

## 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**  
The days of Pearly Spencer  
**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

**Dm** **Em** **Am**  
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