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Medusa
Karine Polwart
 [Intro]
      C
      C
[Verse]
Em
Can you hear the shuffle of boots?
Old men in polyester suits
Ties like regimental colours flying
Em
Who they are I do not know
                                C
I just watch them row upon row
Every single one of them is crying
And they re marching along the old dirt track
Looking up ahead, never looking back
Scared they 11 catch the eye of some Medusa
[Chorus]
Here they are now one, two, three
Four and five and more and many
And six and seven, eight and nine
Here they come in a long, long line
Count a dozen, count a score
                               D
There might be a hundred more
[Instrumental]
[Verse]
Can you hear the clatter of boots?
Kits and packs and khaki suits
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And ragged regimental colours flying Swallowed whole by the cold steel rain D Just a little fresh blood in the serpent s veins And it s a sharp shrill whistle call to attack And they re running up ahead, and they re never coming back Caught right in the eye of some Medusa [Chorus] Here they are now one, two, three Four and five and more and many And six and seven, eight and nine \mathbf{Em} Here they come in a long, long line Count a dozen, count a score There might be a hundred more [Instrumental] $\mathbf{E}\mathbf{m}$ C D Εm Εm C D C D Em [Verse] Em Can you hear the concrete clicking And the telephones bawling and the clocks all ticking And the red ink spilling on the embers Em No one cares, no one remembers Names like footsteps chiselled in stone Row upon row, row upon row, row upon row, row upon row [Chorus] Here they are now one, two, three Four and five and more and many C D

And six and seven, eight and nine Here they come in a long, long line Count a dozen, count a score There might be a hundred more [Chorus] Here they are now one, two, three Four and five and more and many And six and seven, eight and nine Here they come in a long, long line Count a dozen, count a score Em D Em There might be a hundred more C D Em A hundred more C D Em

A hundred more