

**The Writer
Fischer-Z**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
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Date: Tue, 13 Jan 1998 09:37:29 +0100
From: Tilman Heckel
Subject: CRD: f/fischer_z/the_writer

The Writer (Fischer Z)

Album: Red Skies Over Paradise

Dm C G A

Dm C G A

The other side of the room

Dm C G A

an empty bottle lies broken

Dm C G A

Purple faces are sure,

Dm C G A

of snow white sheets to soak in

His clothes are spread around,

they smell of perspiration

A half eaten meal

attracts the flies attention

A

Do I Do I Do I Do I Hear the man s cries

Do I Do I Do I Do I Look in his eyes

Do I Do I Do I Do I Care if he dies

Do I Do I Do I Do I Do I?

Dm C G A

Take a paper towel and place it over his head

Dm C G A

Phone up reception and report him as dead

Dm C G A

Open up the window and expose him to light

Dm C A Dm C G

Push it all away from me ... No that can t be right ...

A Dm C G A

Ri High hight ...

A continental breeze
has set the blinds in motion
Brings just a hint of change
from the Atlantic Ocean

The ancient church bell rings.
Defies the march of progress
The senoritas said
you were too young to notice

Do I Do I Do I Do I ...

Take a paper towel...

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Transcript by Tilman Heckel