

I have to make the grade alone
Cos I have traveled far to find
I need a room of my own

Where I can
Break kindly with Fortune
Cos she s something to be
She s spending Saturdays in the Baltic
With the SSP

And I am charged guilty as sin
Because it hurts me to know
That she is working so hard
But for the joy of stock control

Instrumental verse:

G - D - C - G - B
Em - D - C - D - C - G

But let me sing out to myself
And polish off these bottled cries
And send them down to Saville Row
Cos I m not ready to die

But I, I m ready to live
Can I make it out with pride
Play the left wing let down king
Put out there something to hide

C **G**
And I can run to you for cover and

B **Em**
We'll bury the dread

C **G**
And when the time has come for leaving

D
I will love you instead

C **G**
Oh won't you sing something in minor key

B **Em**
This stillness is bleak

C **G**
Oh could we dream away the guilt

D
We have for the working week

C **G**
Oh and in the warm arms of a stranger I'm

B **Em**
Too happy to lie

C **G**
I know we've both been here before

D
Just please don't ask me why

C
And I have

G
Walked here with you close to me

B **Em**
But never alone

C **G**
But won't you cling to me in the major key

D
All the joy I've known

C
All the joy I've known

G **C**
Oh the joy I've known (x4)

G **C**
Lalalala-lalala (x3)

G
Lalala la