

Surging Out Of Convalescence
Half Man Half Biscuit

G **D** **G**
Darts in soap operas, oh so wrong, oh so wrong

D **G**
No one s scoring and there s too much chat between easch throw

D **G**
Worse than this though is when cheers are raised for the bull

D
Granted, bull s a double and an out but I know that they don t

Am **D** **Am** **D** **Am** **D** **D7**
Know their boards; I propose no soap darts.

G **D** **G**
Is your child hyperactive or is he perhaps a twat?

D **G**
Sometimes I like to watch wave rage down on Fistral Beach

D **G**
Last Ash Wednesday I had tantric sex and it was shit

D
Next Ash Wednesday I might strive to lick my elbow;

Am **D** **Am** **D** **Am** **D** **D7**
Strive in vain, for they say few succeed.

G **D**
I wrote to the Horse and Hounds to gloat over whay I d done

G **D**
I stored their magazine in a data retrieval system

G
Well let s face it what re they going to do?

D
It s not as if they know where I live

G **D**
And anyway I cut the caper back in 1984

G **D**
Heartbroken Matrons on joyless beds

G **D**
For those whose souls the iron has entered

G **D**
And if I get to Heaven s gate I ll doubtless have to wait

G **D**
While St. Peter investigates the inevitable asterisk

G **D**
The inside of a Halex Three Star table-tennis ball

G **D** **G**
Smells much like you d expect it to.