

Unpublished Critics  
Australian Crawl

Intro: (C Bb F) 2X

I m just a

C

shy romantic with my eyes on the loose

Bb

I m in a overcoated way

F

A poet in a garret

C

You know some people say

C

Standing at the barline with my lip on the curl

Bb

I m with the other lean and lear

F

My finger on the pulse

C

And my hand around a beer

G F C

Ah, Ahh, well I don t wanna know what s going round here

G F C

Ah, Ahh, It s just a matter of time, hold it under light

G F C

Ah, Ahh, I ve got to get away, to get away, to get away

C

The singer in the band, you know, he sweat on a pose

Bb

And he s really such a jerk

F

Thinks he can call me stupid

C

Because he gets a lot of work

C

I m standing in the background, got my arms on the fold

Bb

And every dog s gonna have it s day

F

C

The New Musical Express and my own 4-way P.A.

G F C

Ah, Ahh, well I don t wanna know what s going round here

G F C

Ah, Ahh, it s just a matter of time, hold it under light

G F C

Ah, Ahh, I ve got to get away, to get away, to get away

**C**

Well, I ve been reading those biographies in paperback

**Bb**

I ve got a death-wish that I can t explain

**F**

I ve been working on the petulance

**C**

And the urchin took my name

(Refrão)