

Eyeless In Holloway
Johnny Flynn

B Larum

Eyeless In Holloway

A

There s a man at hand

A

There s a way between

A

The sinking sand

A

And a crooked dream

E

F#m

And collared off at the modern age of nine

E

D

Summoned off for walking down the line

F#m

E

A

They lost eyes in old city streets

F#m

E

D

A

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

Same for the whole song.