

Hors D'oeuvres

Roy Harper

Artist: Roy Harper
Song: Hors D'oeuvres
Album: Stormcock
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Intro: **C C/B Am G G/F# D/D4**

Verse:

C C/B Am G G/F# Em7 D/D4
The judge sits on his great assize
Twelve men wise with swollen thighs
Who never ever told no lies
Whose minds were ever such a size
Whose lives were ever such a prize
Whose brains bred answers just like flies
Whose answers stalked their thoughts like spies
Whose lead ball through the courtroom flies
To rip a hole clean between two eyes
That never ever wore disguise
And never ever saw blue skies
Who quickly lived now slowly dies
Who closed unopened otherwise

Chorus:

G D Em
Well you can lead a horse to water
But you re never gonna make him drink
And you can lead a man to slaughter
But you re never gonna make him think

Verse 2:

The critic rubs his tired arse
Scrapes his poor brains, strains and farts
And wields a pen that stops and starts
And thinks in terms of booze and tarts
And sits there playing with his parts
He says I m much too crude and far too course
And he says this singer s just a farce
He s got no healing formulas
He s got no cure-all for our scars
He s got no bra-strap for our bras
And our sagging tits no longer hold a full house of hearts

And you know what? I don t think this little song s gonna make the charts

Chorus

not-obvious chords:

C/B - 022010

G/F# - 220033

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