

On Way
Levellers

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#-----#
#

Received: from animal-farm.nevada.edu by redrock.nevada.edu (5.65c/M1.4)
with SMTP id ; Tue, 7 Sep 1993 08:09:10 -0700
Received: from sun2.nsfnet-relay.ac.uk by animal-farm.nevada.edu id ; Tue, 7 Sep
1993 08:09:05 -0700
Via: uk.ac.wolverhampton.ccub; Tue, 7 Sep 1993 16:07:42 +0100
Message-Id:
Subject: Levellers -One Way
From: cs5133@ccub.wlv.ac.uk (Simon Phillips)
Date: Tue, 7 Sep 1993 15:46:01 +0100 (BST)
To: jamesb@animal-farm.nevada.edu
X-Mailer: fastmail [version 2.4 PL22]

This is ONE WAY ... by the levellers ...

The first track on the Levelling the Land album..

It is in 4/4 timing and the chords are as follows ...

Bm D E A G D
There s only one way of life and thats your own, your own
A
your own.....

Play 1 bar of each chord .. 4/4 timing

D D F G D D F

Then the first verse starts

G D
My father, when i was younger took me up on to the hill
F G
that looked down on the city smog and above the factory spill.
D F
Now this is where i come, when i want to be free ... Well he never
G
was in his life time .. and these words stuck with me ...

Hey

Then it repeats the same chords ie (DFG a few times...)

And thats the whole song ... wow .. that was hard ...

The rest of the lyrics are like this : -

And so i ran from all of this,
and i climbed the highest hill
and i looked down onto my life,
above the factory spill.

And i looked down onto my life,
as the family disgrace,
then all my friends on the starting
line , their wages off to chase,
Yes, and all my friends and all their
jobs and all this bloody waste..

Theres only one .. way of life ..
and thats your own etc

Well, well ,well
I grew up learned to love and laugh,
circled A s on the underpass..
the noise we thought would never
stop ..
died a death as the punks
grew up ..
and we choked on all our dreams,
we wrestled with our fears..
were running through the heartless concrete streets..
chasing our ideas.. run!

And all the problems of the Earth..
wont be solved by this guitar,
and they wont stop coming either
by the life i ve had so far...
And the bright lights of my home
town, wont be getting any dimmer ..
though their calling has receded
like some old and distant singer.
And they dont look so appealing
to the eyes of this poor sinner..

Chorus (twice)

As you can see .. Its just such a difficult song its unbelievable...

well maybe not

simon

cs5133@ccub.wlv.ac.uk

cs5133@scitsc.wlv.ac.uk