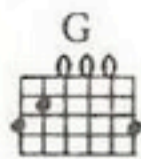
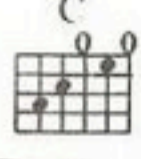
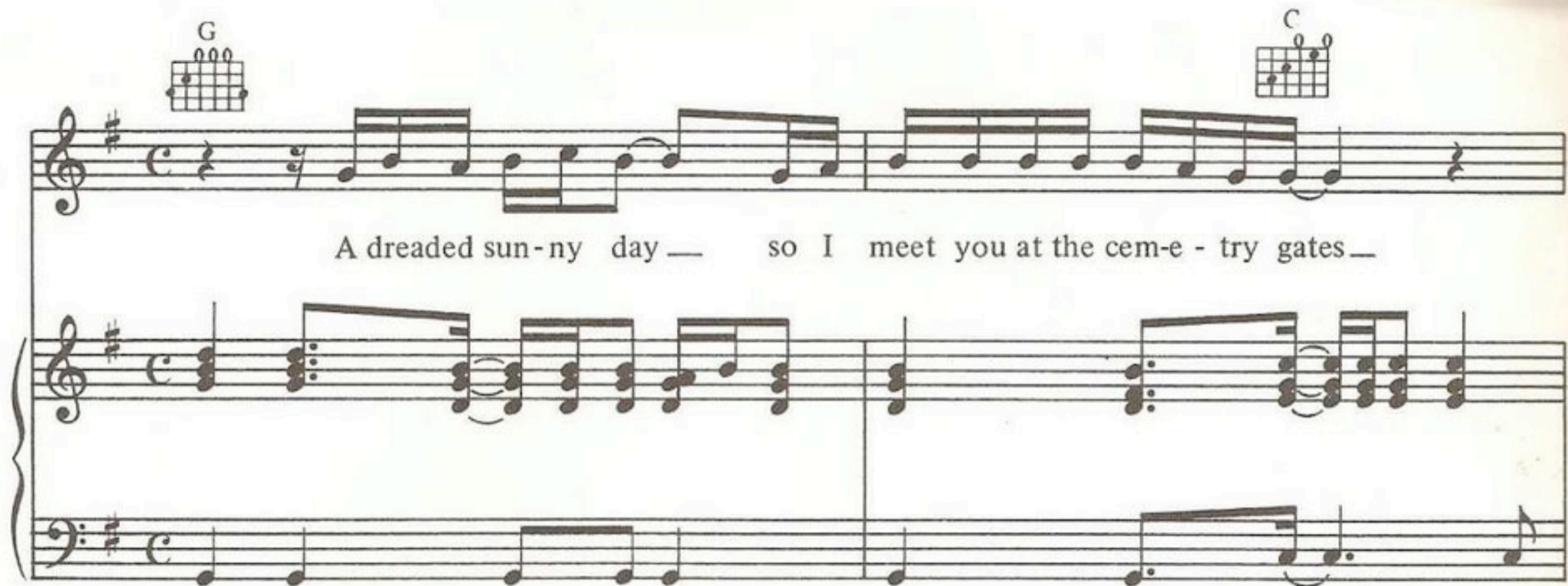


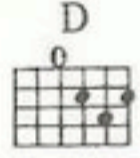
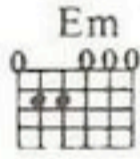
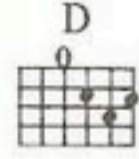
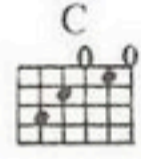
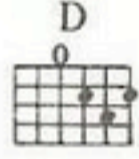
CEMETRY GATES

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

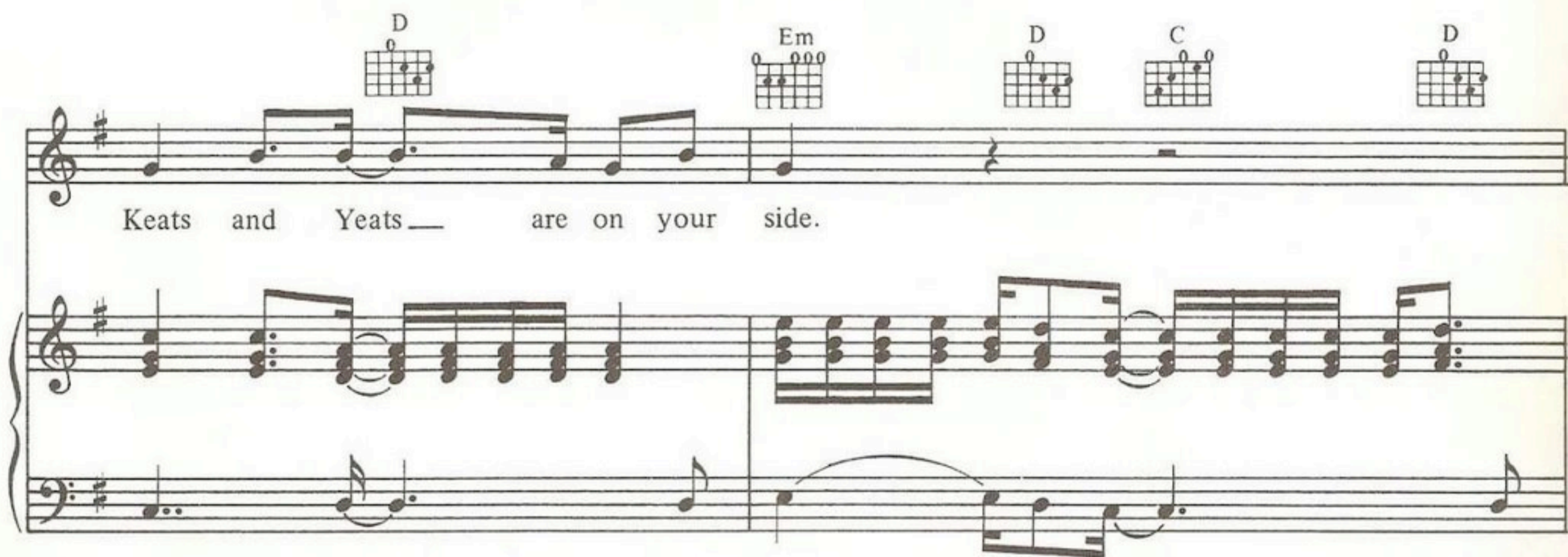
G  C 

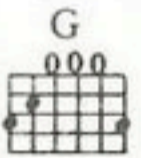
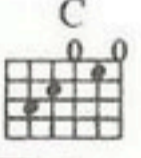
A dreaded sun-ny day — so I meet you at the cem-e - try gates —



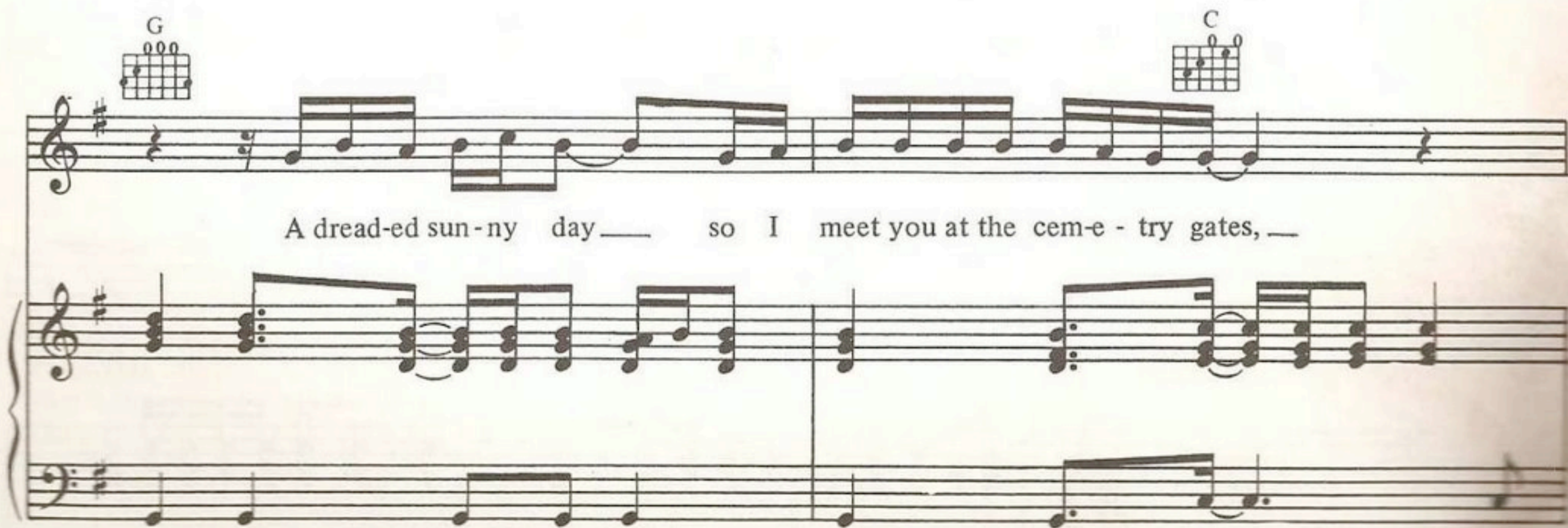
D  Em  D  C  D 

Keats and Yeats — are on your side.



G  C 

A dread-ed sun-ny day — so I meet you at the cem-e - try gates, —



D Em C D C D To Coda

Keats and Yeats — are on your side while Wilde — is on

1. G 2, 3. G

mine. (cry.) You say 'ere

Bm Gmaj7

thrice the sun — hath done sal - u - ta - tion to the dawn, and you

Bm Gmaj7 C

claim these words as your own. But I'm well read, have —

D Em F

heard them said — a hundred times (may-be less, — may - be more —) (3.) If you

*3rd time
D.C. at Coda*

♩ CODA G C G C Gmaj7 /D

mine.

To FADE

VERSE 2:

So we go inside and we gravely read the stones
 All those people all those lives
 Where are they now?
 With loves, and hates
 And passions just like mine
 They were born
 And then they lived
 And then they died
 Which seems so unfair
 And I want to cry.

VERSE 3:

If you must write prose/poems
 The words you use should be your own
 Don't plagiarise or take "on loan"
 There's always someone, somewhere
 With a big nose, who knows
 And who trips you up and laughs
 When you fall
 Who'll trip you up and laugh
 When you fall.

MIDDLE:

You say 'ere long done do does did
 Words which could only be your own
 You then produce the text
 From whence was ripped
 (some dizzy whore, 1804)

VERSE 4:

A dreaded sunny day
 So let's go where we're happy
 And I meet you at the cemetery gates
 Keats and Yeats are on your side
 A dreaded sunny day
 So let's go where we're wanted
 And I meet you at the cemetery gates
 Keats and Yeats are on your side
 But you lose
 Because Wilde is on mine.