

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

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