

An Elegant Chaos
Julian Cope

F **C**

Busy at home

Bb

I was happy for a while

C

But the joke is over

F **C**

Looking down

Bb

C

At the carefully laid out infamy

F

C

Take a scythe, take a scythe,

Bb

To the rotting core

C

Of man-vegetaton

F **C**

Now I sigh

Bb

C

At the cool cool attitude to ignorance

A5

The look in your eyes

G5

When you gave this to me

A5

G5

Just put me on my guard

F

In this elegant chaos

C **Bb C**

I stand to one side

Shouting ha
Was I forced into this?
Or was it given to me?
It s a nice idea -
As a gift
Or as something to try for a while
70 years?
It s neither one thing or the other
My big fear
Is to dig it at last
And have it taken away

bridge, no real chords - so I made them up

Am **E**
It?s not a problem of secrecy

G **D**
I take it in my stride

A **E**
Did I learn to breathe to be killed like this?

Am **E**
Faces to the glass

G **D**
I see them televise my death

A
Oh, and here comes the part

E
Where I break down and cry.

People I see
Just remind me of mooing
Like a cow on the grass
And that s not to say
That there s anything wrong
With being a cow anyway
But people are people
With the added advantage
Of the spoken word
We re getting on fine
But I feel more of a man
When I get with the herd.