

Leslie

King Creosote

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Bm G

It wasn't a particularly sunny day nor fine

Bm G

And a dozen little problems kept me more than occupied

Bm G

Until I rounded the Hope Park Holy Wall

Bm

And looked ahead to find her in the way

G

Grinning like a misbehaving child

D G Bm G

Bm G

Could I talk of anything and what did I replied to

Bm G

I think I mumbled something hunger wise

Bm G

My insides eating up the butterflies that kept hunger at bay

Bm G

And my nerves were playing crazy buggers with my sense of style

D G Bm

Throw me round and down

G D G Bm G

Before I fall

Bm G

I'll soon become lame of the next day

Bm

And it seems I've spent some 20 years

G

Just gazing at her face

Bm

And in her eyes she seemed to know me

G

Seemed into search into my soul

D G Bm

Throw me round and down

G D...

Before I fall