

The Pogues - The Broad Majestic Shannon

Tom: D

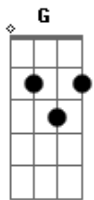
D G D Bm D G A D D G
 The last time I saw you was down at the Greeks
 D G Bm
 There was whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks
 A D G
 You sang me a song as pure as the breeze
 D G A
 on a road leading up Glenna veigh
 D G
 I sat for a while at the cross at Finnoe
 D G Bm
 Where young lovers would meet when the flowers were in bloom
 A D G
 Heard the men coming home from the fair at Shin rone
 D G A D
 Their hearts in Tippe rary wher ever they go
 D G A
 Take my hand, and dry your tears babe
 D G A

Take my hand, forget your fears babe
 D G A
 There's no pain, there's no more sor row
 D G A
 They're all gone, gone in the years babe
 I sat for a while by the gap in the wall
 Found a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball
 Heard the cards being dealt, and the rosary called
 And a fiddle playing Sean Dun na nGall
 And the next time I see you we'll be down at the Greeks
 There'll be whiskey on Sunday and tears on our cheeks
 For it's stupid to laugh and it's useless to bawl
 About a rusty tin can and an old hurley ball
 D G A
 So I walked as the day was dawn ing
 D G A
 Where small birds sang and leaves were fall ing
 D G A
 Where we once watched the row boats land ing
 D G A D
 By the broad majestic Shan non
 D G D Bm D G A D

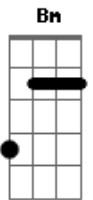
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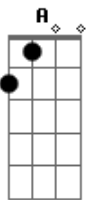
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