

Cemetery Gates
The Smiths

Intro:

C D G Gmaj7
C D G Gmaj7
C D G Gmaj7
C D G Gmaj7

G

A dreaded sunny day

So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side

G

A dreaded sunny day

So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side

While Wilde is on mine

G

So we go inside and we gravely read the stones

All those people all those lives

Where are they now?

With loves, with hates

And passions just like mine

They were born

And then they lived

And then they died

Which seems so unfair

And I want to cry

You say: ere thrice the sun hath door

Salutation to the dawn

Bm

G

And you claim these words as your own

C

D

But I m well read, have heard them said

Em

C

A hundred times (maybe less, maybe more)

G

If you must write prose and poems

C

The words you use should be your own

D

Em D C

Don t plagiarise or take on loan

G

There s always someone, somewhere

C

With a big nose, who knows

D

And who trips you up and laughs

Em D C

When you fall

D

Who ll trip you up and laugh

G

When you fall

Bm

G

You say: ere long done do does did

Bm

G

Words which could only be your own

C

You then produce the text

D

From whence was ripped

Em

C

(some dizzy whore, 1804)

G

A dreaded sunny day

So let s go where we re happy

C

And I meet you at the cemetery gates

D

Em

D

C

Keats and Yeats are on your side

G

A dreaded sunny day

So let s go where we re wanted

C

And I meet you at the cemetery gates

D

Em

D

C

Keats and Yeats are on your side - but you lose

D

G

While Wilde is on mine