

THOUSANDS ARE SAILING - The Pogues

CAPO 2nd, 5th to A - tabbed by redadeg@the-small-one.de

Pattern

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D|-----0-----|
B|---0-----|
G|-0-----|
D|-----|
g|-----0-----|
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INTRO

|Em |Em |D |Am |Em |G |D |Am |G |G ||

Verse:

G
C
 The Island it is silent now But the ghosts still haunt the waves
G
Em
Am
D
 And the torch lights up a famished man Who fortune could not save

G
C
 Did you work upon the railroad Did you rid the streets of crime
G
Em
D
G
 Were your dollars from the white house Were they from the five and dime

Em
C
G
 Did the old songs taunt or cheer you And did they still make you cry
Em
Am
D
 Did you count the months and years Or did your teardrops quickly dry

G
C
 Ah, no, says he, 'twas not to be On a coffin ship I came here
G
Em
D
G
 And I never even got so far That they could change my name

Chorus 1:

Em
D
Am
 Thousands are sailing Across the western ocean
Em
G
D
Am
 To a land of opportunity That some of them will never see
Em
D
Am
 Fortune prevailing Across the western ocean
Em
G
D
Am
 Their bellies full Their spirits free They'll break the chains of poverty
C
 And they'll dance

INST 1:

|Em |D |A |G |G ||

Verse 2:

In Manhattan's desert twilight In the death of afternoon
We stepped hand in hand on Broadway Like the first man on the moon

And "The Blackbird" broke the silence As you whistled it so sweet
And in Brendan Behan's footsteps I danced up and down the street

Then we said goodnight to Broadway Giving it our best regards
Tipped our hats to Mister Cohan Dear old Times Square's favorite bard

Then we raised a glass to JFK And a dozen more besides
When I got back to my empty room I suppose I must have cried

Chorus 2:

Thousands are sailing Again across the ocean
Where the hand of opportunity Draws tickets in a lottery
Postcards we're mailing Of sky-blue skies and oceans
From rooms the daylight never sees Where lights don't glow on Christmas trees
But we dance to the music And we dance

Inst 2:

Em	D	A	C	Em	D	A		
Em	Em	G	D A	Em	Em	G	D A	
Em Am	Em C	G D	G D G					

Chorus 3:

Thousands are sailing Across the western ocean
Where the hand of opportunity Draws tickets in a lottery
Where e'er we go, we celebrate The land that makes us refugees
From fear of Priests with empty plates From guilt and weeping effigies
And we dance

Outro:

Em	D	A	C	Em	D	A		
Em	Em	G	D A	Em	Em	G	D A	
Em Am	Em C	G D	G D G					

