Missing You Christy Moore

(intro 2x) **Dm F G Am**

DmIn nineteen hundred and eighty six, there?s not much for a chippie but swinging a pick. And you can?t live on love, and on love alone, G so you sail cross the ocean, away cross the foam. DmG To where you re a Paddy, a Biddy or a Mick, G good for nothing but stacking a brick. Your best mate s a spade and he carries a hod, G two work horses heavily shod. F F DmOh, I m missing you, I d give all for the price of a flight. G Dm F Oh, I m missing you under Piccadilly s neon. Dm3. Who did you murder, are you a spy? I m just fond of a drink, helps me laugh, helps me cry. Now, I just drink red biddy for a permanent high, I laugh a lot less and I ll cry till I die. DmF Oh, I m missing you, I d give all for the price of a flight. Dm F C G C Oh, I m missing you under Piccadilly s neon. All ye young people, now take my advice, before crossing the ocean you d better think twice. Cause you can t live without love, without love alone,

the proof is round the West End in the nobody zone,

wrapped up in old cardboard under Charing Cross Bridge. And I ll never go home now because of the shame, of a misfit s reflection in a shop window pane. F C G Dm F C Oh, I m missing you, I d give all for the price of a flight. C G Dm F C Oh, I m missing you under Piccadilly s neon. F C G Dm F C Am Oh, I m missing you, I d give all for the price of a flight. F C G Dm F C G Oh, I m missing you under Piccadilly s neon.

Where the summer is fine, but the winter s a fridge,

Dm