

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 I am 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