

East St Oneill
Animals That Swim

Intro: F#m A F#m A Bm A

F#m A
Someone got shot dead round here.

F#m A Bm D
People left flowers by the Ribena stains on the pavement.

F#m D A Bm D
Friends, neighbours, strangers.

F#m A F#m
A million blooms, one day dusty, the next wet and ragged.

A Bm D
So, guess what? I took them all home with me

F#m D A Bm D
in a wheelbarrow and filled the bathroom from floor to ceiling, and listen,

F#m A
there was no devine damnation

F#m A
no cosmic retribution.

Bm D F#m
Once the petals wilted, I pressed them all flat in the largest book I ve got.

D A Bm D F#m Bm A F#m
On wet days, the ghost sits in the kitchen leafing through it.

Bm A F#m
He s not grey or wraith-like,
Bm A F#m Bm A F#m
but bright and solid,
Bm A F#m
like a new bike.

D A Bm D F#m
Looks at the faded colours and plays the radio too loud,

D A Bm D
and makes a damn mess of fag butts and tea leaves.

Outro: F#m D A Bm D x 3