

# The Smiths - Cemetery Gates

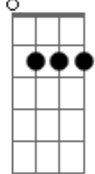
Tom: G  
Intro: C D G G7M  
C D G G7M  
C D G G7M  
C D G G7M

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

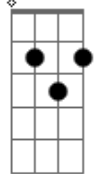
## Acordes

G7M



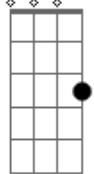
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G



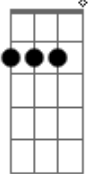
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C



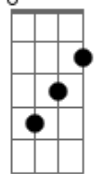
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D



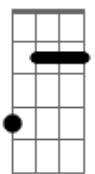
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Em



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Bm



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