

Scavenger type

Gigin alone at the bottom of the hill
Our protagonist named Bill
Sets his sights on an anchor steam pint
All he needs is thirteen quarters
congregated in his hat

A crow, a scavenger type
California redemption provides him with his rent
Room and board inside a fifth of comfort

As the wind penetrates his bones
His mind keeps focused
Tidal waves of sound catapulted
From his horn wail like lovers

The coins don't drop consistent as does the mercury
His meter slows realizing a zenith
He's reached perfection
No one did see him die

ACCORDS:

Ne jouer que les trois cordes aiguës

D F# Bm G (x4) + D D5b D4 D11