

Oliver Boy
Flogging Molly

First: First Tab + I play the ukulele so I m not 100% positive but it should sound something like this:

OLIVER BOY - Flogging Molly

Tabbed by: milliontimes
E-mail: ritter.kai@gmx.de

Chords Used: **Dm Am Em C D F A**

[slow part]

Dm

Oh! Oliver Boy what did you do?

Am

But crush the hand you never shook

Em

Dm

Then rob the rights of people to be free

Dm

Oh! Oliver Boy it s a terrible state

Am

You left behind a worse off race

Em

Dm

Where dignity and pride fought for their place

C

Dm

Oh! Oliver Boy now you are gone

Am

Dm

And we re still here where we belong

Am

Dm

Forgiveness being our strength you ll never see

[slow part over]

Dm

Now the sun shines on this page I write

Am

Though it s raining hard in Palestine

Em

No lands are promised lands

Dm

When will we see?

[**Dm**]

So don t tell me that your God s my God

Am

I don t think they even care at all

Em

Dm

Just a pantomime behind a curtain lies de-keit

C **Dm**
Oh listen to me bark out loud
Am **Dm**
With-out a voice and little growl
C **Dm**
Snapping at the heels I wait
Am
For something more to change
Dm [fades directly into Chorus]
The more they stay the same

[Chorus 1]

Dm
Oliver Boy! It s the same militia
D
Oliver Boy! Just the clothes are different
F
Oliver Boy! It s the same old story
A **Dm**
Where there s blood there s death not glory

Dm
Look into these empty eyes
Am
Fed upon by parasites
Em **Dm**
As beauty s ugly head devours its plight
[**Dm**]
While the borders of our hate create
Am
Nothing more than each our fate
Em **Dm**
Trapped between our comfort and our crime
C **Dm**
So stand along the graveyard wall
Am **Dm**
And watch the souls per-form their song
C **Dm**
Sing to us the dead above
Am
As the mourners come to pray
Dm
The living stay away

[Chorus 2]

Dm
Oliver Boy! It s the same militia
D
Oliver Boy! Just the clothes are different
F
Oliver Boy! It s the same old story

A

Where there s blood there s death not glory

Dm

Oliver Boy! We re all someone s sons

D

All of our Boys! Just put down the guns

F

Oliver Boy! You re dead but listen

A

Dm

You were wrong but we re no diffe-rent

[Solo - not figured out]

Dm

D

Marching to the left, everyone in step

Dm F

A

Don t ask the question, why we re here with no direction

Dm

D

Marching to the right, this is not our fight

Dm F

A

The curse of friction, born of man and contradiction

[Chorus 2]

Dm

All of our Boys!

[slow part]

Dm

Now the sun shines on this page I write

Am

A

Dm

Though it s raining hard in Pales-tine

Enjoy!