

# Dark Streets of London

130

Intro

C G C

Instrumental

C F C C F G

C F C C G C

Verse+Chorus

C F C C F G

C F C C F G C

CC FC CC FG CC FC CF GC

Verse + Chorus

I like to walk in the summer breeze  
Down Dalling Road by the dead old trees  
And drink with my friends  
In the Hammersmith Broadway  
Dear dirty delightful old drunken old days  
Then the winter came down and I loved it so dearly  
The pubs and the bookies  
where you'd spend all your time  
And the old men that were singing,  
When the roses bloom again  
And turn like the leaves To a new summertime  
Now the winter comes down I can't stand the chill  
That comes to the streets around Christmas time  
And I'm buggered to damnation  
And I haven't got a penny  
To wander the dark streets of London  
Instrumental

Every time that I look on the first day of summer  
Takes me back to the place where they gave ECT  
And the drugged up psychos With death in their eyes  
And how all of this really Means nothing to me

Chorus

Instrumental

Every time that I look on the first day of summer  
Takes me back to the place where they gave ECT  
And the drugged up psychos With death in their eyes  
And how all of this really Means nothing to me

Chorus

To wander the dark streets of London  
To wander the dark streets of London

Instrumental 2x