

East St Oneill
Animals That Swim

Intro: Gm Bb Gm Bb Cm Bb

Gm Bb
Someone got shot dead round here.
Gm Bb Cm Eb
People left flowers by the Ribena stains on the pavement.
Gm Eb Bb Cm Eb
Friends, neighbours, strangers.

Gm Bb Gm
A million blooms, one day dusty, the next wet and ragged.
Bb Cm Eb
So, guess what? I took them all home with me
Gm Eb Bb Cm Eb
in a wheelbarrow and filled the bathroom from floor to ceiling, and listen,
Gm Bb
there was no devine damnation
Gm Bb
no cosmic retribution.
Cm Eb Gm
Once the petals wilted, I pressed them all flat in the largest book I ve got.
Eb Bb Cm Eb Gm Cm Bb Gm
On wet days, the ghost sits in the kitchen leafing through it.

Cm Bb Gm
He s not grey or wraith-like,
Cm Bb Gm Cm Bb Gm
but bright and solid,
Cm Bb Gm
like a new bike.

Eb Bb Cm Eb Gm
Looks at the faded colours and plays the radio too loud,
Eb Bb Cm Eb
and makes a damn mess of fag butts and tea leaves.

Outro: Gm Eb Bb Cm Eb x 3