

The Pogues - Billy Bones

Tom: F

F Bb
 Billy ran around with the rare old crew
 F C F
 And he knew an Arsenal from Tottenham blue
 F Bb F C
 We'd be a darn sight better off if we knew
 F Bb
 Where Billy's bones are resting now
 F Bb
 Billy saw a copper and he hit him in the knee
 F C F
 And he took him down from six foot to five foot three
 F Bb F C
 Then he hit him fair and square in the do-re-mi
 F Bb
 That copper won't be having any family
 Bb F C
 Hey Billy son where are you now, don't you know that we need
 you now
 F Bb F C F Bb
 With aratata and the old kow-tow where are Billy's bones
 resting now
 F Bb
 Billy went away with the peace-keeping force
 F C F
 'Cause he liked a bloody good fight of course
 F Bb F C
 Went away in an old khaki van
 F Bb
 to the banks of the river Jordan
 F Bb
 Billy saw the Arabs and he had 'em on the run
 F C F
 When he got 'em in the range of his sub-machine gun
 F Bb F C
 Then he had the Israelis in his sights,
 F Bb
 went a ra-ta-ta And they ran like Shiites
 Bb F C
 Hey Billy son where are you now, don't you know that we need
 you now
 F Bb F C F Bb
 With aratata and the old kow-tow where are Billy's bones

resting now
 Intro: Melody (2x)

Bb F C
 Hey Billy son where are you now, don't you know that we need
 you now
 F Bb F C F Bb
 With aratata and the old kow-tow where are Billy's bones
 resting now
 F Bb
 One night Billy had a rare old time,
 F C F
 Laughing and singing on the Lebanon line
 F Bb F C
 Came back to camp not looking too pretty
 F Bb
 Never even got to see the Holy City
 F Bb
 Now Billy's out there in the desert sun
 F C
 And his mother cries when the morning comes
 F Bb F C
 And there's mothers crying all over this world
 F Bb
 For their poor dead darling boys and girls
 Bb F C
 Hey Billy son where are you now, don't you know that we need
 you now
 F Bb F C F Bb
 With aratata and the old kow-tow where are Billy's bones
 resting now
 F Bb F C
 Have a Billy holiday
 F Bb F C
 Born on a Monday
 F Bb F C
 Married on a Tuesday
 F Bb F C
 Drunk on a Wednesday
 F Bb F C
 Got plugged on a Thursday
 F Bb F C
 Sick on a Friday
 F Bb F C
 Died on a Saturday
 F Bb C F F
 Buried on a Sunday

Acordes

