

**Take A Long Line
Angels**

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Date: Mon, 26 Jan 1998 21:57:26 +1100
From: Russell & Charlie
Subject: PRO: a/angels/take_a_long_line

Song: Take A Long Line
By: Angels
Album: Their Finest Hour...and then some
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[A]This is it folks, over the top

He was selling post cards from a paper stand
A whiskey bottle in his withered hand
He put his finger on a photo from an old magazine
Saw himself in the shadow of a dream
Running with his head inside a juke-box crown
Told him his feet stank and took him downtown
Called him agitator, spy and thief
Shut him up solitary third degree

Chorus:

[A]Take A [D]long [E]line
[E]Take a [D]long [E]line x 2
[E/D] [E/C#]With [A]him

He tried to appeal to the king of might
He said I m just exercisin my sacred right
The king he said you ain t got no rights
You re a mad, bad traitor get outta my sight

Chorus

Bass rises rather than decending at end:
[E/F#] [E/Ab]With [A]him

Break:

[C]x2 [G] [F#] [A][Ab]
[C]x2 [D] [C#] [A][Ab]

Running with his head inside a juke-box crown
Told him his feet stank and took him downtown
Called him agitator, spy and thief

Shut him up solitary third degree

Well they put him up boy, a world-wide whirlwind
Pulled out his teeth and they told him to grin
He gave them a smile, pulled out a bottle of wine
He said I never existed you been wasting your time

Chorus x 2

[A]Take A [D]long [E]line

[E]Take A [D]long [E]line

[E]Take a [D]long, long, long [E]line

With [A]him