

# Peter Doherty - Arcady

tom:

**G**

**G** **C** **G**  
In Arcady, your life trips along

**G** **C** **G**  
It's pure and simple as the shepherd's song

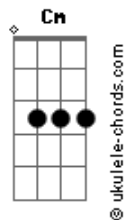
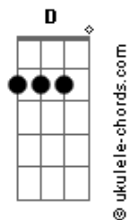
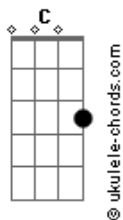
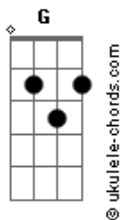
**D**  
Seraphic pipes along the way in Arcady

**G** **C**  
In Arcady

Never saw I such a scene  
Such maids upon such a molten green  
They employ their holiday with dance and game  
And things I may never name  
In Arcady

**G** **Cm**  
You said he was your teacher

## Acordes



**G**  
Taught you so true and so wise

**Cm**  
But now you know more than your teacher

**D**  
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes  
In Arcady

So you see how twisted it becomes  
See how quickly twisted it becomes  
When the cat gut binds my ankles to your bedstead  
That ain't love, no that ain't love

Said he was your teacher  
Taught you so true and so wise  
Now you know more than your teacher  
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes

In Arcady, your life trips along  
Pure and simple as the shepherd's song