

# Ren - Jenny's Tale

Tom: A

Am Dm

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

Am Dm7

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

Am Dm

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

Am Dm7

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 Dm7

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

Am Dm

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

Am Dm7

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 Dm

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

Dm7

Am

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!

Dm7

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 Dm7

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

Am

?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!

Dm7

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

Dm7

And the statue she was turned to butter in a breath

Am Dm

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

Am7

Jenny lay still on the cold concrete

Dm7

She's found somewhere to sleep

Am7

Well, she knew this town, she knew this floor

Dm7

Because she'd walked it about a thousand times before

Em7 F Am

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

## Acordes

Am

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A

© ukulele-chords.com

Dm

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Dm7

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Am7

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Em7

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F

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