BGBGBCDEDB CDCE, F#GF#EX

ohiti midnight on the Bowery your

And you've drank your last brass farthing You'd sell your soul for a cigarette

And the sounds from CBGBs are comfortin' to you

Then you think of the green fields of Ireland

You see 40 shades of blue

Oh you're back on the drink since September
And your head feels like a sieve
And you've bummed from a hundred yuppies
Who say they've nothin' left to give
And the hymns from the Sally Army sound heavenly and true
Then you think of your friends and your family You see 40 shades of blue

Oh you've got a great future behind you
But you're goin' nowhere fast
Just up and down the Bowery
From Canal Street to old Saint Marks
And you wonder what she's up to now
Did she really finds someone new
Ah how the hell could she have walked out like that
On your 40 shades of blue

Then you wonder how it came to this,

Was it always in the cards

Cause workin' is for idiots

aand you loved the smell of bars

And the letters that you sent back home

Were full of all the things you'd done

N But they don't say you're down there on Bleeker Street

With your hand out on the bum

Now the dawn's comin' up on the Bowery and you're heartsick and soakin' wet With your tongue hangin' out for some Irish Rose, you'd sell your soul for a cigarette

And someday I'll give up this drinkin', hey maybe I'll win the lottery too Then I'll go back home to old Ireland and paint it 40 shades of blue

Sally & 3 - A - B MINOS STREET YOUR D And the Vounds from CBGBs are comforting to you Then you think of the green fields of Iroland DD And your head feels like a sieve G DCDBCDGBCADDG

Debalara, Tille I Ditt



