Dead Leg Admiral Fallow

Admiral Fallow // Boots Met My Face // Dead Leg

C#m: X46654 F#m: 244222 A: X02220 E: 022100

C#m A E A

You have grown up.

E

Smoke-stack shadows in your eyes.

E A

And with annual courtroom ties,

Cigarette burns in your clothes,

.

Sugar spoons and frozen toes.

C#m A E A E A

And as for love;

C#m A E A

Oh God, you farce.

E A

Taught and brought up on your verse.

E A

Breaking rank deserves a curse.

E A E

Go home now son.

E 2

I ve forbidden what you love.

E A

Break your own glass with your glove.

F#m - A - C#m

E A E A

So you make blue the air.

E A

And with hands, in pockets, clenched;

E A

Swear to brutalise his wench,

2

Burn some holes into his floor,

E

Maybe petrol bomb his door. F#m Maybe not. Maybe not. C#m E A Cause that s youth today; They will fall on anyone in the name of having fun

Or is it pressure from you peers?

As the cries fall on deaf ears.

F#m

What have I done?

E A E A

What have I done?

Music By Admiral Fallow.