C#

```
Rusholme Ruffians
The Smiths
[Intro] C# Bbm
        G# G F#
        C# Bbm
          G
                 F#
The last night of the fair
                 C#
                          Bbm
By the big wheel generator
 C#
A boy is stabbed
  Bbm
And his money is grabbed
                                             C#
        G#
And the air hangs heavy like a dulling wine
 Bbm
       C#
She is famous
      Bbm
She is funny
     C#
An engagement ring
        Bbm
Doesn t mean a thing
      G#
                             F#
To a mind consumed by brass (money)
( C# Bbm )
             G F#
G#
                         C#
And though I walk home alone
          C#
                            Bbm C# Bbm
                                           C#
I might walk home alone
          G#
... But my faith in love is still devout
( C# Bbm )
                F#
G#
          G
                        C#
The last night of the fair
           C#
                             Bbm
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
                              G
It s a hideous trait (on her mother s side)
             C#
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
```

Bbm

```
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
G#
It s a hideous trait (on her mother s side)
( C# Bbm )
       G F#
G#
                   C#
And though I walk home alone
       C#
               Bbm C# Bbm
                                      C#
I might walk home alone
...But my faith in love is still devout
( C# Bbm )
G#
     G F#
           C#
                        Bbm
Then someone falls in love
            C#
                      Bbm
And someone s beaten up
        C#
                   Bbm
Someone s beaten up
      G#
                   G
                        F# C#
                                   Bbm
And the senses being dulled are mine
         C#
                      Bbm
And someone falls in love
           C#
And someone s beaten up
                  G
And the senses being dulled are mine
       G F# C#
And though I walk home alone
               Bbm C# Bbm C#
Bbm
       C#
I might walk home alone
        G#
                         G
...But my faith in love is still devout
( C# Bbm )
G#
                G F#
This is the last night of the fair
And the grease in the hair
        Bbm
               C#
Of a speedway operator
         G
  G#
                      F#
                                C#
Is all a tremulous heart requires
      Bbm
A schoolgirl is denied
              C#
She said: How quickly would I die
           G
If I jumped from the top of the parachutes?
```

C# BbmC# BbmC# So...scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen G# G F# (This means you really love me) BbmC# Bbm C# Scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen G F# Bbm

(This means you really love me)