Bruce Springsteen - Bishop Dance

With fire on their fingertips and indian screams tom: G With fire on their fingertips and feathers made of moonbeams G (GCGCG) Bishop danced with a thumbscrew woman G Did a double-quick back flip and slid across the floor Well early in the morning the cannoneer cried The Catholic traffic flowed freely 'cross the river "I seen the sailor's warning in the western sky" And fiddlestick fiddled guick out the front door Well mountain man, if you can, cut me down a fir tree Branches full of candlesticks for baby and me Oh baby dumpling, mama's in the back tree If the bow breaks mama might fall And my darling cried, she said "honey, the weathervane Little sad and only, baby don't be lonely Lately it's been pointing the way to heaven Mama knows 'rithmatic, knows how to take a fall Scatterbrains, scatterbrains, watch out where you fall Mama knows 'rithmatic, knows how to take a fall Champagne, champagne, a round for all the old choir boys They're busting off the altar chasing Dinah through the hall And the kids are crying "Flapjacks, make'em fat, early in the They're bustin' off the altar chasing Dinah through the hall mornin Little Jack, grab your hat, hear the breakfast call And the kids are crying "Flapjacks, make'em fat, early in the Muskrat, bat a cat, kick him in the fireplace mornin Little Jack, grab your hat, hear the breakfast call There's someone in the kitchen blowing "Dinah" on their horn G Muskrat, bat a cat, kick him in the fireplace There's someone in the kitchen blowing "Dinah" like they're There's someone in the kitchen blowing "Dinah" on their horn born Well maverick daddy got one-eyed bridge There's someone in the kitchen blowing "Dinah" like they're born Fm She glides like a monkey-mule kicking on the back slide (GCGCG) Over hill, over hill, daddy don't you spill now Papa got a switch stick, he's pumping little Bill And the kids are crying "Flapjacks, make'em fat, early in the mornin Papa got a switch stick, he's pumping little Bill Little Jack, grab your hat, hear the breakfast call And Billy, he's crying "Tomahawk, tomahawk, daddy better duck Muskrat, bat a cat, kick him in the fireplace now" There's someone in the kitchen blowing "Dinah" on their horn The Mohawks, the Mohawks, they're still out there in the woods Monatuk, Ocanuk, runnin' through my dreams now There's someone in the kitchen blowing "Dinah" like they're born G Acordes

main of the second score o