

The Smiths - Cemetery Gates

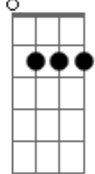
Tom: G
Intro: C D G G7M
C D G G7M
C D G G7M
C D G G7M

G
A dreaded sunny day
So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
G
A dreaded sunny day
So I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
While Wilde is on mine
G
So we go inside and we gravely read the stones
All those people all those lives
Where are they now?
G
With loves, with hates
And passions just like mine
They were born
D
And then they lived
Em D C
And then they died
Which seems so unfair
D G
And I want to cry
Bm
You say: "ere thrice the sun hath door
G
Salutation to the dawn"
Bm G
And you claim these words as your own
C D
But I'm well read, have heard them said

Em C
A hundred times (maybe less, maybe more)
G
If you must write prose and poems
C
The words you use should be your own
D Em D C
Don't plagiarise or take "on loan"
G
There's always someone, somewhere
C
With a big nose, who knows
D
And who trips you up and laughs
Em D C
When you fall
D
Who'll trip you up and laugh
G
When you fall
Bm G
You say: "ere long done do does did"
Bm G
Words which could only be your own
C
You then produce the text
D
From whence was ripped
Em C
(some dizzy whore, 1804)
G
A dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're happy
C
And I meet you at the cemetery gates
D Em D C
Keats and Yeats are on your side
G
A dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're wanted
C
And I meet you at the cemetery gates
D Em D C
Keats and Yeats are on your side - but you lose
D G
While Wilde is on mine

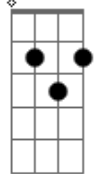
Acordes

G7M



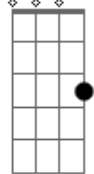
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G



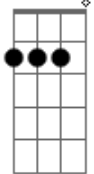
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C



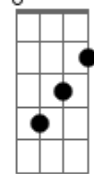
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D



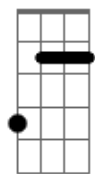
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Em



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Bm



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