

# Bill Grogan's Goat

G

There was a man, \_\_\_\_\_ Now please take  
One day the goat, \_\_\_\_\_ Felt frisk and  
Now, when that train \_\_\_\_\_ Hove in - to

3 C D<sup>7</sup> G

note, \_\_\_\_\_ There was a man, \_\_\_\_\_ Who had a goat, \_\_\_\_\_  
fine, \_\_\_\_\_ Ate three red shirts, \_\_\_\_\_ Right off the line, \_\_\_\_\_  
sight \_\_\_\_\_ That goat grew pale \_\_\_\_\_ And green with fright, \_\_\_\_\_

8 C

\_\_\_\_\_ He loved that goat, \_\_\_\_\_ In - deed he did, \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ The man, he grabbed \_\_\_\_\_ Him by the back, \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ He heaved a sigh \_\_\_\_\_ As if in pain, \_\_\_\_\_

12 D<sup>7</sup> G

\_\_\_\_\_ He loved that goat, \_\_\_\_\_ Just like a kid. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ And tied him to \_\_\_\_\_ the rail - road track. \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ Coughed up those shirts \_\_\_\_\_ And flagged the train. \_\_\_\_\_