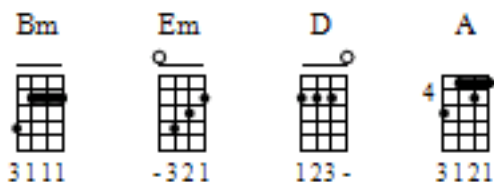


# Cliquot

Be irut



① = A    ③ = C  
② = E    ④ = G



Bm Em x2

Bm  
A plague in the workhouse, a plague on the poor now  
Em  
I feed on my drum 'til I'm dead  
Bm  
Yesterday, fever, Tomorrow, St. Peter  
Em  
I'll feed on my drum until then  
Bm Em  
What melody will lead my lover from his bed?  
Bm Em  
What melody will see him in my arms again?

Bm  
Set fire the foundation and burn out the station  
Em  
You'll never get nothing of mine  
Bm  
The pane of my window will flicker and glimmer  
Em  
Leave only the stitching behind  
Bm Em  
What melody will lead my lover from his bed?  
Bm Em  
What melody will see him in my arms again?

Bm Em x2

D A Em D  
I'll sing of the walls of the well and the house at the top of the hill  
A Em D  
I'll sing of the bottles of wine that we left on our old windowsill  
A Em D A Em  
I'll sing of the usual spin getting sadder and older, oh love

D A Em x8