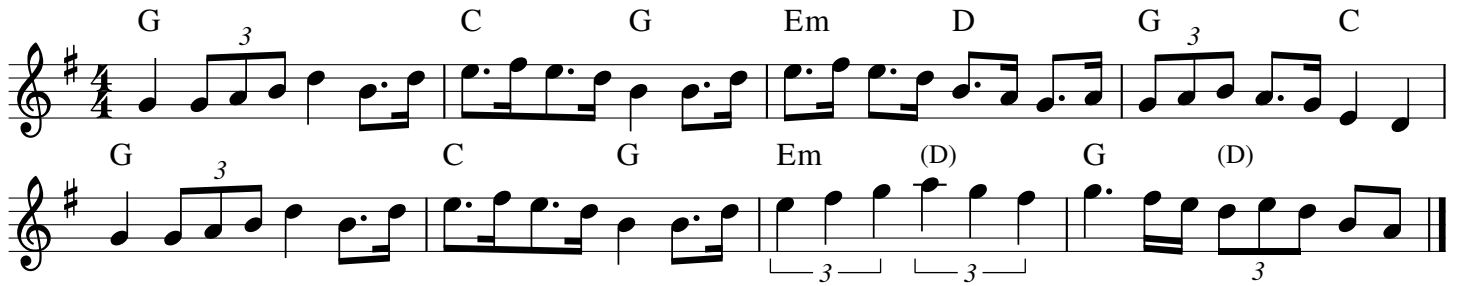


A Fistful o' Roses



GGCG GGCD GGCG GGDG | GGCG CGDD GGCG GDGG

Intro Chorus a capella + Instrumental

1. Oh I've love you from afar I've borne you like a scar
Sung your name across the bloody Colfiorito
But a poison took your heart your charmless little tart
Now you've nary a jot o' bother at all for me-o
2. This old town has gone to bits all the folks are off their tits
Screaming: „Hooray! Hurry the fuck t'blaze!“
A right parade o' fools come to stomp all o'er yer jewels
Like a fistful o' half dead roses

Chorus: And we're here again, oh again, let the whiskey flow again
let the taps below again sound away the knell
Like a fist full of roses, we'll take'em to the grave
Every last tale there is to tell

Instrumental -> Am 4 Takte

3. Oh, thi boozer is a wreck all up and down the deck
like a tired old sinner of her game
With her blood red lips and her youth about her hips
Still the regulars all love her just the same
4. Where the mud-spat boots cut the way among the suits
And the Sally's come to rattle the cane for Jesus
'Til they chain up all the doors and toss out all the whores
With a fistful of half dead roses

Chorus -> Instr. -> AmAmAmAm AmAmGG 4x
AmAmAmAm AmAmCG 4x
Am am -> Instr.

5. (Quiet) May all the Autumn leaves turn to the 20's at your feet
And the high and mighty come to know your thunder
We could set the world ablaze but these are early days
And there is still a hell of a road for us to wander
6. And there is one here among us who'll outlive the rest
Take a tippie to his foibles and his praises
'Til they strike him off the role and chuck him down a hole
With a fistful of half dead roses

Chorus 2x 2. mal a capella