

# Peter Doherty - Arcady

tom:

G

In Arcady, your life trips along  
 It's pure and simple as the shepherd's song  
 Seraphic pipes along the way in Arcady  
 In Arcady

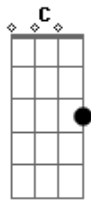
Never saw I such a scene  
 Such maids upon such a molten green  
 They employ their holiday with dance and game  
 And things I may never name  
 In Arcady

You said he was your teacher

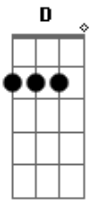
## Acordes



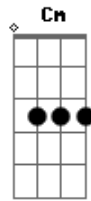
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Taught you so true and so wise  
 But now you know more than your teacher  
 I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes  
 In Arcady  
 So you see how twisted it becomes  
 See how quickly twisted it becomes  
 When the cat gut binds my ankles to your bedstead  
 That ain't love, no that ain't love  
 Said he was your teacher  
 Taught you so true and so wise  
 Now you know more than your teacher  
 I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes  
 In Arcady, your life trips along  
 Pure and simple as the shepherd's song