



Suprise, boy! This tide s come a turning. No room to mourn what you have  
**Am**  
lost.

**C** **Em** **D** **Am**  
On, no waiting while the willing, poor little hound of blood and rank,  
**C**  
who deserves every ounce of what s coming.

OUTRO

**C**  
We caught you on the wrong side of lying,  
**Am**  
within the dust we left you dying  
**C**  
if only words can keep you hiding.  
**Am**  
Well go on, cowards we ve offed you, cowards we ve offed you.  
**C** **Am**  
It s all on you, boy. It s all on you, boy.  
**C** **Am**  
It s all on you, boy. It s all on you, boy.  
**C** **Am**  
It s all on you, boy. It s all on you, boy.