

Merrie Land

The Good, The Bad & The Queen

[Intro]

| C | C | C | C |
| Em | Em | Bm | Bm |

[Verse]

C

If you re leaving please still say goodbye

And if you are leaving can you leave me my silver jubilee mug

Em

My old flag

My dark woods

Bm

My sunrise

C

If you re leaving can you please say goodbye

And if you are leaving can you leave your number

Em

I ll pack my case

And get in a cab

And wave you goodbye

C

I drive in the early hours down to the sea

I stand on the beach where the storms amplify

Em

All the voices that I care for

Bm

And the ghosts I hold sacred

C

In this alignment that lasts for a day

There s nothing that I can do anyway, anyway

Em

What am I doing here?

Bm

Waiting for you?

Hey

|C |C |Em |Bm | x2

[Verse]

C
So rebuild the railways

Firm up all the roads

No one is leaving

Now this is your home
Em
The horses, the foxes, the sheep, and the cows
Bm
Bow down on their knees
C
To the fanfare of progress, it's always the same

We cheer on the clowns as they roll into town
Em
But their faces look tired and sad to me
Bm
And carry the terrible things they've seen

C **Em**
All lost in a painting of a sky coloured oil
Bm **C**
In this Merrie Land

Em
You are my crows, my window rattlers
Bm
Perfumed valley criers
C
Oh the dark ponds of Merrie England

The deep space echoes

Get on your mo.....

Em
What did you say? Mobility (You can fly)
Bm
Get on your mobilised hooters... (to the moon)

Hooters... Haha

Mobilised Hooters... Haha

C
(one day)

Em
Get hold of those mobilised hooters
Bm
They are half price

[Instrumental Break/Key Change]

| **B** | **B** | **G#** | **G#** | **F#m** | **D** | **F#m** | **D** |

[Verse]

C

This is not rhetoric

It comes from my heart

I love this country

Daneland, I am your kin

Em

You were the ones who work together

Bm

Put the money in the pockets

C

Of the few and their fortunes

Who crowd the school benches

And jeer at us all because they don't care about us

Em

They are graceless and you shouldn't be with them

Em

Because they are all disconnected and raised up in mansions

C

And two hundred plastic bags in a whale's stomach

So you turn to the trident

Are we green are we pleasant?

Em

We are not either of those Father

Bm

We are a shaking wreck where nothing grows

C

Em

Bm

Lost in the sky coloured oils of Merrie Land

| **C** | **C** |

Em **Bm**

You can fly to the moon

C

One day