The Armadillo Frank Turner

hide	this	tah
mue	CIII	cab

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--Riff:
B|-----1h5p1-----
D|-----2-----2-----2-----
A | -----0---
--Interlude:
e | -----
B|--1----0-----
G | --0----0----2----0----0----2---
D | ----2----2/4---0--
A | -----2-----2-----2-----
E | -----
Riff x2
   G5 Dadd4/F# Bm5+
                    Am7
I was taking compass bearings for the Ordanance Survey
   G5
      Dadd4/F# Bm5+
               Α7
                     Am7
                           D
On an army training camp on Salisbury plain.
   Bm
             Em
                     Am
I had packed up my theodolite, I was calling it a day
В7
                      Em
When I heard a voice that sang a sad refrain:
Interlude
       Dadd4/F# Bm5+
                  Am7
Oh my darling armadillo, let me tell you of my love,
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Am7

D

Dadd4/F# Bm5+ A7

G5

Bm Em Am D

Be my fellow on my pillow underneath this weeping willow,

C C/B Am7 D G

Be my darling armadillo all the day.

Riff x2

 $$\tt G5$$ Dadd4/F# Bm5+ Am7 D I was somewhat disconcerted by this curious affair

G5 Dadd4/F# Bm5+ A7 Am7 D For a single armadillo, you alone,

Bm Em Am D
On Salisbury plain in summer is comparitively rare

B7 Em And a pair of them is practically unknown.

 $$\operatorname{Bm}$$ $$\operatorname{Em}$$ $$\operatorname{F}\#$$ $$\operatorname{Bm}$$ $$\operatorname{Drawn}$$ by that mellow solo, there I followed on my bike

Em Am7 Em B7 Em To discover what these armadillo lovers might be like.

Interlude

 $$\tt G5$$ Dadd4/F# Bm5+ Am7 D Oh my darling armadillo how delightful it would be

G5 Dadd4/F# Bm5+ A7 Am7 D If for us those silver wedding bells should chime.

Bm Em Am D
Let the orange blossoms billow, you need only say I will, oh

 $$\rm C$$ C/B Am7 D $\rm G$$ Be my darling armadillo all the time.

Riff x2

Bm Em F# Bm

Then I saw them in a hollow on a yellow muddy bank; Em Am7 В7 Εm An armadillo singing to an armour-plated tank. --Simply pick the following notes throughout this next part: hide this tab |-----0-----|-----0----0----|-----6----6--------5------|--4------4---4 _____ Should I tell him gaunt and rusting with the willow tree above, This abandoned on-manoeuvres is the object of your love? F# I left him to his singing, I cycled home without a pause. Am7 Em В7 Never tell a man the truth about the one that he adores. Dadd4/F# Bm5+ Am7 On the breeze that followed sunset I could hear that sad refrain G5 Dadd4/F# Bm5+ A7 Singing willow, willow, willow down the way. BmΕm Am And I seem to hear it still oh vive 1 amour, vive 1 armadillo, C/B Am7 D Be my darling armadillo all the day. C/B Am7

Be my darling armadillo all the day.