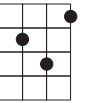


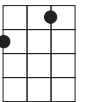
# Aqualung

Sitting on a park bench  
 eyeing little girls with bad intent  
 Snot is running down his nose  
 greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes  
 Hey Aqualung, drying in the cold sun  
 watching as the frilly panties run  
 Hey Aqualung, feeling like a dead duck  
 spitting out pieces of his broken luck Oh Aqualung

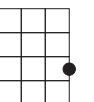
Gm



F

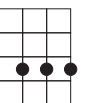


C



[Gm] Sun streaking [F] cold, an old man wandering [C] lonely  
 [Cm] Taking time the [Gm] only way he [F] knows  
 [Gm] Leg hurting [F] bad, as he bends to pick a [C] dog end  
 He [Cm] goes down to a [Gm] bog and warms his [F] feet

Cm



[Gm] Feeling a[F]lone, the army's up the [C] rode  
 [Cm] Salvation a la [Gm] mode and a cup of [F] tea  
 [Gm] Aqualung my [F] friend don't start away un[C]easy  
 You [Cm] poor old sod you [Gm] see it's only [F] me

[Gm] Do you still re[F]member December's foggy [Gm] freeze  
 When the ice that clings on to [F] your beard was screaming [Gm] agony  
 And you snatch your rattling [F] last breaths, with deep sea diver [Gm] sounds  
 and the [Cm] flowers bloom [Gm] like madness in the [F] spring