

The Smiths - Cemetery Gates

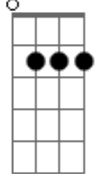
Tom: G
 Intro: C D G G7M
 C D G G7M
 C D G G7M
 C D G G7M

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

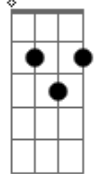
Acordes

G7M



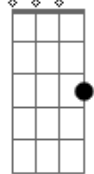
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G



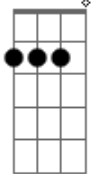
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C



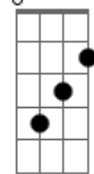
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D



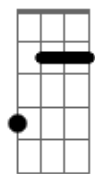
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Em



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Bm



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