

Backsliding Fearlessly
Mott The Hoople

(Intro):

C F Em Dm

C F Em Dm

C F C

C F C

C F C F C

I dreamt of being horses in shackles of gold

C Am Bb F

And the men that were young then are now terribly old

C F C

The graveyard was creaking with too many bones

C Am Bb F

While the bishop was praying his cassock was sold

C F C

Three cheers for the innocent though he is perverse

C Am Bb F

Three screams for the hangman as he cries for the hearse

C F C

I weep for the rebels conventional ways

C Am Bb F

For he loses his mind while the devious stay

C G

By the way

C F Em

If the world saluted you

Dm G Dm

Well what would you do if you could be there

G

Well would you still take me

Would you take me anywhere

C F Em

If the world saluted you

Dm F Dm

Well what would you say when things were down

Dm G

Would you still want me

Would you want me around

C F Em Dm C

C F C

C F C
So come all ye faithful and slaughter your lambs
C Am Bb F
Your minds have been whipped by experienced hands
C F C
I wish we were children I d welcome the change
Dm Bb F
And the mind of an old man you can t rearrange
G
Ain t it strange

C F Em
If the world saluted you
Dm C Bm Dm
Well what would you do if you could be there
G
Would you still

Em G
Would you still take me anywhere

C F Em
If the world saluted you
Dm F Dm
What would you say when things were down
G

Would you still want me
Would you still want me around

C F Em Dm
OOooooooooohhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

C F Em Dm
C F Em Dm
C F Em Dm
(fade out)