

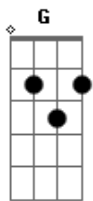
The Smiths - Cemetery Gates

Tom: G
Intro: C D G G
C D G G
C D G G
C D G G

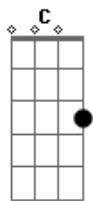
G
A dreaded sunny day
So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
G
A dreaded sunny day
So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
While Wilde is on mine
G
So we go inside and we gravely read the stones
All those people all those lives
Where are they now?
With loves, with hates
And passions just like mine
They were born
And then they lived
And then they died
Which seems so unfair
And I want to cry
Bm
You say: "ere thrice the sun hath door
Salutation to the dawn"
And you claim these words as your own
But I'm well read, have heard them said

Em C
A hundred times (maybe less, maybe more)
G
If you must write prose and poems
C
The words you use should be your own
D Em D C
Don't plagiarise or take "on loan"
G
There's always someone, somewhere
C
With a big nose, who knows
D
And who trips you up and laughs
Em D C
When you fall
D
Who'll trip you up and laugh
G
When you fall
Bm G
You say: "ere long done do does did"
Bm G
Words which could only be your own
C
You then produce the text
D
From whence was ripped
Em C
(some dizzy whore, 1804)
G
A dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're happy
C
And I meet you at the cemetery gates
D Em D C
Keats and Yeats are on your side
G
A dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're wanted
C
And I meet you at the cemetery gates
D Em D C
Keats and Yeats are on your side - but you lose
D G
While Wilde is on mine

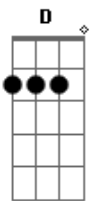
Acordes



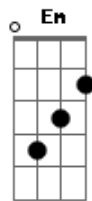
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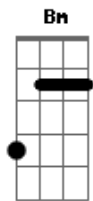
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