**The Sick Note**

**D                A     D**Dear Sir, I write this note to you to tell you of my plight  
**G             D         A**  
And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight  
 **G          D                  A  Bm**  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly gray  
 **D                   A7 D**  
And I write this note to say why I am not at work to-day

**D              A                       D**While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear   
**G             D           A**  
And to throw them down from such a height seemed quite a good idea  
 **G          D                A Bm**  
But the foreman wasn't very pleased, he being a careful man  
 **D                      A7      D**  
He said I’d have to cart them down the ladder in me hand.

**D                 A             D**Now hauling all those bricks by hand, it was so very slow   
 **G           D             A**  
So I hoisted up a barrel and se-cured the rope below  
**G          D             A  Bm**  
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see  
 **D A7           D**

That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

**D           A             D**And, so when I un-tied the rope, the barrel fell like lead   
**G             D             A**  
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead  
 **G          D              A Bm**  
Well, I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found  
 **D A7           D**  
That half way up I met that bloody barrel coming down.

**D               A                      D**Well, the barrel broke my shoulder as to the ground it sped   
**G             D             A**  
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with me head  
 **G          D                A Bm**  
Well, I clung on tight, though numb with shock from this almighty blow  
 **D                                   A7          D**  
And the barrel spilled out half its bricks some fourteen floors be-low

**D                     A             D**Now, when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor   
**G             D             A**  
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more  
**G          D            A Bm**

The barrel missed me, passing by, I made a thankful sound

**D                                 A7           D**  
Just be-fore I landed on the bricks it had scattered all a-round.

**D                  A             D**Well, I lay there groaning on the ground; I thought I'd passed the worst   
 **G             D             A**  
Then the barrel hit the pulley and the barrel bottom burst  
**G          D                 A Bm**

A shower of bricks rained down on me, ‘twas then I gave up hope  
 **D                               A7          D**  
As I lay broken on the ground, I let go the bloody rope.

**D                 A             D**The barrel then being heavier, it started down once more   
**G             D             A**  
And landed right a-cross me as I lay upon the floor  
 **G          D                A Bm**  
Well, It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say  
 **D                               A7          D**  
That I hope you'll understand why I am not at work to-day.

Melody (D major):

**D A A D**

A, D E F# F# A, B, D F# E D D C#, D

Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight  
 **G D A A**

F# G G G G F# A A F# E D E F# E

And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight  
 **G D A Bm**

F# G A B G F# G A F# E F# E D B,  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly gray  
 **D A D A7 D**

A, B, D E F# F# A, A, D F# E D D C#, D

And I write this note to say why I am not at work to--day