I was more than all the miles combined
G
You must have had yourself a change of heart,
like halfway through the drive
Am
Because your voice trailed off exactly as you passed my exit sign.
F
Kept on drivin' straight and left our future to the right.

C
Now I am stuck between my anger and the blame that I can't face
G
And memories are somethin' even my TV does not replace
Am
And I am terrified of weather 'cause I see you when it rains
F
Doc told me to travel but there's Covid on the planes

CHORUS

C
And I / love Vermont, but it's the season of the sticks
G
And I / saw your mom, she forgot that I existed
Am
And it's / half my fault but I just like to play the victim
F
I'll think / 'bout it all, 'til my friends come home for Christmas
C
And I'll / dream each night of some / version of you
G
That I / might not have, but I / did not lose

Am
Now you're / tire tracks and one / pair of shoes
F **G**
And I'm / split in half, but that'll / have to do (ooh ooh)

C
So I thought that if I piled something good on all my bad
G
That I could cancel out the darkness I inherited from dad
Am
No, I am no longer funny, 'cause I miss the way you laugh
F
You once called me forever, now you still can't call me back

CHORUS

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And I / love Vermont, but it's the season of the sticks
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And I / saw your mom, she forgot that I existed
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And it's / half my fault but I just like to play the victim
F
I'll think / 'bout it all, 'til my friends come home for Christmas
C
And I'll / dream each night of some / version of you
G
That I / might not have, but I / did not lose
Am
Now you're / tire tracks and one / pair of shoes
F **G**
And I'm / split in half, but that'll / have to do (ooh ooh)

C **G**
Oh, that'll have to do

Am
My other half was you

F **G**
I hope this pain's just passin' through, but I doubt it (PAUSE)

CHORUS

C
And I / love Vermont, but it's the season of the sticks

G
And I / saw your mom, she forgot that I existed

Am
And it's / half my fault but I just like to play the victim

F
I'll think / 'bout it all, 'til my friends come home for Christmas

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

G
That I / might not have, but I / did not lose

Am
Now you're / tire tracks and one / pair of shoes

F **G**
And I'm / split in half, but that'll / have to do

G **C**
Have to do, oooh