

# **BREAK IT TO THEM GENTLY**

Author: Burton Cummings

**Intro** D-A B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub> G-D A-E

## **Verse 1**

D-A  
Break it to them gently

G-D  
When you see my baby sister

D-A  
Break it to my Grandma

G-D  
Break it to them gently when you tell 'em

## **Chorus**

G-D  
'Cause I'm runnin' with a gun

G-D  
Fighting for my life

G-D  
Runnin' with a gun

B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub>  
God I wanna go home

## **Verse 2**

D-A  
When you see my lady

G-D  
Tell it to her softly

D-A  
Tell her that I love her

G-D  
Tell it to her gently when you tell her

## **Bridge 1**

G-E D-A  
I got in too deep with strangers

G-D D-A  
Nobody warned me of the dangers

## **Verse 3**

D-A  
So break it to them gently

G-D  
Thank them for the good years

D-A  
Break it to my Grandma

G-D  
Break it to them gently when you tell 'em

## **Bridge 2**

D-A A-E D-A  
You gotta break it to them gently Break it to them gently You gotta break it to them gently

A-E D-A A-E/D-A  
Gotta really try to roll 'em You gotta break it to them gently You gotta really try to sooth them (twice)

A-E D-A A-E  
Gotta really try to roll them You gotta roll it to my mother Gotta roll it to my grandma

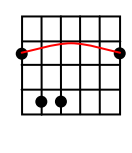
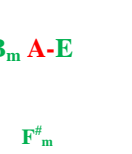
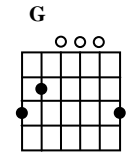
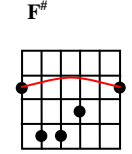
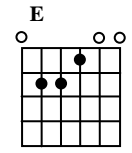
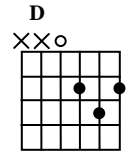
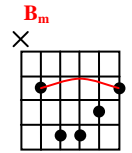
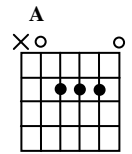
D-A A-E  
Gotta roll the old lady Roll it to my mother Roll it to my mother and roll the old lady

D-A A-E D-A  
Roll it to my grandma She's damn near eighty, roll the old lady Roll it to my mother

## **Outro**

A-D D-A A-D  
Roll it to my mother, gotta roll the old lady Roll it to my mother My sister and my mother

A-D D-A A-D  
And roll the old lady Roll it to my grandma She's damn near eighty, roll the old lady



B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub>  
When you tell my Mom and Dad

A-E  
Be as kind as you can

B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub>  
Said that boy's wild and bad

A-E D-A  
That I won't be coming home again

D-A  
And it isn't any fun as a fugitive

D-A  
And I don't know if I'll make it alone

D-A  
And it isn't any fun as a fugitive

D-A A-E D-A A-E  
Lord I wish I was home

B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub>  
With the twinkle in her eyes

A-E  
And hold her if she cries

B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub>  
And I will till the day I die

A-E D-A  
That I won't be coming home again

G-E D-A  
Thinkin' they could help me find my way

B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub> E-B<sub>m</sub> A-E  
And it's always the young and foolish that have to pay

B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub>  
When you tell my Mom and Dad

A-E  
And all the lovin' that I had

B<sub>m</sub>-F<sup>#</sup><sub>m</sub>  
Who said that boy is wild and bad

A-E D-A  
That I won't be coming home again

## **Chorus**