

Fergus Laing

Richard Thompson

verse 1

Em D Em
Fergus Laing is a beast of a man
G A Em
He stitches up and fleeces
D Em
He wants to manicure the world
G A Em
And sell it off in pieces
G
He likes to build his towers high
A
He blocks the sun out of the sky
Bm A
In the penthouse the champagne s dry
Em
And slightly gassy

verse 2

Em **D** **Em**

Fergus Laing, he works so hard

G **A** **Em**

As busy as a bee is

D **Em**

Fergus Laing has seventeen friends

G **A** **Em**

All as dull as he is

G

His seventeen friends have seventeen wives

A

All the perfect shape and size

Bm **A**

They wag their tails and bat their eyes

Em

Just like Lassie

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

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

His fits are famous on the scene
The shortest fuse, so cruel, so mean
But don t call him a drama queen
Like Shirley Bassey

Fergus Laing he flaunts the law
But one day he ll be wired
And as they drag him off to jail
We ll all shout, You re fired!