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The Schemers The Scroungers And The Rats
The King Blues
[Verse]
G G/F# Em7
Cadd9 G D
G G/F# Em7
A7 D D7
G G7
C A7
G G/F# Em7 Cadd9
GDG
[Chorus]
D Cadd9
GG
D Cadd9
G G
D Cadd9
GG
Am C
D D
[Verse]
                G/F# Em7
  Will you still love me, will you still hug me,
Cadd9
                 D
          G
  When I'm eighty four,
                G/F# Em7
  When I've been working all my life,
Α7
                      D D7
  And I'm still bloody poor?
G
                  G7
  Dust in my lungs, a broken back,
C
                      A7
  Still can't retire it hurts,
               G/F# Em7
  Well I'm all for workers' rights and that,
                       D
  As long as I don't have to work,
[Chorus]
                    Cadd9
  So hats off to the schemers, to the scroungers, to the rats,
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D
                           Cadd9
                                                                       G
   To the ones who sleep on mattresses on the floor, clutching baseball bats,
                          Cadd9
   To the beggars and the cheaters and the kings who rise at noon,
   To the scoundrels, the misfits, the parasites, this one's for
N.C.
"Don't send me on another New Deal course, I can already spell my name, you
lot take the piss―
[Verse]
           G/F#
                         Em7
 Maybe I'll never shoot a rabbit,
               G
 Perhaps I'll never drink champagne,
            G/F#
                        Em7
 But that's alright with me, man,
                        D7
  I prefer cider anyway,
               G7
 And I'm happy doing nothing,
 They tell me it's all a waste,
                   G/F#
                           Em7
But I ain't never seen no 3 piece suit,
              D
With a smile on his face,
[Chorus]
                     Cadd9
   So hats off to the schemers, to the scroungers, to the rats,
                           Cadd9
   To the ones who sleep on mattresses on the floor, clutching baseball bats,
                          Cadd9
   To the beggars and the cheaters and the kings who rise at noon,
   To the scoundrels, the misfits, the parasites, this one's for
N.C.
"I searched all the newspapers and made my CV, I swear there just ain't
nothing out there―
[Verse]
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D

G/F#

Em7

A 9 to 5, 5 days a week, mate,

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Cadd9 G
 Is bottom of my list,
G G/F#
                    Em7
I just couldn't live with myself,
Knowing there was something that I missed,
 Believe me I do,
   G/F#
                   Em7
 But life's for living, not for working,
 And I got better things to do,
[Chorus]
D
                 Cadd9
  So hats off to the schemers, to the scroungers, to the rats,
                      Cadd9
  To the ones who sleep on mattresses on the floor, clutching baseball bats,
                     Cadd9
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To the beggars and the cheaters and the kings who rise at noon,

To the scoundrels, the misfits, the parasites, this one $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}$ for

you.

G to finish