

C
Standing In The Dock At Southampton,
Tryin' To Get To Holland Or France.

C7
The Man In The "mac" Said: "you've Got To Go Back",
You Know They Didn't Even Give Us A Chance.

Chorus:
F
Christ, You Know It Ain't Easy.
C
You Know How Hard It Can Be.
G
The Way Things Are Going,
C
They're Gonna Crucify Me.

C
Finally Made The Plane Into Paris,
Honey Mooning Down By The Seine.
C7
Peter Brown Called To Say: "you Can Make It O.k.,
You Can Get Married In Gibraltar Near Spain."

Chorus

C
Drove From Paris To The Amsterdam Hilton,
Talkin' In Our Beds For A Week.
C7
The Newspapers Said: "say What You're Doing In Bed",
I Said: "we're Only Tryin' To Get Us Some Peace".

Chorus

F
Savin' Up Your Money For The Rainy Day,
Givin' All Your Clothes To Charity.
Last Night The Wife Said: "oh, Boy, When You're Dead
G
You Don't Take Nothin' With You But Your Soul, Think!"

C
Made A Lightning Trip To Vienna,
Eating Chocolate Cake In A Bag.
C7
The Newspapers Said: "she's Gone To His Head,
They Look Just Like Two Gurus In Drag."

Chorus

C
Caught The Early Plane Back To London,
Fifty Acorns Tied In A Sack.

C7

The Men From The Press Said: "we Wish You Success,
It's Good To Have The Both Of You Back."

Chorus

C G
The Way Things Are Going,
 C
They're Gonna Crucify Me.

[AKORTR](#)