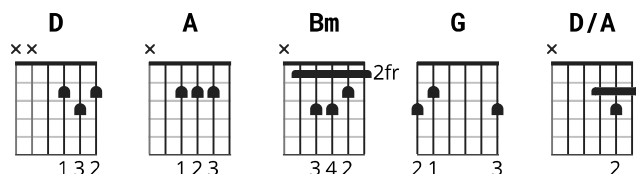


The Idiot chords by Stan Rogers

Difficulty: intermediate

CHORDS



This is one of my favorite songs from the Live in Halifax album. The lyrics strike close to home and it has a great throbbing, knuckle-dragging, Neanderthal kind of rhythm. This coupled with Stan Rogers's voice makes an amazing song.

From what I can tell based on this track most of the chords out there are slightly off, but I guess that may be just me. There are some fill lick/riff/things that I could not quite figure out, but they seem to be a variation of the "Travis" picking pattern. From what I can figure it is something like this, (the strings change based on the chord, but this should be the pattern):

```
E|-----|
A|-----0-----|
D|--0--0-----|
G|-----2-----2---|
B|-----3-----3---|
e|-----2-----2-|
```

That could be very wrong, if anyone has anything better let me know! I believe it is also this or something similar that is played for most of the song.

In some places it can be heard clearly-(ish) and sounds more like this:

```
E|-----|
A|-----0-----|
D|--0--0-----|
G|-----2-----2---|
B|-----3-----3---|
e|-----2-----2-|
```

Also, Stan seems to use an odd tuning for most of his songs, but I could not tell if this was one of them, I tried to use it but couldn't make it work. His tuning is a variation of DADGAD and can be decently replicated as such. From what I can tell his exact tuning is: DADGBD.

Anyway, with due apologies to my fellow Albertans and Ontarians, but no apologies to Morris Dancers, here is my rendition of The Idiot by Stan Rogers.

[Intro] (D Chord)

```
E|-----|-----|
A|-----|-----|
D|--0--0--0--0--|--0--0--0--0--|
G|-----2-----|-----2-----|
B|-----3-----|-----3-----|
e|-----2-----|-----2-----|
```

[Verse]

```
D           A           Bm           G           Bm
I often take these night shift walks when the foreman's not around.
  G           D           A
I turn my back on the cooling stacks and make for open ground.
  D           A           Bm           G           Bm
Far out beyond the tank farm fence where the gas flare makes no sound,
  G           D           A           G           D
I forget the stink and I always think back to that Eastern town.
```

[Verse]

```
D           A           Bm           G           Bm
I remember back six years ago, this Western life I chose.
  G           D           A
And every day, the news would say some factory's going to close.
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Well, I could have stayed to take the Dole, but I'm not one of those.
I take nothing free, and that makes me an idiot, I suppose.

[Chorus]

So I bid farewell to the Eastern town I never more will see;
But work I must so I eat this dust and breathe refinery.
Oh I miss the green and the woods and streams and I don't like cowboy clothes;
But I like being free and that makes me an idiot I suppose.

[Break] (same as verse with a fiddle playing the melody)

D A Bm G Bm
G D A
D A Bm G Bm
G D A D

[Verse]

So come all you fine young 'fellers who've been beaten to the ground.
This western life's no paradise, but it's better than lying down.
Oh, the streets aren't clean, and there's nothing green, and the hills are dirty brown,
But the government Dole will rot your soul back there in your home town.

[Chorus]

So bid farewell to the Eastern town you never more will see.
There's self-respect and a steady cheque in this refinery.
You will miss the green and the woods and streams and the dust will fill your nose.
But you'll be free, and just like me, an idiot, I suppose