

Eyeless In Holloway
Johnny Flynn

G Larum
Eyeless In Holloway

F
There s a man at hand
F
There s a way between
F
The sinking sand
F
And a crooked dream
C **Dm**
And collared off at the modern age of nine
C **Bb**
Summoned off for walking down the line

Dm **C** **F**
They lost eyes in old city streets
Dm **C** **Bb** **F**
Where the funeral pyres burned the last of the meek

He filled his boots
And he tipped his cap
And a root to toot
With the boss and that
And told a girl of the summer by the sea
Said to her would you like to go with me

Wind is turned
And the concord trucks
And the singers changed
And the hard to soft
In with changes, always out with time
Nothing left but walking down the line

They lost eyes in old city streets
Where the funeral pyres burned the last of the meek

Dragging loose less through the den
And I come out less with sporting wear
More to fit than you d be feeling now
She is aware that he is always how

Then her sweetness and his sweeter scented
And her fury s swimming til the fury s bended
And lost in all might be to lost in time
What joy the darts might be to walk the line

They lost eyes in old city streets
Where the funeral pyres burned the last of the meek
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Same for the whole song.