

There's No Place Like Scone

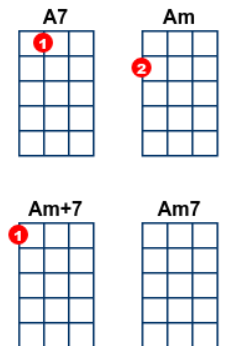
music © Peter Allen Words © Bob Beale

key:C, artist:Bob Beale

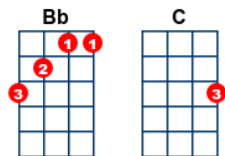
Paterson Pluckestra at the Gallipoli Club

Single thumb strum or arpeggios first verse

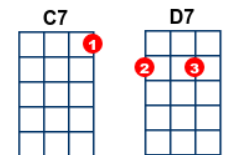
[F] I've been to [A7] Dungog and [Dm] I've been to [F7] Largs,
But [Bb] mostly I [Dm] don't even [G7] leave my [C] backyard,
Yet no [F] matter how [A7] far round the [Dm] Hunter I [G7] roam,
I [F] still say there's [C7] no place like [F] Scone.



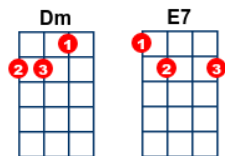
[F] Well sometimes the [A7] horse poo makes [Dm] me move up [F7] windwards,
So [Bb] I go for [Dm] a nice tipsy [G7] tour of the [C] vineyards
But [F] when it's all [A7] pretty, like that [Dm] art by Ken [G5] Done,
I [F] still say there's no [C7] place like [F] Scone. [E7]



[Am] We all know the [Am+7] Hunter's,
[Am7] The best place in the [D7] world,
With its [Dm] bush, beach and [G7] green river [C] bends, [E7]
But [Am] as the world gets [Am+7] pottier
And [Am7] hottier, [D7]
It's good to [Dm] know where your [Gm7] journey [C7] ends



And [F] someday we'll [A7] all get [Dm] together back [F7] there,
From [Bb] Kurri and [Dm] Minmi and [G7] old Aber- [C]-dare,
But [F] make sure you pro[A7]nounce it [Dm] right or I'll [G7] swear ...



Yes [F] the magic is [C] gone, mate,
If [F] you call it [C] Scone, mate,
Don't [F] give me that [C] tosh mate,
You [F] must say it [C] posh mate,
I [F] still say there's [C] no place like [F] Scone [A7] [Dm] [G5]
I [F] still say there's [C] no place like [F] Scone.

