

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 A

Smoke-stack shadows in your eyes.

E A

And with annual courtroom ties,

E A

Cigarette burns in your clothes,

E A

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 A

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,

E A

Burn some holes into his floor,

E A

Maybe petrol bomb his door.

F#m

Maybe not.

E

Maybe not.

C#m

E

A

Cause that s youth today;

E

A

E

A

They will fall on anyone in the name of having fun

E

A

Or is it pressure from you peers?

E

A

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.