



Em D

When the wind s in the right direction

C B7

the wind s in the right direction

verse 3

Em D Em  
Fergus Laing and his seventeen friends

G A Em  
They live inside a bubble

D Em  
There they withdraw and shut the door

G A Em  
At any sign of trouble

G  
Should the peasants wail and vent

A  
And ask him where the money went

Bm A  
He ll simply say, it s all been spent

Em  
On being classy

verse 4

Em D Em  
Fergus buildings reach the sky

G A Em  
Until you cannot see em

D Em  
He thinks the old stuff he pulls down

G A Em  
Belongs in a museum

G  
His own fair home is on the Park

A  
an airy jewel, a city ark

Bm A  
Hung with Picasso, hung with Braque

Em  
but nothing brassy

A  
Fergus Laing he builds and builds

Em  
Yet small is his erection

A  
Fergus Laing has a fine head of hair

Em D  
When the wind s in the right direction

the wind s in the right direction

Alternate verse 4

G

His fits are famous on the scene

A

The shortest fuse, so cruel, so mean

Bm

A

But don t call him a drama queen

Em

Like Shirley Bassey

Em D Em

Fergus Laing he flaunts the law

G

A

Em

But one day he ll be wired

D

Em

And as they drag him off to jail

G

A

Em

We ll all shout, You re fired!