

F#m

The weather brass and bitter

B

I put away a tenner

D

Each week to make her better

Am

And when the time was ready

Gm

We had to sell the telly

F

Late evenings by the fire

A

And little kicks inside her

Verse 4

D

G

This morning at four fifty

D

I took her rather nifty

Bm

Down to an incubator

D

Where thirty minutes later

G

She gave birth to a daughter

D

Within a year a walker

Bm

She looked just like her mother

D

D A E

If there could be another

Verse 5 (chords are the same as verse 1)

And now she s two years older

Her mother s with a soldier

She left me with my drinkin

Became a proper stingin

The devil came and took me

From bar to street to bookie

No more nights by the telly

No more nights nappies smelling

Verse 6 (chords are the same as verse 1)

Alone here in the kitchen

I feel there s somethin missin

I beg for some forgiveness

But beggin s not my business
And she won t write a letter
Although I always tell her
And so it s my assumption
I m really up the junction