

# Ren - Jenny's Tale

Tom: **A**

Our poor girl Jenny, and a boy named Screech

**Am**  
?Give me all your money bitch! Give it to me!

**Dm**  
If you co-operate, then you'll soon be free

**Am**  
I want your purse, your phone, don't fucking look at me!

**Dm7**  
I mean it bitch! Are you listening to me??

**Am**  
Jenny freezes, statue like, a lady shaped stalagmite

**Dm**  
Fear like liquid nitrogen in the dark night

**Am** **Dm7**  
She tried to find strength to move but stayed as still as a statue in high heeled shoes

**Am**  
?What the hell you playing at? You playing games with me?

**Dm**  
I swear to fucking god! I'll slice the rosy off your cheeks

**Am**  
You think I don't mean it girl? You don't know me!

**Dm7**  
The last thing you see will be a boy called??

**Am**  
Screech reached for the sheath of the blade with the teeth

**Dm**  
That could bite through steal and slice concrete

**Am**  
And he swung possessed, with the devil in his chest

**Dm7**  
And the statue she was turned to butter in a breath

**Am** **Dm**  
It was a quiet dark night, on an empty street somewhere in London city

**Am7**  
Jenny lay still on the cold concrete

**Dm7**  
She's found somewhere to sleep

**Am7**  
Well, she knew this town, she knew this floor

**Dm7**  
Because she'd walked it about a thousand times before

**Em7** **F** **Am**  
I guess that she escaped? it's such a shame

It was a quiet, dark night on an empty street somewhere in London City

Jenny walked alone, she was dragging her feet, she was heading back home to sleep

Well she knew this town, she knew this floor, because she'd walked it about a thousand times before

She wanted to escape, can you blame?

Well on the very same night, in a different place, there walked a hooded young youth by the name of James

He was 14 years old and out of his brain, he'd been smoking ganja with the boys

James, he grew up to be a kid of the street, his mates called him screech, he was quick on his feet

He was a liar, a thief at fourteen years old, the devil had set his sights on his soul

As Jenny walked home all alone she felt scared

Usually she was alright but it was like there was something in the air

A divine intervention telling her to beware? Or maybe intuition bugging her and making her so scared?

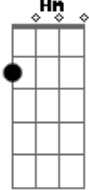
Sirens sound in the distance to the beat of Jenny's feet

A symphony of the night that echoes crime on London's streets

Jenny turns a corner, their eyes they meet

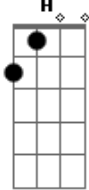
## Acordes

**Am**



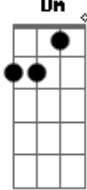
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**A**



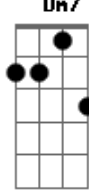
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**Dm**



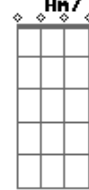
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**Dm7**



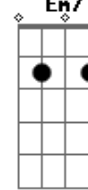
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**Am7**



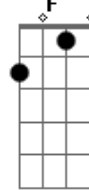
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**Em7**



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**F**



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