

**Wishing The Days Away**  
**Billy Bragg**

Note: verse 3 appears on the alternate take on the bonus edition of Talking With the Taxman aAbout Poetry

Intro:

|            |            |            |  
C F    C    G    C    C            G

verse 1:

C

On monday I wished it was tuesday night

F                    G                    C

So I could wish for the weekend to come

C

On tuesday I wished that the night would pass

C                    G                    Am

So I could call you on the phone

F                    C

Now a man can spend a lot of time

Am                    C

Wondering what was on jack ruby s mind

F                    Em                    Dm                    G

And time is all I have without you here

verse 2:

C

On wednesday when you hung up

F                    G                    C

It was as much as I could do

C

To stop from wishing thursday

C                    G                    Am

Would pass so quickly too

F                    C

They re out there making history

C                    F

In the lenin shipyards today

F                    C                    Am

And here I am in the hammersmith hotel

G                    C

Wishing the days away

verse 3:

C

Wasn t it a shock to find

F                    G                    C

The king was human too?

C

Still I think he understands

**C G Am**  
Much more of me than you do.  
**F C**  
It seems a proper shame to steal,  
**C F**  
His clothes but not his crown,  
**F C Am**  
Here I am in the Hammersmith hotel,  
**G C**  
Singing the government down

verse 4:

**C**  
There s always room for one more soul  
**F G C**  
Down in the human zoo  
**C**  
I don t want you to come here though  
**C G Am**  
I want to come home to you  
**F C**  
Somebody s knocking at the door  
**C F**  
Its later than I think  
**F C Am**  
And it s time to put on these stinking clothes  
**G C**  
And get out there and stink

Verse 5:

**C**  
On friday I wished there was something more  
**F G C**  
To be seen in the letters you send  
**C**  
On saturday I wished it was sunday  
**C G Am**  
Oh will this torment ever end  
**F C F**  
Sometimes I get a notion to put a torch  
**F**  
To the tools of my trade  
**F C Am**  
Here I am in the hammersmith hotel  
**G C**  
Wishing the days away