

INTRO

Sitting on a park bench	eyeing little girls with bad intent	
Snot is running down his nose	greasy fingers smearing shabby clothes	
Drying in the cold sun	watching as the frilly panties run	Hey Aqualung
Feeling like a dead duck	spitting out pieces of his broken luck	Oh Aqualung

<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>
Sun streaking cold		an old man wondering lonely	
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	
Taking time the only way		he knows	
<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>
Leg hurting	bad	as he bends to pick a dog end	
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	
He goes down to the bog		and warms his feet	

<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>
Feeling	alone	the armies of the road	
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	
Salvation al-a-mode and a cup of tea			

<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>
Aqualung my friend		don't you start away uneasy	
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	
You poor old sod you see		it's only me	

<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Gm</b>
Do you still remember		December's foggy freeze	
When the ice that clings on to your beard		was screaming agony	
<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>
And you snatch your rattling last breathes		with deep-sea-diver-sounds	
<b>Cm</b>		<b>Gm</b>	<b>F</b>
And the flowers bloomed like		madness in the spring	

**CHORUS** (*fast*)

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