(THE LONG LOST TAPES OF) JIMI HENDRIX

Verse

Em G D One evening while out strollin' a friend I chanced to see
G Em
He was begging behind a bottle on Spring and Bowery C D G C
He said "I have some news for you, only cost a couple of bob Em D Em
About a buried treasure back home in Ballydehob
C D G C Well I gave him all the bucks I had, he took me by the hand Em A7 D
Em "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band C "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to beat the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you love musicians but I've got news to be at the band R "I know you lov
For back there in me native town in the Allied Irish Bank A7 C D C The long lost tones of limi Handrix are hidden in the yearlt?
The long lost tapes of Jimi Hendrix are hidden in the vault"
Em G D You can talk about your pyramids and your pints of Guinness stout Em A7 Em But the long lost tapes of Jimi Hendrix will leave them in the dirt
Riff Em Am Em (3) Em D Em
So I stole me boss's credit card, to the airport I did jog Despite the bloody jetlag I arrived in Ballydehob When I hit the Allied Irish me fatigue turned to desire When I beheld two hundred pounds of sweet Maggie McGuire
I barely heard her mutter, "what are you doin' in me bank?" "I'm here on a secret mission," "oh no not another Yank I hate the very look of yez, in particular that fellah Bush" But when I fixed her with me steely glare, that girl began to blush
THAT MAN KAY SOME CHANGE ON ME ANY NIGHT HE WANTS
Jig G D (3) Em A7 Em

I said "what are you doin' later? "Yerra, I'm not up to much "Would you care for a pint of Guinness?" "I never touch the stuff." But one pint led to two or three, six to seven or eight Until I was shakin' hands with meself and that girl was feelin' no pain

Hendrix 832

She was startin' to look beautiful, though there was three of her in sight Six hundred pounds of lovin', she said "what do you have in mind?" The room was swayin' too and fro, "there's one thing I'd adore To go down to the vault of your bank and do it on the floor."

Chorus

Riff and Jig

"No bother," she smiled coyly, "that's easily arranged"
And so we stole into the bank and down a creaky stairs
And soon we were inside the vault and dentin' the very floor
I could see the tapes of Hendrix hidden behind the door

I never had such a night of love, she knew every trick in the book Over, under, sideways, by the mornin' I was shook When she finally passed out cold, I gently moved her weight With her snores wakin' the very dead, I headed for the tapes Then all at once, a big white flash took me by surprise An apparition in technicolor arose before my eyes A curly headed black man exploded in the light T'was the ghost of Jimi Hendrix playin' the Uilleann pipes

Hendrix pipes (riff and jig)

I woke up in the hospital a weddin' ring on me hand Two hundred pounds of Maggie McGuire smilin' in me lap She said "you're so romantic, no engagement did I need Just one mad night of blisterin' sex brought me to my knees"

So now I live in Ballydehob where the rain pours down all week I'm nearly faded away tendin' to Maggie McGuire's needs The moral of this story is "don't ever find your dreams" And keep away from Hendrix and his goddamn bloody tapes.

 $\begin{array}{cccc} Em & G & D \\ You can talk about your pyramids and your pints of Guinness stout \\ G & A7 & Em \\ But the long lost tapes of Hendrix will leave them in the dirt \end{array}$

Jig and riff ending on E major

Hendrix

