Capo: 2

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G Am

Am G Am

I’m a maker of ballads right pretty

Am G Am

I write them right here in the street

C G F

You can buy them all over the city

F E Am

yours for a penny a sheet

Am G Am

I’m a word pecker out of the printers

Am G Am

Out of the Dens of Gin lane

C G F

I’ll write up a scene on a counter

F E Am G

- confessions and sins in the main, boys

F G Am

confessions and sins in the main

C F G C

Then you’ll find me in Madame Geneva’s

F C G

keeping the demons at bay

G7 C Am Dm

There’s nothing like gin for drowning them in

G E Am

but they’ll always be back on a hanging day

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G Am

Am G Am

They come rattling over the cobbles

Am G Am

sit on their coffins of black

C G F

Some are struck dumb, some gabble

F E Am

top-heavy on brandy or sec

Am G Am

The pews are all full of fine fellows

Am G Am

and the hawker has set up her shop

C G F

As they’re turning them off at the gallows

F E Am G

she’ll be selling right under the drop, boys

F G Am

selling right under the drop

C F G C

Then you’ll find me in Madame Geneva’s

F C G

keeping the demons at bay

G7 C Am Dm

There’s nothing like gin for drowning them in

G E Am

but they’ll always be back on a hanging day

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G

Am / F / Dm / G Am E