

## Combine Harvester (BT)

(capo 3)

verse 1

|C | | |  
I drove my tractor through your haystack last night  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|G7 | | |  
I threw me pitchfork at your dog to keep quiet  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|C | | |  
Now somethin's tellin' me, that you'm avoidin' me  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|F | | |G7 | |  
Come on now darlin' you got somethin' I need

chorus

|C | | | |  
'Cos I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key

|C | | | |  
Come on now let's get together in perfect harmony

|F | | | |  
Oh I got 20 acres, and you got 43

|C | | | |  
'Cos I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key  
(She made I laugh, ha ha)

verse 2

|C | | | |  
I'll stick by you, I'll give you all that ya need  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|G7 | | | |  
We'll have twins and triplets, I'm a man built for speed  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|C | | | |  
And you know I'll love ya darlin' so give me your hand  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|F | | |G7 | |  
But what I want the most is all they acres o' land

chorus

|C | | | |  
'Cos I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key.

|C | | | |  
Come on now let's get together in perfect harmony.

|F | | | |  
Oh I got 20 acres, and you got 43

|C | | | |  
'Cos I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key.  
(Phwooaarr, she's a lovely bit of stuff an'all)

verse 3

|C | | |  
For seven long years I've been alone in this place.  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|G7 | | |  
Eat, sleep in the kitchen, it's a proper disgrace.  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|C | | |  
Now if I cleaned it up, would you change your mind?  
(Ooh ar, ooh ar)

|F | | |G7 | | |  
I'll give up drinkin' scrumpy and that lager and lime.

chorus

|C | | | | |  
'Cos I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key.

|C | | | | |  
Come on now let's get together in perfect harmony.

|F | | | | |  
Oh I got 20 acres, and you got 43

|C | | | | |  
'Cos I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key.

| | | | |  
(Who loves ya baby, ha)

verse 4 (contains stops)

|C/ | | | | |  
Weren't we grand couple at that last Wurzel dance?

|G7/ | | | | |  
I wore brand new gaters and me corduroy pants.

|C | | | | |  
In your new Sunday dress with your perfume smellin' grand

|F/ | | |G7/ | | |  
We had our photos took and us holding hands.

chorus and outro

|C | | | | |  
Now I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key.

|C | | | | |  
Now that we'me both past our fifties I think that you and me

|F | | | | |  
Should stop this galavanting, and will you marry me?

|C | | | | |  
'Cos I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give you the key.

| | | | | |/  
(Arrr, you're a fine lookin' woman and I can't wait  
to get me hands on yer land, ha ha)