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

C#m

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

E C#m E

So...scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen

C#m B Bb A

(This means you really love me)

E C#m E

Scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen

C#m B Bb A

(This means you really love me)