Here Comes the Groom

Am                     C
With half an eye on history
C                     D            G
And half an ounce of hope
      Am               C
    Sold his soul in the vestry
   C                     Am
Money for old rope
Am
Been this way a million times
C
But now his time is nigh
Am
He steps into the spotlight
C
He wants to say 'hi
      G                D
Hello, we're so glad you came
G                                       C
You've never seen me before
Am                         C
He's so ambitious, he's so game
      Am                             C
But yesterday he was dressed the same
F                                                 D
Then he was so much easier to ignore
      G  C
Here Comes The Groom
       Am D
Here Comes The Groom
Here Comes The Groom

But the world's not an inn and there isn't any room for you

But here he comes

He married into money
Just to kiss and tell
He ripped the contract open
He's out of his shell
He looks into a mirror
Practising his poise
But it reflects so badly
The groom just gets annoyed
He gasps, he forgets his lines
He's never done that before
The scientists say he's doing fine
This fumbling frantic frankenstein
Soon he's gonna do the dinosaur
G  C
Here Comes The Groom
Am D
Here Comes The Groom
G  C
Here Comes The Groom
Am D
Here Comes The Groom
G                                        Bm                         C
But the world's not an inn and there isn't any room for you
C G C D
But here he comes
C G C D
But here he comes

F                                  C   G
His fingers are on the cliff edge
F                           C        G
His head is going under
F
Is that applause?
Am
No that's just thunder....
Dm
Why do you keep saying I do?
D
What does the bride mean to you?

G Am C D
G Am C
Am C Am C

G

Am                     C
Play me some Puccini
C                     D            G
Make it heavy on the strings
Am                   C
Walk me to the altar
C                               Am
The choir can't even sing
Am
Right side for the photographs
C
Left side for the kids
Am
God made me do it
C
So that's what I did
   G                      D
He coughs, loosens his bow-tie
G                      C
You've never seen him before
   Am                               C
He kisses the bride, oh you know why
Am                              C
Love's one more thing you can buy
F                                                          D
He was unfaithful before he went outdoors
D
(and now he's in the graveyard)
   G                      C
Here Comes The Groom
Am D
Here Comes The Groom
G                      C
Here Comes The Groom
   Am                               D
Here Comes The Groom
G                Bm                      C
But the world's not an inn and there isn't any room for you
   C G C D
But here he comes
   C G C D
But here he comes.
   C G C D C G C D C G C D
Here Comes The Groom
    G  C Am D
Here Comes The Groom

G C Am D

G
Cathy's New Clown

G C G D
(C) G C G D

(C) G       C       G       D
Sometimes when you get mystic
(C) G       C       G       D
I have to leave the room
(C) G       C       G       D
Another accident statistic
(C) G       C       G       D
While the big bass drum goes boom
D                                                 D/C
There's an apocalypse now on Station Road
D/B                             Em
If there's a nuclear winter, at least it'll snow
C            C9/B Am       G       D
Your talk turns all of me upside down
C            C9/B       Am       G       D
You turned up my ticket at the lost and found
C  C9/B Am          G
And all I got was the current crown worn by
Em
Cathy's New
C
Cathy's New
F    D
Clown… worn by
Em
Cathy's New
C
Cathy's New
F    D
Clown

G C G D  
(C) G C G D

(C) G       C       G       D
Our enemies are at the border 
(C) G       C       G       D
We couldn't go back too soon  
(C) G       C       G       D
Be a nice girl and don't take orders  
(C) G       C       G       D
That's what they're saying in the back room

D                                    D/C
You got a big black box that I can't get a look in

D/B                                 Em
And I wanna look at you but I don't get a look in

C  C9/B Am               G                   D
I'm like a talking head with the sound turned down

C  C9/B Am                G          D
Or Pavlov's dog when he wasn't around

C  C9/B Am         G
I'm just a little bit lost so I'm heading downtown to be

Em  
Cathy's New
C
Cathy's New
F    D
Clown… I wanna be

Em
Cathy's New
C
Cathy's New
F    D
Clown

Bb
Once upon a time
F
I didn't know you
C          C9/B  Am
That's the way the story goes
   C/G   F
But how I wish,
F                        Fm
How I wish you'd let me show you
   D          G
That I love the lines but hate the clothes
    F   Bb    D
That's the way it goes

(C) G              C       G       D
Turn the speakers up to ten now
(C) G              C       G       D
Listen to what he has to say
(C) G              C       G       D
Watch out there's a body talking body-talk
(C) G              C       G       D
A big mouth just gets in the way, hey
D                             D/C
When I'm with you, there's something to it
D/B                          Em
You know the old lie and you can see through it
   C   C9/B Am       G          D
But now I'm alone and I'm homeward bound
C   C9/B Am       G          D
Cover my tracks up and cover new ground
C   C9/B Am       G          D
Put down the purse cos I'm buying this round
   C   C9/B Am       G          D
I'm putting pepper down for the pack of bloodhounds
   C   C9/B Am       G          D
And all I need is a single sound, I'll be
Em
Cathy's New
C
Cathy's New
F    D
Clown
Em
Cathy's New
C
Cathy's New
F    D
Clown..  Oh won't you let me be
Em
Cathy's New
C
Cathy's New
F    D
Clown

G C G D
(C) G C G D (x3)

(C) G C G D
    Here he comes
(C) G C G D
    Here he comes
    G
Here he comes.....
Spaced Cowgirl

D Dsus2 D (x2)

G
Well you can dance on TV with your diamonds on
C
Sing in tune for a world that is going for a song
Em Am
Get the steps all right but the words go wrong

D Dsus2 D (x2)

G
You can wake up in the morning with sweaty hands
C
Turn the radio on to the right waveband
Em Am
Think about today and the one that you planned

D/A D/B D/C D

B7 C B7 C
Under the desperate gaze of the whole wide world
G C C G
You turned into a spaced cowgirl
B7
Spaced Cowgirl
B7
Lock up the medicine chest
   C       G
This wild, wild woman is way out west
   B7
Spaced Cowgirl
B7
Lock up the reins and the spurs
   C       G       D
None of you cowboys are true to her

   D D/C D/B D/A
   D D/C D/B D/A

   G
Well, you can be a good lover, hammer nails into hearts
   C
You can be a big loser when the real horror starts
   Em       Am
You can blow hot and cold on the sacred graph

   D Dsus2 D (x2)

   G
You had a good evening but you don't know where
   C
All you recall is a fall guy with an up for sale stare
   Em       Am
Fell down by the bed and not to say your prayers

   D/A D/B D/C D

   B7       C       B7       C
Under the watchful eye of the whole wide world
   G       C       C       G
You turned into a spaced cowgirl
   B7
Spaced Cowgirl
B7
Look in the medicine chest
C G
This wild wild woman is way out west
B7
Spaced Cowgirl
B7
Lock up the reins and the spurs
C G D
None of you cowboys are true to her
B7 C G D
Sometimes I listen to you, it's the whiskey talking
F C G (G#)
Sometimes I watch you move and it's the whiskey walking
Am Em D
Sometimes I sit and think of the things that might have been
D D/C D/B D/A
D D/C D/B D/A
G C Em Am D

G
Your eyes never open, when you sleep they don't close
C
And it rained so hard and you're a delicate rose
Em Am
Then it got so cold that your feelings froze
D Dsus2 D (x2)

G
No, I still don't believe in all your second sight
C
The automatic pilot flies your eyes tonight
Em Am
Smile at the bird, we'll get you home alright
D/A D/B D/C D (alright)
Under the desperate gaze of the whole wide world
She turned into a spaced cowgirl
Look in the medicine chest
This wild, wild woman is way out west
Wasn’t she the first to say
“I can’t remember my lines today”?
Lock up the medicine chest
There’s no frontier left way out west
Throw out the reins and the spurs
None of you boys could be true to her

D D/C D/B D/A
D Dsus2 D
D Dsus2 D G
Well, the power of the bullet is fascinating
They're polishing the Luger facsimiles
The little kids grow up imitating
Cowboys shoot indians before puberty
Don't get me to the battle on time
I'd be useless in the front line
Don't point that thing at me
You know I'm scared of guns
You know I'm scared of guns
You know I'm scared of guns
You can argue, say it's harmless
In the nightmare fairground gallery
We're all under pain of death
To keel right over gracefully
G    A
I ached to be a uniform man
G    A
And toss that baton in a marching band
G    A
Don't point that thing at me
C        C9/B  Am
You know I'm scared of guns
C        C9/B  Am
You know I'm scared of guns
C        C9/B  Em
You know I'm scared of guns

F    C           G                  D
I'm scared of guns, they're out of your hands
F    C           G                  D
I'm scared of guns, they might go bang, (alright)
F    C           G                  D
I'm scared of guns, Hey Joe, they're out of control
F    C           G                  D
I'm scared of guns, fear eats the soul
D
Don't shoot me

D

D
Well, I wanna put flowers in the barrels
D
Like the famous photo, understand
D
That I'd rather get hit on the head
D
Than hold cold metal in my hand
G    A
The new arrival, the latest addition
G    A
The little boys running out of ammunition
G    A
Don't point that thing at me
   C          C9/B   Am
You know I'm scared of guns
   C          C9/B   Am
You know I'm scared of guns
   C          C9/B   Am
You know I'm scared of guns
   C          C9/B   Em
You know I'm scared of guns
   
D
Don't shoot. Alright.
D
Shotgun, don't shoot it for me right now.
D
Shotgun, don't shoot it for me right now.

G A D
You're No Good

G C G C G D

G C G G
How can you be so dark and distrusting
C D G
When she's all sweetness and light
G C G
She doesn't lie through her teeth all day
G7
She doesn't grind them in her dreams
C C9/B Am G
When you hold her tight at night
D
How can you be so sick and suspicious
D7 E F
When she's health and goodness personified?
F C D G
That love you give, well it's just a virus
Am G D
That wants blood for Dr. Hyde
G C G
She's an angel and you're a clown
G B7 C
She'll be flying when you're six feet under the ground
E Am D
You'll be lying because someone told you, you should
G C
She's an angel
G C
She's an angel
G D Em C
She's an angel and you're no good
   G        C
She's an angel
   G        C
She's an angel
   G        D        G
She's an angel and you're no good
   G

G       C       G
How can you be so cool and distant
   C        D        G
When she always does her best to be here
   G       C           G
Right between your dreams and your nightmare desires
   G7

The hole in your wall has got so small
   C       C9/B       Am       G
Her stockings are so sheer
   D
How can you be so greedy and hopeless
   D7       E       F
She gives you everything but you still want more
   F       C       D       G
If you could see the looks you give her
   Am       Am/G       D
That's something you'd abhor
   G       C       G
She's an angel and you're a joke
   G       B7       C
A shaggy dog shuffling in to give the punch line a poke
   E       Am       D
You're just dying to turn her into Red Riding Hood
   G       C
She's an angel
   G       C
She's an angel
   G       D       Em       C
She's an angel and you're no good
G   C
She's an angel
G   C
She's an angel
G   D   G
She's an angel and you're no good

F

Bb
She's a not a Barbie doll
F
You can drag around on some dog collar
C
You can't wrap love up in Clingfim
G
Keep it from getting older
Bb
She'll always be so artless
F
You're heartless, getting colder
C   C9/B   Am7
Don't try to come from behind
G   D   D/C   D/B   D
Cos I'll be right over your shoulder

G   C   G
G   B7   C
E   Am   D
G   C
G   C
G   D   G

G   C   G
How can you treat her dumb and stupid
G   C   D   G
When she knows that you're not the bee's knees
G   C   G
You'll have to let her turn the bedside light right off
Instead of you turning it down to mood by the three degrees
How can you be so limp and spineless
When she'd even help you to make your final stand
It's not enough for anyone
Just to lie back and think of Iceland, Iceland
She's not an angel, she's flesh and blood
You do the dirty and she's crawled around right in your mud
Now you're crying, I think we all knew that you would
She's an angel
She's an angel
She's an angel and you're no good
She's an angel
She's an angel
She's an angel and you're no good
She's an angel and you're no good
She's an angel and you're no good
When The Sun Comes Out

Em    G    C    C9/B    Am    C (x2)

Em          G                 C         C9/B
It's been raining for a million years
Am         C
And the weather just won't turn
Em          G          C         C9/B
Try to build a fire round your place
Am         C
And the damned logs refuse to burn
Am         Am/G          D         G
The braindead have been sitting on their sunbeds
F             C         G
Where's heaven for its own sake
Em    G    C    C9/B
Lying dead or half-forgotten
Am          Cm
At the bottom of a bottomless lake
Am          Cm
the bottom of a bottomless lake
C         C/B         G
But when the sun comes out
D             C
The world's gonna go crazy
C    C9/B    Am
Everybody's gonna move their arms about
C         C9/B    Am    D
Cos what they believed is turned inside-out
When the sun comes out

Em G C C/B Am C (x2)

It's been raining since I don't know when

Em          G                    C               C9/B

We're all in for a big surprise

Em          G                    C               C9/B

Go to the woods in your dreams tonight

Em          G                    C               C9/B

And when you awake you won't believe your eyes

Am                       C

It's all the rage, it'll make the front page

Am           Am/G      D                    G

Gotta get the gutter press going down the drain

Am

Butter melts if you leave it near the window

Am          Cm

And it's time to try and use a deckchair again

Am          Cm

time to try and use a deckchair again

Am                              Cm

But when the sun comes out....

D                     C

Definitions get hazy

Em     G                 C                       C9/B

Everybody's gonna be moving about

Em     G                 C                       C9/B

Cos what they believed will be turned to doubt

F    C       G

When the sun comes out

F    C       G

When the sun comes out
When the sun comes out

When the sun comes out

His pa will be so disappointed

When the sun comes out

His son is double-jointed

When the sun comes out

Some will flounder, some will be anointed

The son couldn't wait to do a turnabout

It's been raining but it's gonna stop

Cats and dogs will shake themselves

Time to work, time to pick those hops

I gotta go and mend the greenhouse shelves

This was meant, well, it's all heaven-sent

Go out naked and have no fear

One boy spent a little life in torment

But now he's grinning from ear to ear

Now he's grinning from here to here...
C C/B G
But when the sun comes out
D C
The world's gonna go crazy
C C9/B Am
Everybody's gonna move their arms about
C C9/B Am D
Cos what they believed is turned inside-out
F C G
When the sun comes out
F C G
When the sun comes out
F C G
When the sun comes out
F C G
Oh, when the sun comes out

C C9/B Am
C C9/B Am D G
F C G
F C G
F C G
F F# G
The Devil In Me

Capo 4
Am D G
G D C
G D C G
Am D G

G D C
I shot John F.Kennedy in Dallas in 63
G D C G
They blamed it on Oswald carelessly
Am D G
But it was the devil in me
G D C
Put Jesus on the cross, I put a gag on the Boss
G D C G
I kissed him on the cheek so he couldn't speak
Am D G
But that was the devil in me
G D
It was the devil in me
D C
It was the devil in me
G D C G
It's the devil in me that's unlevelling me
Am D G
Well it was the devil in me

G D C G
Am D G

G D C
I made you breakfast, put poisoned sheets on the bed
G D C G
I made you cry, couldda made you laugh instead
Am D G
But that was the devil in me
G D C
So I killed you off, I tore your famous brown fur coat
G D C G
I laughed at your cough, ignored your suicide note
Am D G
But that was the devil in me.....
G D
It was the devil in me
D C
It was the devil in me
G D C G
It's the devil in me that's unlevelling me
Am D G
Well it was the devil in me
G D C
G D C G Am D G
G D C
G D C G Am D G
G D C
I blew up the bus, I started World War III
G D C G
Hijacked the plane with Qadaffi, blew the hostages free
Am D G
That was the devil in me
G D C
I'm sponsored by a company that I don't believe in
G D C G
I advertise their things for cash, that ain't deceiving
Am D G
No, that's just the devil in me
G D
It was the devil in me
D C
It was the devil in me
   G      D      C      G
It's the devil in me that's unlevelling me
   Am     D    G
Well it was the devil in me

G D C G Am D G
G D G C
G D G D

G      D
I gave you acid rain
   G    C
I polluted the sea
   G      D
I covered your thoughts up
   G    C
With graffiti
   G      D
You can call me by my real name
   G    C
Yeah, you can call me humanity
   G      D    C    G
Because it all seems just like human behaviour
   G      D    C    G
It all seems just like human behaviour
   G      D    C    G
It all seems like human behaviour to me
   Am     D    G
Put it down to the devil in me

G      D
Well, it’s the devil in me
   G    C
It’s the devil in me
   G      D    C    G
Well it's the devil in me makes me do these things
   G      D    C    G
Devil in me that makes me sing
G D C G
Devil in me gave you a wedding ring

Am D G
Put it down to the devil in me

G D G C
G D G D
G D C G Am D G
An Audience With You

G C D(x4)

G C D
Your footman barred me from the door
G C D
Said I couldn't see you no more
G C D
What's with this bureaucracy
G C D
When I filled the forms you left for me
Am    Bm    D    Em
He's a loyal man who waits for you
D
Where loyalty is such taboo
G C D
Sixteen keyholes in one straight line
G C D
I look through them from time to time
G C D
The weather down your end looks fine
G C D
But the forecast's grim down mine
Am    Bm    D    Em
I'm no gambler better understand
D    C
That I like to know the story plan
C    Bm    G
People say I got no sense
G    D
But I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting
Am C    Bm D
for an audience with you
G C G
Am C          Bm D
I'm waiting for an audience with you

G C D(x3)

G C D
And all the wrestlers you've employed
G C D
And all the boys with whom you toyed
G C D
You tell me please don't get annoyed
G C D
You're behaving like some Helen of Troy

Am       Bm       D       Em
I don't care for original sin
D
It's a stupid world we're living in

G C D
Your paid assassin makes me wait
G C D
He eats with fingers off his plate
G C D
He says you've got a pressing date
G C D
With RIPS and heads of state

Am       Bm       D       Em
And I know that he won't let me in
D       C
Cos villains always have bad skin
C       Bm       G
People say I got no sense
G       D
But I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting
        Am C       Bm D
for an audience with you

G C G
        Am C       Bm D
I’m waiting for an audience with you

G C D(x4)

G C D
A plastic surgeon's your best friend
G C D
He's got the means to any end
G C D
He's so efficient, you're so vain
G C D
So we won't see your face again

Am       Bm                          D          Em
Heaven knows how hard you tried

D
Hell was such a bumpy ride
G C D
The widow with the holy eyes
G C D
Got a pistol strapped into her thighs
G C D
Says you're as sweet as apple pie
G C D
You only get so bitchy cos you're shy

Am       Bm                     D         Em
But that's a load of papal bull

D                             C
I put you on that pedestal
C               Bm               G
People say I got no sense
G                             D
But I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting
 Am C              Bm D
for an audience with you
G C G

Am C                 Bm D
I’m waiting for an audience with you

G C G
G C D

Em                     Bm
Give me the strength of Hercules
Em                     Bm
His fallen arches, his water knees
C                       Cm                       G
But please please let me be like I oughtta be
D
Lost and lonely, hurt and happy
D
With a singer's vanity

G C D (X2)

G C D
   Now everything seems like a myth
G C D
   The strength that I have performed with
G C D
   Two thousand stairs and there's no lift
G C D
   Gonna get to the top and there's no if
Am                     Bm                       D           Em
    What's for me when I get there
D
Is it just wheelchairs and grey hair
G C D
   And never was one letter sent
G C D
   I told the truth but told it bent
G C D
   Well, that's the custom that's the law
G C D
   But don't ask me the reason for
Am                     Bm                       D           Em
    I'm just a boy in love with you
D                       C
I'm rejected by the things you do
C                       Bm                       G
People say I got no sense
G  D
But I'm waiting, I'm waiting, I'm waiting
   Am C       Bm D
for an audience with you

G C G
   Am C       Bm D
I'm waiting for an audience with you

G C G
G C D (repeat and end on G)
Dark Dark Heart

Capo 3
D A7 G A7 (x2)

D A7 G A7
In an office two miles underground
D A7 G A7
They can't tell night from day
D A7 G A7
Secretaries typing errors of judgement
D A7 G A7
In eternally full in-trays
D A7 G A7
Phones ring in, get put on hold
D A7 G
Well I'm just waiting for my nails to dry
A Em G D
I was coming unstuck with nothing to show
G D
You stuck to him like felt on velcro
Em A
But now he's gone solo
D A7 G A7
He's taken all the amps, smashed the bedside lamp
D A7 G A7
Taken all the lightbulbs and the decorative wheelclamps
D G A
You got a dark dark dark heart
D G A
You got a dark dark dark heart
D G
You got a dark dark dark heart
A D
It's the heart of darkness
Em  G A
Em  G A

D          A7          G          A7
Now you live in a filing cabinet
D          A7          G          A7
You're another painful smiling face
D          A7                  G                   A7
What you had doesn't even have the grace
D          A7          G          A7
To be forgotten without a trace
D          A7          G          A7
It lies, it cheats, it moans, it bleats
D          A7          G
Almost human in every detail
A          Em       G                      D
In this stinking room, no-one goes to bed
G                           D
There's nothing to say that hasn't been said
Em          A
It's not enough to wish you were dead
D          A7          G          A7
He had the last laugh but he didn't know why
D          A7          G          A7
He jumped out the window, man, he thought he could fly
D       G       A
He's got a dark dark dark heart
D       G       A
He's got a dark dark dark heart
D                   G
He's got a dark dark dark heart
A               D
It's the heart of darkness

Em G A
Em G A

D          A7          G          A7
Look at your body well you're lying still
There's a smile across your face
At the funeral yesterday
Your corpse looked out of place
You looked like death to the gathered throng
But I knew you were laughing inside
Something about your sense of humour
Based on innuendo and rumour
You were the ultimate consumer
I took all your things, I threw away your wedding rings
You had a big collection, baby, now they don't look so fetching
You got a dark dark dark heart
You got a dark dark dark heart
You got a dark dark dark heart
It's the heart of darkness

It's 4 am inside my mind
But it's dusk out on the street
The lamps are burning fireflies
Who couldn't stand the heat
I got cool bed linen, baby
So the story should be complete
But somewhere in the back of behind
There's a light that makes me feel unkind
Those stupid things I made you sign
It ain't deus ex machina, It's not some soul subpoena
It's just when things mean nothing it makes you meaner
You got a dark dark dark heart
You got a dark dark dark heart
You got a dark dark dark heart
It's the heart of darkness
It's the heart of darkness
It's the heart of darkness

Em  G  A
Em  G  A
D
Same Thing Twice

Capo 5

D C G

A-------------
E---- 0-1-2-3

D C

A-------------0-1-2
E----0-1-2-3------

G               F
He's done it all a million times
     Bb               F                     C   F
The gags, the repartee, the little crimes
F                          Eb             Bb             Dm
Every audience is special and that goes for you
G               F
He looks into your eyes again
     Bb               F
He never does it but he tries again
     C               F
He tries again
F                          Eb             Bb             D
That old boy lost look could bruise you black and blue
G       Am
Everybody's looking for a single row so they can be alone
G       Am
Cos every time the lights go up, they'd rather be at home
G       Am
I looked through all the wanted ads with a fine toothed comb
C       Em       C               Em
And all I came up with was another evening
C              Em          D   C  Am
Doing the same thing twice
    D   C   Am
Doing the same thing twice
    D   C   Am
That's what I was doing

G                                           F
All the drinks that he's been sinking
Bb                              F          C   F
Never ask him what he's thinking
F                                  Eb    Bb    Dm
Every audience is unique and that goes for you
G                                           F
Dead or alive you're coming with me
    Bb                              F
Because everything's my cup of tea
    C   F
my cup of tea
F                                  Eb    Bb    D
That's why I've got a glitter suit and some green italian shoes
G                                  Am
Everybody says they had, but we all know they didn't
G                                  Am
It's impossible to be a little bit pregnant
G                                  Am
Give me the whole fruit cos I'm getting just a segment

C             Em                  C             Em
And all I came up with was another evening
C             Em                  D   C   Am
Doing the same thing twice
    D   C   Am
Doing the same thing twice
    D   C   Am
Doing the same thing twice
Well it hurts so bad to get this stoned
By ugly looking bureaucrats with ears like headphones
Reading The Sun, Sunday Sport, S.Ideal Home, Woman's Own
Looks like you're on your own, you're on your own, you're on your own

Bring me on the magic sponge
My dying gasp, my final lunge
It's all over now bar the dance
Do it now but don't get caught
I've been having third thoughts

They can be so clever, only when the script demands
You cluttered up the sky now so you can't follow any star
Someone's sitting next to you in an empty cinema
No one wants to end up face down in a reservoir
I don’t wanna end up with another evening
C                   Em          D   C   Am
Saying the same thing twice
D   C   Am
Saying the same thing twice
D   C   Am
Saying the same thing twice
D   C   Am
Saying the same thing twice

D C Am

(repeat to fade)
Affairs Of The Heart

A (Low E bass run= 0—2—4 back to A chord) (repeat x3) A G#m F#m E

E                                           D          A
I took a deep breath and I just stood there staring
E                                           D          A
It could have been stupid but I was past caring
Dm                      D#dim     F             Am
It all seemed to depend on one little kiss
D                                           G          C
Oh but who would have thought it would turn out like this
Am             D          G          C
And if I had I'd still have taken the risk
F                      Em       Dm          D
Please pick me up, cos I'm falling apart
G       Bm   D  A
That's why I try
G       Bm D  A
Hard not to start

D#dim F#dim Adim Cdim
These affairs of the heart
G                                           D          A
These affairs of the heart

A (Low E bass run= 0—2—4 back to A chord) (repeat x3) A G#m F#m E

E                                           D          A
Out in the big world, it was coming on morning
E                                           D          A
The newsreader on breakfast TV was still yawning
Dm                  D#dim             F             Am
An h-bomb in Taiwan, a sex-bomb in Spain
D                                       G            C
If you spill that red wine, white will get out the stain
Am                D               G             C
Forget the mess, baby, when will I see you again
F                      Em                Dm               D
Please pick me up while I'm playing this part
G       Bm   D  A
That's why I try
G       Bm   D  A
Hard not to start
D#dim F#dim Adim Cdim
These affairs of the heart
G       D                  A
These affairs of the heart

A (Low E bass run= 0—2—4 back to A chord)  (repeat x3) A G#m F#m E

E D A
E D A
Dm D#dim F Am
D G C
Am D G C
F Em Dm D

G       Bm   D  A
That's why I try
G       Bm   D  A
Hard not to start
D#dim F#dim Adim Cdim
These affairs of the heart
G       D                  A
These affairs of the heart

A (Low E bass run= 0—2—4 back to A chord)  (repeat x3) A G#m F#m E

E D A
This movie is paper, it's 2-D, it's see-through
E                        D                        A
I know what happens cos I saw the preview
Dm                        D#dim                        F                        Am
This mental fandango could drive me insane
D                        G                        C
Just me, these six steel strings and you off in Spain
Am                        D                        G                        C
Plainly the rain mainly falls down my drain
F                        Em                        Dm                        D
Please pick me up and then pull me apart
G                        Bm                        D                        A
That's why I try
G                        Bm                        D                        A
Hard not to start
D#dim                        F#dim                        Adim                        Cdim
These affairs of the heart
G                        D                        A
These affairs of the heart

A (Low E bass run= 0—2—4 back to A chord) (repeat x3)
Nothing I'd Rather Do

There's nothing that's better at all
That's better than the sound of the closest call
Tells you to act proud, act proud, walk tall
There's nothing that's better at all

There's nothing that can be compared
To the silver braid that plaits your hair
It's as if, it's as if you didn't care
There's nothing that can be compared

There's trouble in your town
The wind blew in and your confidence drowned
Hasn't been the same, hasn't felt the same since you found
There's trouble in your town
D C G (Gsus4)
There's trouble in your town

Am
I didn't read your letters
Em
With you, they're never news
Bm C
And they're no substitute for the times I never see you
Am
That's all anyway
Em
What have you got to lose
D C
Goes for me too....

D C G (Gsus4)
There's nothing I'd rather do
D C G (Gsus4)
Take you in and pull you through
D C G (Gsus4)
Take you in and pull you through
D C G (Gsus4)
There's nothing I'd rather do
D C G (Gsus4)
There's nothing I'd rather do

D C G (repeat)
G
Things Snowball

F G C* (x2)

C* has the following base run in the middle:
A-----0---2---3
E--3-----------

F          G          C*
You might remember this conversation when you get older

F          G          C*
You may recall the warning signs on the road

F          G
But if you lose all recollection

C          Am
Or misplace your sense of direction

F          G          C
Here's a quarter taped to the number of my phone

C          G          F          C
When childish habits are slow to die

G          F          C          F
You might look up and wonder why

G          F          C
Things snowball in the twinkling of an eye

F          G          C*
You could be paying for the present on expenses

F          G          C*
You might realise your biggest lies on a movie screen

F          G
You could be living in a mansion
C             Am
Your corporation in expansion
F                                             G                C*
With a broken heart that far exceeds your wildest dreams
C                    G         F               C
When childish habits are slow to die
G F                   C F
You might look up and wonder why
G                                             F C
Things snowball in the twinkling of an eye
C                    G         F               C

F                                             C
Somewhere way under the rainbow
F                                             C
Dragging round an empty pot of glue
D
Bruised and confused it could happen to you
G                    F                    C                            G
Seeing for the first time that dreams could come true
C                    Am
I shouted back "you're an old fool"
C                    Am
He said "listen" and I told him "I'd rather die"
F                   C
But I changed my mind
G F                   C
‘cause childish habits are slow to die
G F                   C F
You might look up and wonder why
G
Things snowball
   Am F
Things snowball
   G
Things snowball
   F C
in the twinkling of an eye
The Red Rose And The Briar

Lick:

G               C                 G               Em
|------3------3--3--3--3--3--3------0-----|
|------0------0--1--1--1--1--1------0-----|
|------0------0--0--0--0--0--0------0-----|
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G               C                 G
|------3------3--3--3--3--3--3------3------|
|------0------0--1--1--1--1--1------0------|
|------0------0--0--0--0--0--0------0------|
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G               C                 G
|------3------3--3--3--3--3--3------3------|
|------0------0--1--1--1--1--1------0------|
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G               C                 G
|------3------3--3--3--3--3--3------3------|
|------0------0--1--1--1--1--1------0------|
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Midweek and we reached Scarlet town
G               C                 G
I was almost dying of thirst
G               C                 Am
We parked the car in some old schoolyard
G               C                 D
The windscreen caked in dirt
D               Em
There was no water in the engine left
Am                C          D
No tread upon the tyres
G                      C          G          Em
The electrics were broke 'cause you went mad
G                      C          G
You ripped out all the wires
G                      C          G
G                      C          G
G                      C          G
Across the road, a small cafe
G                      C          Am
In this state of disrepair
G                      C          G
You went for papers and a shave
G                      C          D
So I saved you a chair
D                                      Em
I knew it wasn't the journey's end
Am                C          D
And that your dream was incomplete
G                      C          G          Em
But I just could not stand anymore
G                      C          G
I was dead upon my feet
G                      C          D
I was dead upon my feet

D                                      Em
There's nothing there in the market square
Am                C          D
But the ghost of the Scarlet Town Crier
G                      C          G          Em
I was dead upon my feet
Am                D
I sing the red rose and the briar
Am                D
I sing the red rose and the briar
G LICK

G C G
The waitress told me her life story
G C Am
She'd always meant to up and go
G C G
She wiped her cup on her red pinafore
G C D
As we waited for you to show
D Em
And I told her just a little of you
Am C D
But left the picture incomplete
G C G Em
You still weren't there to paint it in person
G C G
So I skipped out on the street
G C G
I skipped out on the street

G C G
The newsagent grinned, he said that you'd been in
G C Am
You bought a local paper and some shades
G C G
And the washroom attendant said that you'd freshened up
G C D
That you'd left but you hadn't paid
D Em
And I couldn't figure out where you were
Am C D
So I went back to look near the car
G C G Em
There was nothing there where it should have been
G C G
Just oil on dirt and tar
G C D
Just oil on dirt and tar
There's nothing there in the market square
But the ghost of the Scarlet Town Crier
And there's nothing where it should have been
I sing the red rose and the briar
I sing the red rose and the briar

I saw it parked way down the street
In a garage off on the right
And a man said, "Get your hands off, son"
I just traded that wreck for a motorbike"
There was nothing left of mine inside
Not even the broken radio
And I couldn't figure out where that left me
So I went back to look for Rose

The Cafe Rouge was a lunchtime rush
Of regulars yelling for food
   G       C       G
And the service in there left a lot to be desired
   G       C       D
All the regulars were getting rude
   D       Em
I saw an apron thrown over a chair
   Am      C       D
A note said, "Hey John, we're gone, we're gone"
   G       C       G       Em
And I just smiled 'cause I loved you both
   G       C       G
So I put the apron on
   G       C       D
I put the apron on
   G       D

D       Em
There's nothing there in the market square
   Am      C       D
But the ghost of the Scarlet Town Crier
   G       C       G       Em
Well I just put the apron on
   Am      D
I sing the red rose and the briar
   Am      D
I sing the red rose and the briar
   Am      D
I sing the red rose and the briar
   Am      D      G
I sing the red rose and the briar

LICK (X2)

G
In Scarlet town where I was born
   C       G
There was a fair maid dwellin'
   G       Em
Oh, the colour of her hair was brown
Am
And her name......

C      Am
And her name was......

C      Am
And her name was......

C D

LICK

G
Bastard Son

Bob Dylan is my father,
Joan Baez is my mother
And I'm their bastard son

Though my roots show through I'm just 22
I don't belong to anyone
When The Band was disbanded, I was disowned
I got a number you can ring me on but I ain't got no phone
Got a forwarding address, baby I ain't got no home
I got no direction home
That's the style of a bastard child
This is the song of a bastard son
Uncle Lenny used to make me laugh

A       E       F#m     D
Took away my nightmares, tore my daydreams in half
A       E       F#m     D
Showed them to me reflected upside-down
A       E       F#m     D
In the mirror that Suzanne Vega found
E
Lenny's still doing his tricks today
E
Only goes to show that growing up might pay
A       E       F#m     D
That's the style of a bastard child
A       E       D       A
This is the song of a bastard son

A   E   F#m   D (X2)

A       E       F#m     D
Bruce and James were family friends
A       E       F#m     D
Took my mind to Carolina through the New Jersey bends
A       E       F#m     D
Gave me a harmonica when I was three
A       E       F#m     D
Nailed a banjo to my knees
E
Now Bruce is a foreman and James is a slave
E
Bruce gave in and James just gave up

A   E   F#m   D (x2)

A       F#m
My family didn't grow up too well with technology
D       E
And I think this is why they disowned me
A       F#m
But now I wanna get back into the fold
I don't wanna be a black sheep, I don't wanna grow old
Here's to Warren, Neil, T-Bone, Andy, Lou, Townes, Elliott
Tom, Steve, Elizabeth, Elvis, Dave
You're singing something good and it's gotta be saved
I think so!
That's the style of a bastard child
This is the song of a bastard son

I've only just started playing guitar and already they say I'm a has-been
Say my songs are too long, words are too strong, shoes aren't clean
See the synthesizer's broken, the 12 inch does not exist
It's gonna take a blessed life to get on to the hitlist
I'm gonna need a blessed life to get on to the hitlist
But I'm singing for the men, for the women and the kids
Who grew up like me with seven basic instincts hid
That's the style of a bastard child
This is the song of a bastard son
That's the style of a bastard child
This is the song of a bastard son
A E F#m D (x2)

A
Bob Dylan is my father,
F#m
Joan Baez is my mother
D
And I'm their bastard son
A