

Don McLean - Moutains o Mourn

Tom: G

Time: 3/4

G C Am
 Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight
 D7 G
 With people here working by day and by night
 C Am
 They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat
 D7 G
 But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street
 D7 G Em
 At least when I asked them, that's what I was told
 G Em Am D7
 So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold
 G C Am
 But for all that I've found there, I might as well be
 D7 G
 In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

Verse 2:
 I believe that when writin' a wish you expressed
 As to how the fine ladies of London were dressed
 But if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball

They don't wear no tops to their dresses at all
 Oh, I've seen them myself and you could not in truth
 Tell if they were bound for a ball or a bath
 Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary McRee,
 In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

Verse 3:
 There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind
 Beautiful shapes Nature never designed
 Lovely complexions of roses and cream
 But let me remark with regard to the same
 That if at those roses you venture to sit
 The colors might all come away on your lip
 So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
 In the place where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

Verse 4:
 You remember young Diddy McClaren, of course
 But he's over here with the rest of the force
 I saw him one day as he stood on the strand
 Stopped all the traffic with a wave of his hand
 As we were talking of days that are gone
 The whole town of London stood there to look on
 But for all his great powers, he's wishful like me
 To be back where the dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea

Acordes

