

# The Kinks - Big Black Smoke

Tom: G

She was sick and tired of country life  
 A little country home, a little country home  
 Made her blood run cold  
 Now her mother pines her heart away  
 Looking for her child in the big black smoke  
 In the big black smoke

Frailest, purest girl the world has seen  
 According to her ma, according to her pa  
 And everybody said  
 That she knew no sin and did no wrong  
 Till she walked the streets of the big black smoke  
 Of the big black smoke

BRIDGE:

Well she slept in cafes and coffee bars and bowling alleys  
 And every penny she had  
 Was spent on purple hearts and cigarettes  
 Ah, she took all her pretty coloured clothes  
 Ran away from home, the boy next door  
 For a boy named Joe  
 And he took the money for the rent  
 Tried to drag her down in the big black smoke  
 In the big black smoke

(In the big black smoke) In the big black smoke  
 (In the big black smoke) In the big black smoooooke  
 Smoooooke, smoooooke, smoooooke, oh oh, oh oh

## Acordes

