Raglan Road

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D                    D7     G      D
On Raglan Road of an autumn day, I saw her first and knew,
     G                   D                                  A
That her dark hair would weave a snare that I might one day rue.
  G              D                                A
I saw the danger yet I passed along the enchanted way.
      D                   D7     G            D
And I said let grief be a fallen leaf, at the dawning of the day.



D                    D7    G       D
On Graften Street in Novem-ber, we tripped lightly along the ledge,
     G                 D                                A
Of a deep ravine where can be seen the worth of passion play.
    G                    D                               A
The Queen of Hearts still making tarts, and I not making hay.
      D                     D7      G
Oh, I loved too much and by such by such,
   D
Is happiness thrown away.



D                       D7         G       D
On a quiet street where old ghosts meet, I see her walking now
  G              D                            A
A-way from me so hurriedly, my reason must al-low.
     G               D                                A
That I had loved not as I should, a creature made of clay.
         D              D7         G
When the angel woos the clay he'll lose,
    D
His wings at the dawn of day.
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