

East St Oneill
Animals That Swim

Intro: G#m B G#m B C#m B

G#m B
Someone got shot dead round here.

G#m B C#m E
People left flowers by the Ribena stains on the pavement.

G#m E B C#m E
Friends, neighbours, strangers.

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

B C#m E
So, guess what? I took them all home with me

G#m E B C#m E
in a wheelbarrow and filled the bathroom from floor to ceiling, and listen,

G#m B
there was no devine damnation

G#m B
no cosmic retribution.

C#m E G#m
Once the petals wilted, I pressed them all flat in the largest book I ve got.

E B C#m E G#m C#m B G#m
On wet days, the ghost sits in the kitchen leafing through it.

C#m B G#m
He s not grey or wraith-like,
C#m B G#m C#m B G#m
but bright and solid,
C#m B G#m
like a new bike.

E B C#m E G#m
Looks at the faded colours and plays the radio too loud,

E B C#m E
and makes a damn mess of fag butts and tea leaves.

Outro: G#m E B C#m E x 3