

**A Bone Through Her Nose**  
**Richard Thompson**

A Bone Through Her Nose

**C#m**

Oh the drones on the corner don't look her in the eye

**B C#m Ebm C#m B**

When she comes out to play

**C#m B C#m Ebm C#m B**

And three times now at the Club Chi-Chi they've turned her away

**C#m B C#m Ebm C#m B**

Last week she was the belle of the ball but another week passes

**C#m B C#m Ebm C#m B**

It's time to cast off crutches, scars and pebble glasses

Chorus:

**A F#**

She's got everything a girl might need, she's a tribal animal, yes indeed

**Bm G**

But she hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose

**F#**

Hasn't got a bone through her nose

**Bm G**

She hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose

**F#**

She hasn't got a bone through her nose

Hasn't got a bone through her nose, through her nose

She hasn't got a bone through her nose

Oh she gets her suits from a personal friend, Coco the clown

She got dustman's jacket, inside out, it's a party gown

If it's buffoons, she's got buffoons, if it's tat she got tat

She got hoochie coochie Gucci and a pom-pom hat

Chorus

Well, her ma writes cook books, she wrote one once, and it sold one or two

Her pa's in the city, he's so witty, he calls it the zoo

Her boyfriend plays in Scritti Politti, Aunt Sally's brown bread

In a few more years she can marry some fool and knock it on the head

Chorus