

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!

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

Dm
?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!

Dm
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

Dm
And the statue she was turned to butter in a breath

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

Dm
Jenny lay still on the cold concrete

Am
She?s found somewhere to sleep

Am
Well, she knew this town, she knew this floor

Dm
Because she?d walked it about a thousand times before

Em
I guess that she escaped? it?s such a shame

F
Am

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

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

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

Am
She wanted to escape, can you blame?

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

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

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

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

Am
As Jenny walked home all alone she felt scared

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

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

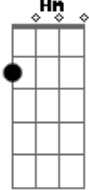
Am
Sirens sound in the distance to the beat of Jenny?s feet

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

Am
Jenny turns a corner, their eyes they meet

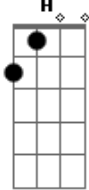
Acordes

Am



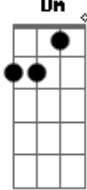
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A



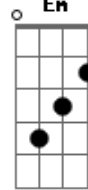
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Dm



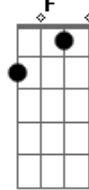
© ukulele-chords.com

Em



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F



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