

Heading For A Fall Em (Capo II) ©Martin Browne November 2019
EADGBD

Em AmSus(2) Em AmSus
I hear the mournful Turtle Dove, he sings his song alone
Em AmSus(2) Em B7Sus Em
He's crying for his own true love, but she's not coming home

The Nightingale's tuneful call is likewise seldom heard
We paved its woods to build the mall, poor hapless, homeless bird.

G/C Am7 G/C Am7
We hear the toll of the warning bell but we never heed its call
G/C AmSus(2) Em B7Sus Em
Riding shotgun Down the road to Hell and heading for a fall

With need for speed we feed the greed of the corporation's tills
We ravage nature till she bleeds, we scorch the heathered hills

The harrier vanishes from sight in the land where grouse is king
Privilege and wealth delight in senseless slaughtering

[Chorus]

Blossom decks the apple tree in the searing heat of spring
There was always fruit for you and me but what will autumn bring?

Hedge and headland disappear, we crave the bigger plough
The insect's hum that filled the air is still and silent now

[Chorus]

I stand upon the harbour wall, as salt hangs in the air
A boat returns to a gull's sharp call but the hold is cold and bare

In ocean's plastic parking lot, our flotsam chokes its gills
The coral reef succumbs and rots where deadly poison spills

[Chorus]