

Elton John - Have Mercy On The Criminal

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Tom: Eb
                                                                                   on the criminal
                                                                                                           who is running
                                                                  Have mercy
                                                             from the law.
  Mel: G Bb C Eb C Bb C G Bb C Eb C Bb C G Bb C Eb C Bb C
                                                             Ah
                                                                     C
G Bb C Bb C Eb F G
                                                             Cm
Chd:
                                                             Are you blind
                                                                                to the wind of change?
                                                                                                              Don't you
                                                             hear him anymore?
                                                             Ab7
                                                                   F Eb
                                                                                Ab
                                                                                     Ab7
                                                                                                 Ab G Gb
                                                                                                           Fm
Mel: G Bb C Eb C Bb C G Bb C Eb C Bb C G Bb C Eb C Bb C G
                                                                            you gotta help me.
                                                             Praying Lord
                                                                                                           I am never
                                                             gonna sin again
Bb C Eb C Bb C
                                                             Cm Cm
                                                                                                             G7
                                                             Cm G7
Mel: G Bb C Eb C Bb C G Bb C Eb C Bb C G Bb C Eb C Bb C Eb G Just take these chains from round my legs. Sweet Jesus I'll
Bb C Eb C Eb C Eb
                                                             be your friend.
         F7
                                                                                       G7 B
                     G Bb C Eb C Bb G Gb F Eb C Bb
                                                             Now have you ever seen the white teeth gleam
Chd: Cm
                                                                            Cm Bb
                     {none}
                                                                                             Fm Ab
                                                                  while you lie on a cold damp ground?
                  G7 B
                              Cm Bb
Have you heard the dogs at night somewhere on the hill?
                                                             You're taking in the face of a rifle butt
                                                                                                           G B Eb Bb G B
                 Cm G
                       Cm
                                                                           Cm
                                                                                          G
G B Eb Bb G B
                                                                 while the wardens hold you down.
Chasing some poor criminal & I guess they're out to kill.
                                                                                   G7 B
                                                                       \mathsf{Cm}
                       G7 B
                                       Eb Bb
                                                 Fm Ab
                                                            Fm Ab
Oh there must be shackles on his feet and mother in his eyes.
                                                             And you've never seen a friend in years. Oh, it turns your
           Cm G
                                 \mathsf{Cm}
                                                             heart to stone.
G D G
       F D B
                                                                                       Cm G
                                                             You jump the walls and the dogs run free,
Stumbling thru devil dark with the hound pack in full cry.
                                                                         \mathsf{Cm}
                                                                                              G
                                                                                                   D G D G
                                                                                                                 F D B
            C Eb F Bb
                                 D F G
                                                                  and the grave's gonna be your home.
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Acordes

