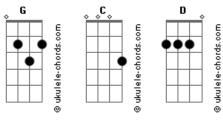


Tom: G

Quarrymen - Maggie Mae

Oh dirty Maggie Mae they have taken her away and she'll never walk down Lime Street anymore Well, the judge, he guilty found her for robbing a homeward bounder You dirty, no good robbin' Maggie Mae So I was one unhappy fool in the port of Liverpool where three pound ten a week, that was my pay With a pocket full of tin, I was very soon taken in G by a girl with the name of Maggie Mae Now, the first time I saw Maggie she took my breath away She was cruising up and down in Canning Place She had a figure so divine her voice was so refine Well, being a sailor, I gave chase

Acordes



Now, in the morning that I woke I was flat and stony broke no jackets, trousers, waistcoats did I find When I asked her where they were she said ?My very good Sir they?re down at Kelly?s pawn shop number nine? To the pawn shop I did go no clothes there did I find The police, they took that girl away from me And the judge, he guilty found her For robbing a homeward bounder and she?ll never walk down Lime Street anymore Oh dirty Maggie Mae they have taken her away and she'll never walk down Lime Street anymore Well, the judge, he guilty found her for robbing a homeward bounder You dirty, no good robbin' Maggie Mae