

The National: Rains Of Castamere

^eAnd ^{Ami}^c who are ^{E7} you, the ^{Ami} proud lord ^E said,
that ^{Ami} I must ^{E7} bow so ^G low?
^C Only a ^G cat of a ^C different ^G coat,
that's ^{Dmi} all the truth I ^{E7} know.

In a coat of gold or a coat of red,
a lion still has claws,
And mine are long and sharp, my lord,
as ^{Dmi} long and ^{E7} sharp as ^{Ami} yours.

And ^{Ami} so he spoke, and ^{Emi} so he spoke,
that ^{Ami} lord of Casta ^{Emi} mere,
But ^F now the rains weep ^{Dmi} o'er his hall,
with ^F no one ^{E7} there to ^{Ami} hear.
Yes ^F now the rains weep ^{Dmi} o'er his hall,
and ^F not a ^{E7} soul to ^{Ami} hear.

$e_1 - f_2$