

Nothing But The Same Old Story

Paul Brady

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Subject: b/brady_paul/nothing_but_the_same_old_story.crd

Date: Thu, 12 Jun 1997 11:48:15 -0400

From: Dave Carroll <carrolld@bu.edu>

"Nothing But The Same Old Story" by Paul Brady

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[tab]Em          C          G
I was just about nineteen[/tab]
[tab]          C          D          G
When I landed on their shore[/tab]
[tab]          D          Bm7
With my eyes big as headlights[/tab]
[tab]          C          D          C
Like the thousands and thousands who came before[/tab]
[tab]          G
I was going to be something[/tab]
[tab]  Bm7          C          D          G
I smiled at the man scrutinising my face[/tab]
[tab]          D          Em          A          Em          A
As I stepped down off the gangway[/tab]
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Came down to their city
Where I worked for many s the year
Built a hundred houses
Must ve pulled half a million pints of beer
Living under suspicion
Putting up with the hatred and fear in their eyes
You can see that your nothing but a murderer
In their eyes, we re nothing but a bunch of murderers

Chorus

[tab]Em C G C D G
Hey Johnny, can t wait til Saturday night[/tab]
[tab] D Bm7
Got a thirst that s raging[/tab]
[tab] C D C
Know a place where we can put that right[/tab]
[tab] G Bm7
Wash away the confusion[/tab]
[tab] C D

Hose down this fire inside[/tab]
[tab] **G**
But look out![/tab]
[tab] **D** **Em**
I ll tear you into pieces if you cross me[/tab]

I m sick of watching them break up
Every time some bird brain puts us down
Making jokes on the radio
Guess it helps them all drown out the sound
Of the crumbling foundations
Any fool can see the writing on the wall
But they just don t believe that it s happening

There s a crowd says I m alright
Say they like my turn of phrase
Take me round to their parties
Like some dressed up monkey in a cage
And I play my accordian
Oh, but when the wine seeps through the facade
It s nothing but the same old story
Nothing but the same old story

Chorus

Got a brother in Boston
Says he ll send me on the fare
Just wrote me a letter
Making out that he s cleaning up out there
Two cars in the driveway
Summer house way down on the Cape
And I know that he s fix me up in the morning

I ve been thinking about it
But it seems so far to go
People say in the winter
You d get lost underneath the snow
And there s this girl from my home place
We ve been planning to move back and give it a try
So I never got around to going
That s why I never got around to going

Chorus

Wow! Now there are TWO Paul Brady songs out there! From the 1981 album
"Hard Station" (Mercury #834 696-2. sell your car, fly to Dublin, buy it!)
but also on the US-available 1992 compilation "Songs and Crazy Dreams"
(Fontana #314 512 397-2). This song is about the Irish experience in
England.I play it as described, although playing with the record requires a
capo on the 2nd fret.