

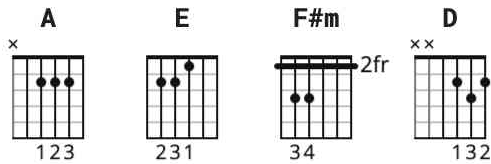
Stick Season Official by Noah Kahan



Tuning: E A D G B E

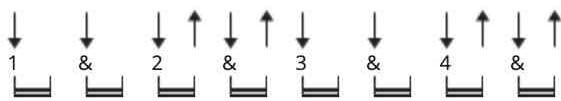
Key: A

CHORDS



STRUMMING PATTERN

WHOLE SONG 114 bpm



[Verse 1]

A **A**

As you promised me that I was more than all the miles combined

E

You must've had yourself a change of heart like halfway through the drive

F#m

Because your voice trailed off exactly as you passed my exit sign

D

Kept on drivin' straight and left our future to the right

A

Now I am stuck between my anger and the blame that I can't face

E

And memories are somethin' even smoking weed does not replace

F#m

And I am terrified of weather 'cause I see you when it rains

D

Doc told me to travel, but there's COVID on the planes

[Chorus]

A

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

E

And I saw your mom, she forgot that I existed

F#m

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

D

I'll drink alcohol 'til my friends come home for Christmas

A

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

E

That I might not have, but I did not lose

F#m

Now you're tire tracks and one pair of shoes

D

E

And I'm split in half, but that'll have to do

[Verse 2]

A

A

So I thought that if I piled something good on all my bad

E

That I could cancel out the darkness I inherited from Dad

F#m

No, I am no longer funny 'cause I miss the way you laugh

D

You once called me "forever", now you still can't call me back

[Chorus]

A

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

E

And I saw your mom, she forgot that I existed

F#m

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

D

I'll drink alcohol 'til my friends come home for Christmas

A

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

E

That I might not have, but I did not lose

F#m

Now you're tire tracks and one pair of shoes

D

E

And I'm split in half, but that'll have to do

[Bridge]

A

Oh, that'll have to do

E

F#m

My other half was you

D

I hope this pain's just passin' through

E

But I doubt it

[Chorus]

A

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

E

And I saw your mom, she forgot that I existed

F#m

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

D

I'll drink alcohol 'til my friends come home for Christmas

A

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

E

That I might not have, but I did not lose

F#m

Now you're tire tracks and one pair of shoes

D

E

And I'm split in half, but that'll have to do

A

Have to do