

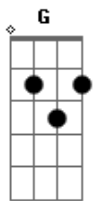
# The Smiths - Cemetery Gates

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

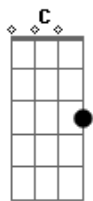
G  
A dreaded sunny day  
So I meet you at the cemetery gates  
Keats and Yeats are on your side  
G  
A dreaded sunny day  
So I meet you at the cemetery gates  
Keats and Yeats are on your side  
While Wilde is on mine  
G  
So we go inside and we gravely read the stones  
All those people all those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

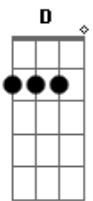
## Acordes



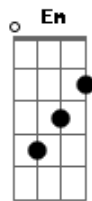
© ukulele-chords.com



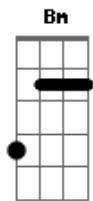
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com