

E        Em                    (hammer on and off)  
Born in your back is cold fact you almost slipped away  
Taking space from five siblings in a motor city way  
G        A  
A writer from the start, all the odds were stacked against ya  
E  
And noone said Good Luck to ya

E        Em                    (hammer on and off)  
No matter what you do or what your sayin  
Even if you make it sound pretty with that fancy guitar play  
G        A  
No one really cares, All the odds were stacked against ya  
E  
noone said did ya hear this or that

A  
in those filthy clothes  
sweepin off a wooden bench  
pushin a broom till you killed yourself  
Drinking from a dirty well  
You might as well go back to hell  
Cause Nobody's gonna [E7] listen

**C        D        E**  
***Cape Town calling the departed***  
***There was no man to answer***  
***thirty years later one came knocking***  
***Like Jesus you appeared***

E        Em                    (hammer on and off)  
No matter what you do or what your sayin  
Everyone was hung on every single syllable that came  
G        A  
You were the voice of the people  
E  
Unknown and famous

A  
Raised from the dead  
Still drinking from a dirty well  
All they wanted was for you  
To sing about their hell  
Everybody's gonna [E7] Listen

Verse 1

**CHORUS**  
A                                    (3 times)  
Raised from the dead  
E  
Raised from the dead