

The days of Pearly Spencer (David McWilliams)

Am **Am** **Em**
A tenement, a dirty street, walked and worn by shoeless feet
Am **C** **G**
In silence long and so complete, watched by a shivering sun

Am **Em**
Old eyes in a small child's face, watching as the shadows race
Am **C** **G**
Through walls and cracks that leave no trace and daylight's brightness shun

Dm **Em** **Am**
The days of Pearly Spencer
Dm **Em** **Am**
Ahh...ahh the race is almost run

Am **Em**
Nose pressed hard on frosted glass, gazing as the swollen mass
Am **C** **G**
On concrete fields where grows no grass, stumbles blindly on.

Am **Em**
Iron trees smother the air but, withering, they stand and stare
Am **C** **G**
Through eyes that neither know nor care where the grass has gone.

Dm **Em** **Am**
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Dm **Em** **Am**
Ahh...ahh the race is almost run

Am **Em**
Pearly, where's your milk-white skin, what's that stubble on your chin.
Am **C** **G**
It's buried in the rotgut gin. You've played and lost, not won.

Am **Em**
You played a house that can't be beat. Now look, your head's bowed in defeat.
Am **C** **G**
You walked too far along the street where only rats can run.

Dm **Em** **Am**
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Ahh...ahh the race is almost run

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