

AQUALUNG

WORDS & MUSIC BY IAN ANDERSON & JENNIE ANDERSON

Moderately

Tacet

Sit - ting on a park bench, eye - ing lit - tle girls with

bad in - tent,

E B D Gm Db
 snot is run - ning down his nose,

greas - y fin-gers smear-ing shab - by clothes. _____

D \flat E \flat F E \flat F

watch - ing as the fril - ly pant - ies run.

E^b F G^b D^b E^b D^b G^b E^b B D

Hey, Aq - ua - lung.

G^m D^b E^b

Feel - ing like a dead duck, spit - ting out piec - es of his

F E^b F E^b F G^b D^b E^b D^b G^b

bro - ken luck. Oh, Aq - ua - lung.

To Coda

E^b B D G^m F

Sun — streak - ing cold, — an
 Feel - ing a — lone, — the

old man wan - d'ring lone - ly, tak - ing time the
ar - my's up the road, sal - va - tion à la

on - ly way_ he knows. Legs — hurt - ing
mode and a cup of tea. Aq - ua - lung, my

bad — as he bends to pick a dog - end. He
friend, don't you start a - way un - eas - y. You

goes down to the bog_ and warms his feet.
poor old sod, you see_ it's on - ly me.

Faster

Do you still re - mem - ber De -

cem - ber's fog - gy freeze when the ice that clings on -

to your beard was scream-ing ag - o - ny? And you

snatch your rat - tling last breaths with deep - sea - div - er