

Poor Fractured Atlas
Elvis Costello

D D D D Dm Dm Dm Dm

D
He s out in the woods with his squirrel gun
Dm
To try and recapture his anger
G
He s screaming some words at the top of his lungs
Em A
Until he begins to feel younger
F#dim Em
But back at his desk in the city we find
F#dim Em
Our trembling punch-drunken fighter
B7 Em B7 Em
Who can t find the strength now to punish the length
G A
Of the ribbon in his little typewriter

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G A
Poor fractured Atlas
A D
Threw himself across the mattress
G A
Waving his withering pencil
A D
As if it were a pirate s cutlass
Dm C G
I m almost certain
Bb A D
He s trying to increase his burden
Em B7 Em A
He said That s how the child in me planned it,
A7 D A C G Bb A...
A woman wouldn t understand it

I believe there was something that I wanted to say
Before I conclude this epistle
But you would forgive me for holding my tongue
Cause Man made the blade and the pistol
Yes, Man made the waterfall over the dam
To temper his tantrum with magic
Now you can t be sure of that tent of azure
Since he punched a hole in the fabric

G **A**
 Poor fractured Atlas
A **D**
 Threw himself across the mattress
G **A**
 Waving his withering pencil
A **D**
 As if it were a pirate s cutlass
Dm **C** **G**
 I m almost certain
Bb **A** **D**
 He s trying to increase his burden
Em **B7** **Em** **A**
 He said That s how the child in me planned it,
 A7 **D** **A** **C** **G** **Bb** **A...**
 A woman wouldn t understand it
D A D **A7** **D** **A** **C** **G** **Bb** **A** **D A D...**
 A woman wouldn t understand it