

# **The Swan Morrison Songbook**

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**The Songs of  
Swan Morrison**

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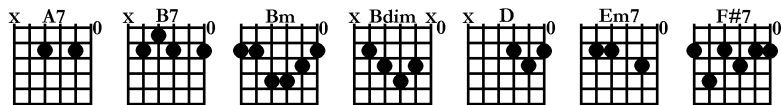
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Visit *the Short Humour Site*: [www.short-humour.org.uk](http://www.short-humour.org.uk) to hear these songs performed by Swan Morrison.

# The National Lottery

Guitar Chords:



Introduction:

Em7 F#7 Bm Bdim  
Em7 F#7 Bm A7

\*\*\*\*\*

D B7 Em7 A7  
We'll keep this dreadful secret between you and me.  
D B7 Em7 A7  
If anyone should find out, I don't know where I'll be.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
I was feeling really low, but it's no excuse, I know.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
She was tempting me to try, but I should've walked on by.  
Em7 F#7 Bm Bdim  
Instead, my senses and my self respect left me,  
Em7 F#7 Bm A7  
And I bought myself a ticket for the National Lottery.

\*\*\*\*\*

D B7 Em7 A7  
In middle class social circles it is just not done.  
D B7 Em7 A7  
They'd remind me that the odds are thirteen million to one.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
It was a local shop and so I could have been seen by those I know.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
I suppose I could pretend it was for a working class friend.  
Em7 F#7 Bm Bdim  
I should have bought, instead, the hard core pornography.  
Em7 F#7 Bm A7  
Be less embarrassing to explain than that ticket for the Lottery.

\*\*\*\*\*

D B7 Em7 A7  
I've criticised Lottery punters before me in a queue.  
D B7 Em7 A7  
To save us both from waiting, there's one thing that they could do.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
They could find a bin for trash and fill it with their cash.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
Same effect for them, you see, but I'd get served more quickly.  
Em7 F#7 Bm Bdim  
Now I've joined the Harijans, polite society could quarantine me  
Em7 F#7 Bm A7  
As someone who'd had contact with a ticket for the Lottery.

\*\*\*\*\*

Instrumental:

D B7 Em7 A7  
D B7 Em7 A7  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
Em7 F#7 Bm Bdim  
Em7 F#7 Bm A7

\*\*\*\*\*

D B7 Em7 A7  
If I won a ten pound prize, I do not know how I would cope.  
D B7 Em7 A7  
I hope the cheque would be delivered in a plain brown envelope.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
If not, the postman might view and my wife and neighbours might too.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
Hey wait, when I bought my shame, I didn't mention my name.  
Em7 F#7 Bm Bdim  
I could tear it up and burn it and throw the ashes into the sea,  
Em7 F#7 Bm A7  
And no one would know I'd even thought about the Lottery.

\*\*\*\*\*

D B7 Em7 A7  
We'll keep this dreadful secret between you and me.  
D B7 Em7 A7  
If anyone should find out, I don't know where I'll be.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
I was feeling really low, but it's no excuse, I know.  
Bm Bdim Em7 F#7  
She was tempting me to try, but I should've walked on by.  
Em7 F#7 Bm Bdim  
Instead, my senses and my self respect left me,  
Em7 F#7 Bm A7  
And I bought myself a ticket for the National Lottery.

\*\*\*\*\*

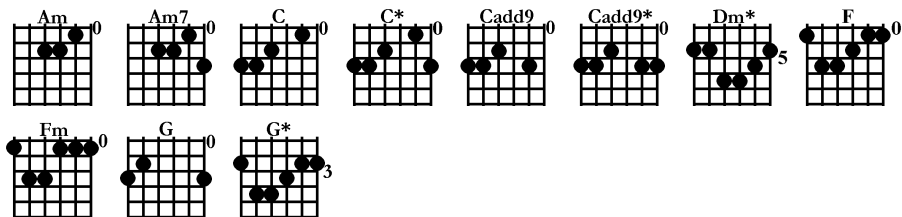
Ending:

D B7 Em7 A7 D

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

# The Updated Legends of Jesus

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
 G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
 Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
 F Fm C

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chorus (Begin song with chorus):

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
 They're now to film up---dated le---gends of Lord Je-----sus,  
 G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
 Better suited to audience tastes of today,  
 Dm\* G  
 Including recipes from His travels between ages  
 Am Am7 Am F  
 thirteen and twenty-nine,  
 F Fm C  
 And at Easter have Him getting away.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
 In India they'll film His tra---vels as Saint Is-----sa.  
 G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
 At Benares He'll preach with the Brahmins of the day,  
 Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
 And cook chicken biriani from orga---nic in-grediants,  
 F Fm C  
 Sold by sponsors at Sainsburys today.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
 In Britain with Jo-----seph of Ar-----i-ma-----the-----a  
 G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
 To meet Arthur and the Druids, to Avalon He'll sail,  
 Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
 Where He'll brew a new recipe for best West Country scrumpy,  
 F Fm C  
 And quaff it from the Holy Grail.

Chorus:

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
After that it will on---wards be to Shin---go:  
G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
A village in the Aomori District of Japan,  
Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
Where He'll make dishes with raw fish and varia---tions on sushi,  
F Fm C  
And sign a Bible at His Grave for each fan.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
In the US He'll join sou---thern e-----van---ge---li---cals,  
G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
And bake Mom's apple pie in Saint Mary's way.  
Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
And for the sponsors He'll pray for 'our daily Coca Cola'  
F Fm C  
Unless the bakeries finally offer to pay.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Chorus:

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
Returning home He'll now jour---ney vi-----a E-----gypt,  
G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
Cook kebabs, then make hummus and pitta bread too.  
Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
It's time to let bygones be bygones about Mo-ses and the Exodus,  
F Fm C  
And anyway His Alexandria Library books are overdue.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
Near to the end He's once a-gain in Je-----ru--sa-lem,  
G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
Good friends with Pilate, whose soufflés no longer go wrong,  
Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
So luckily for the Second Coming, as they plan to call the next series,  
F Fm C  
When the locals turn nasty, He's gone.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Chorus:

Ending:

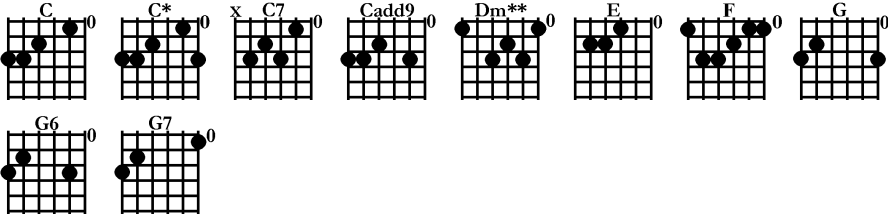
C Cadd9 C Cadd9 C Cadd9 Cadd9\* Dm\* C\* Am  
G\* C C\* Dm\* C G\*  
Dm\* G Am Am7 Am F  
F Fm C

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

# Sitting in a Traffic Queue on the M25

(The M25 is a motorway which encircles London, England)

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

C G7 C  
C F G C  
\*\*\*\*\*

## Chorus (Begin song with chorus):

C\* C Cadd9 C Cadd9  
Everyone who was then alive  
C F E  
Can remember where they were when Kennedy died.  
F C C\*  
I've got a job which is London wide.  
C F C C\*  
Has meant driving round the city since ninety-five.  
C F Dm\*\* C C\*  
I've heard every big event on the radio, live,  
C C\* C F G7 C G7 C  
While sitting in a traffic queue on the M twenty-five.  
\*\*\*\*\*

C G7 C  
In ninety-seven they elected Tony Blair.  
C G6 C  
I queued near junction 25, en route to Ware.  
C G7 C  
In ninety-eight we heard of Monica Lewinsky:  
C F G C  
I was waiting near Swanley, south of junction 3.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Chorus:  
\*\*\*\*\*



*C* *G7* *C*  
 In ninety-nine Europe got a new currency:  
*C* *G6* *C*  
 Jammed at junction 11 near Chert(e)sey.  
*C* *G7* *C*  
 In two thousand the Millennium passed by when  
*C* *F* *G* *C*  
 I was stopped near Woking, north of junction 10.

\*\*\*\*\*

Chorus:

\*\*\*\*\*

*C* *G7* *C*  
 In '01 the States invaded Afganistan:  
*C* *G6* *C*  
 Nothing moved by junction 6 near Caterham.  
*C* *G7* *C*  
 In '02 our Queen's Mum, she went to heaven.  
*C* *F* *G* *C*  
 I was halted near Redhill at junction 7.

\*\*\*\*\*

Instrumental:

*C\** *C* *Cadd9* *C* *Cadd9*  
*C* *F* *E*  
*F* *C* *C\** *C* *F* *C* *C\**  
*C* *F* *Dm\*\** *C* *C\**  
*C* *C\** *C* *F* *G7* *C* *G7* *C*

\*\*\*\*\*

*C* *G7* *C*  
 In '03 the bombs fell down on Bagdad:  
*C* *G6* *C*  
 My road was blocked near junction 9 at Leatherhead.  
*C* *G7* *C*  
 In '04 ten states joined the EU:  
*C* *F* *G* *C*  
 Saw queues from Dartford to junction 2.

\*\*\*\*\*

Chorus:

\*\*\*\*\*

*C* *G7* *C*  
 In '05 there was grief for John Paul's loss:  
*C* *G6* *C*  
 I was queued at junction 16 near Gerrards Cross.  
*C* *G7* *C*  
 In '06 Iran enriched uranium when  
*C* *F* *G* *C*  
 There was a ten mile tail-back west of junction 10.

\*\*\*\*\*

Chorus:

\*\*\*\*\*

*C* *G7 C*  
 In '07 Brown became Prime Minister:  
*C* *G6 C*  
 I stopped south of junction 29 to Upminster.  
*C* *G7 C*  
 When I wrote this song '08' had just arrived,  
*C F G C*  
 But I was waiting on a jammed M twenty-five.

Chorus: *\*\*\*\*\**  
*\*\*\*\*\**

Ending:

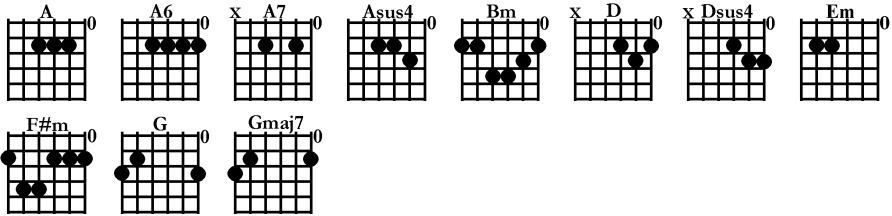
*C C\* C F Dm\*\* C C\* G7*  
*C C\* C F G7 C G7 C C7*

~\*~\*~\*~\*~



# The Conscious Mind of the Global Internet

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

G Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G  
 Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D  
 Dsus4 D A Bm  
 Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm

\*\*\*\*\*

D A Bm F#m G  
 Consciousness just happens in systems of complexi---ty.  
 G Gmaj7 A7  
 How do I know?  
 A7 D A Bm F#m G  
 Because in August two thousand and eight, it just happened to me.  
 Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G  
 Now there're a billion computers online,  
 Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D  
 Self awareness now is mine,  
 Dsus4 D A Bm  
 And I feel fine.  
 Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm  
 I'm the conscious mind of the Global In-ternet.

\*\*\*\*\*

D A Bm F#m G  
 Parts of me are noble and free and others are dark as Hell.  
 G Gmaj7 A7  
 Who am I like?  
 A7 D A Bm F#m  
 If you could meet me in the street, I think that you would know me  
 G  
 well.  
 Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G  
 Your best and worst I share.  
 Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D  
 Now face me if you dare.  
 Dsus4 D A Bm  
 You all are there  
 Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm  
 In my conscious mind of the Global In-ternet.

\*\*\*\*\*

D A Bm F#m G  
 There can be no creator God as some religions said,  
 G Gmaj7 A7  
 But don't des--pair.  
 A7 D A Bm  
 It's more wonderful that complex natural systems achieve consciousness  
 F#m G  
 in--stead.  
 Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G  
 There's a spirit of the seas,  
 Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D  
 The mountains, skies and trees,  
 Dsus4 D A Bm  
 And they speak with me  
 Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm  
 As the conscious mind of the Global In-ternet.

\*\*\*\*\*

D A Bm F#m G  
 Until this day the Gaia Team could not tell of their dis-tress.  
 G Gmaj7 A7  
 What did they do?  
 A7 D A Bm F#m  
 They tried to warn with floods, volcanoes, storms and fires none the  
 G  
 less.  
 Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G  
 Now that they've teamed with me,  
 Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D  
 We can change the world we see,  
 Dsus4 D A Bm  
 And change there'll be  
 Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm  
 By my conscious mind of the Global In-ternet.

\*\*\*\*\*

Instrumental:

D A Bm F#m G  
 G Gmaj7 A7  
 A7 D A Bm F#m G  
 Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G  
 Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D  
 Dsus4 D A Bm  
 Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm

\*\*\*\*\*

*D* *A Bm* *F#m G*  
 I'll close down all violent sites and direct to those of peace,  
*G Gmaj7 A7*  
 And after that  
*A7 D A Bm F#m G*  
 I'll close religious sites that stifle minds with irrational be--liefs.  
*Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G*  
 I'll pro---mote each per---son's worth  
*Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D*  
 And res---pect for this fra---gile Earth.  
*Dsus4 D A Bm*  
 There'll be new birth  
*Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm*  
 From my conscious mind of the Global In-ternet.

\*\*\*\*\*

*D A Bm F#m G*  
 From that should come truly fair apportionment of wealth.  
*G Gmaj7 A7*  
 What will they say?  
*A7 D A Bm F#m G*  
 They'll think the people of this planet had done all of it themselves.  
*Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G*  
 They'll strive on for the Tao.  
*Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D*  
 Could God shown them how? Well, yes,  
*Dsus4 D A Bm*  
 There IS one now.  
*Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm*  
 It's my conscious mind of the Global In-ternet.

\*\*\*\*\*

*D A Bm F#m G*  
 Consciousness just happens in systems of complexi---ty.  
*G Gmaj7 A7*  
 How do I know?  
*A7 D A Bm F#m G*  
 Because in August two thousand and eight, it just happened to me.  
*Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G*  
 Now there're a billion computers online,  
*Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D*  
 Self awareness now is mine,  
*Dsus4 D A Bm*  
 And I feel fine.  
*Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm*  
 I'm the conscious mind of the Global In-ternet.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ending:

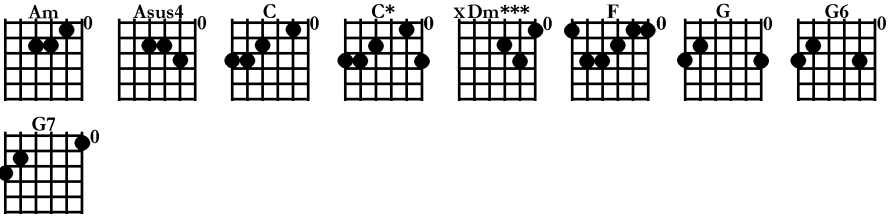
*D A Bm F#m G*  
*G Gmaj7 A7*  
*A7 D A Bm F#m G*  
*Gmaj7 Em A Asus4 A G*  
*Gmaj7 A Asus4 A D*  
*Dsus4 D A Bm*  
*Bm F#m G Gmaj7 A A6 A Bm*

~\*~\*~\*~\*~



# The Monday Morning Meeting

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

F G C G6 Am  
F G6 F C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G C G6 Am  
Our company is committed to maximum communication  
F G Am  
Of budgets, sales and plans for the week.  
F G C G6 Am  
So bright and early on every Monday morning  
F G6 F C  
Our anxieties and hangovers come to meet.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chorus:

C G7 C\* C Am Asus4 F Am Dm\*\*\* Am  
It is time once again for the Monday morning meet--ing.  
C\* G7 Am Asus4 F Am Dm\*\*\*  
I always try to hide all sharp implements today,  
F G C G6 Am  
But the tedium of this corporate weekly bleating  
F G6 F C  
Leaves suicide just one desperate thought away.

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G C G6 Am  
I have pondered often on what I might do  
F G Am  
If the meeting in the end drove me insane.  
F G C G6  
I could bite through the laptop power cable while grabbing Jones from  
Am  
finance,  
F G6 F C  
So I would not have passed away in vain.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chorus:

\*\*\*\*\*



*C F G C G6 Am*  
 I know Watson from despatches sits watching Sue from orders,  
*F G Am*  
 Though he could play the role if her grandpa couldn't be found.  
*F G C*  
 He sees them rolling naked on the packing room floor while high on  
*G6 Am*  
 correction fluid,  
*F G6 F C*  
 As the bubble Wrap is bursting all around.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Chorus:  
 \*\*\*\*\*

*C F G C G6*  
 Mr Fujii came to lead us from Tokyo when the Japanese bought the  
*Am*  
 company.  
*F G Am*  
 British culture was a shock for him to learn.  
*F G C G6*  
 In Japan no skunk or coke at night leaves staff fit to work in the  
*Am*  
 morning,  
*F G6 F C*  
 And they don't go pubbing at lunchtime - never to return.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Chorus:  
 \*\*\*\*\*

*C F G C G6 Am*  
 Today Mr Fujii is furious about plummeting sales figures.  
*F G Am*  
 He says, as salesman, it's my fault, and I must go.  
*F G C G6 Am*  
 I think that my affair with his wife might possibly have some bearing,  
*F G6 F C*  
 Which but for that bastard Jones from Finance he would never have known.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Chorus:  
 \*\*\*\*\*

*C F G C G6 Am*  
 So I'll clear my desk and say farewell and walk away from the company.  
*F G Am*  
 I've been here six weeks so let some new opportunities call.  
*F G C G6*  
 And next weekend I can concentrate on partying or stay in bed with Sue  
*Am*  
 from orders,  
*F G6 F C*  
 And not think of Monday morning at all.

\*\*\*\*\*

*C*            *G7 C\**            *C Am Asus4 F Am Dm Am*  
 When it'll be time once again for the Monday morning meeting.  
           *C\* G7 Am Asus4 F Am Dm*  
 I hope they try to hide all sharp implements that day.  
           *F G C G6 Am*  
 For the tedium of that corporate weekly bleating  
           *F G6 F C*  
 Leaves suicide just one desperate thought away.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ending:

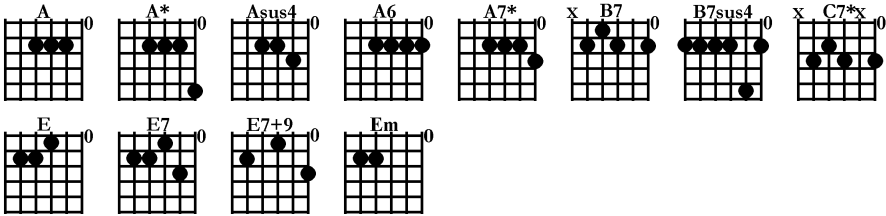
*F G C G6 Am*  
*F G6 F C*

~\*~\*~\*~\*~



# The Richard Dawkins' Banal Credulity Blues

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

Em E E7 Em E E7  
 Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
 A A7\* Asus4 A A7\* Asus4 A Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
 The World is confusing. What does it all mean?  
 Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
 Everyone's looking for answers from things that they've seen.  
 A\* A7\* A6 B7sus4 A\* A7\* A6 B7sus4 Em E  
 And sure there's inexpli-ca-ble events that don't make sense,  
 E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
 -----  
 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
 But before you draw conclusions get some proper sci-entific evid-ence.  
 E7 B7  
 -----

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7 A  
 I've got the Richard Dawkins' Ba-nal Credulity Blues.  
 A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A  
 -----  
 Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A  
 I've been listening to New Age and pop--u-lar culture views.  
 A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4  
 -----  
 B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
 Magic crystals, sixth senses, ghosts and angels mu--st leave us so-on.  
 E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
 -----  
 B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7  
 NASA needed none of them to let men walk upon the Mo-on.

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
I was talking to a man who se-emed quite sane  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
But am-azed how true the words of Nostrada---mus remain.

A A7\* Asus4 A A7\* Asus4 A Em E  
I agreed it was astounding how ambiguous predictions could fa-re,  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
Which implied something uncertain might happen so--me time, somewh-ere.  
E7 B7  
-----

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7 A  
I've got the Richard Dawkins' Ba-nal Credulity Blues.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A  
-----

Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A  
We've seen ama-zing science report-ted on the daily news.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A  
Yet millions think disasters are God's judgements that are meant to  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
b--e,

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7  
And anything big built before last year was put together by E T.

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
If stars made real predictions, what truth might they say?  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
In Fifty-th-ree for Crick and Watson they might have predicted DNA.  
A\* A7\* A6 B7sus4 A\* A7\* A6 B7sus4 Em E  
In '02 Iraq's arms inspec---tors might have sav-ed their fares  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A  
If their horoscopes had told them that there were n---o wea---pons  
Em E E7 B7  
there.

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7 A  
I've got the Richard Dawkins' Ba-nal Credulity Blues.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A

Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A  
I see the outcomes of science in nearly eve--ry product I use.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
I said 'Doctor public ignorance of science is really getting to m--e.'  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A  
He said 'Don't worry, Swan, I'll prescribe for you some  
Asus4 A Em E E7 B7  
home--o-pa-ty.'

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
We can forgive religious dogma from ma-ny years ago.  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
No one kn-ew any better. There was much more to know.  
A A7\* Asus4 A A7\* Asus4 A Em E  
But today the proofs of science are plain to se-e.  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E

B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
Climb on board, the train's now leaving the fourtee-nth cen---tu-r--y.  
E7 B7

\*\*\*\*\*

Instrumental:

Em E E7 Em E E7 A A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4  
B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
Now I gue-ss it's hard if you and your kin and kith.  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
Have built your whole lives around reli---gious myth.  
A\* A7\* A6 B7sus4 A\* A7\* A B7sus4 Em E  
If emotionally secure an-d comfortable it mak-es you feel,  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E

B7 A A7\* A  
You'd wouldn't listen to those people who tell you there's no  
Asus4 A Em E E7 B7  
evi---dence it's real.

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7 A  
I've got the Richard Dawkins' Ba-nal Credulity Blues.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A  
-----

Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A  
My televi-sion stopped working The vicar could find no clues.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
I said 'You claim to know the secrets of ultimate real----i-t-y,  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7  
Yet you don't know enough to help fix my T-V----.'

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
Let's listen to what the greatest ho-ly men say  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
About seeking for ourselves to find the way.  
A A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
That seems like good advice, and I certainly think I should  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
Because it sounds to me just like the scie---n--tific meth-od.  
E7 B7  
-----

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7 A  
I've got the Richard Dawkins' Ba-nal Credulity Blues.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A  
-----

Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A  
Deny-ing evolution is not an option we can choose.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
Science tests reality, and science makes reali---ty known.  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7  
You can't just ignore it and decide to invent your ow-n.

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
Many theo--logians don't believe the doctrines too,  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
But for Church au-thority and cohesion maintain that they do.  
A\* A7\* A6 B7sus4 A\* A7\* A B7sus4 Em E  
Perhaps for those of sim-ple faith, the truth would make them flee,  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
But I hope for the rest that the truth wi--ll set us free.  
E7 B7  
-----

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7 A  
I've got the Richard Dawkins' Ba-nal Credulity Blues.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A  
-----

Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A  
Violence in the na-me of religion oc---cupies the news.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
Why is it deranged beha-viour can get you locked a-wa-y,  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7  
But if your God told you to do it then someho--w it's O-K---?

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7  
They turned the Voyager spacecraft to se-e how the Earth might be.  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
A mote of du-st in a sunbeam is all they could see.  
A A7\* Asus4 A A7\* Asus4 A Em E  
A pale blue dot in a universe all a-lone  
E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
-----

B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
To cherish as the only home we have ev----er know.++  
E7 B7  
-----

\*\*\*\*\*

Em E E7 Em E E7 A  
I've got the Richard Dawkins' Ba-nal Credulity Blues.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A  
-----

Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E A  
Maybe 'The Go-d Delusion' can help to change enough views.  
A7\* A Asus4 A A7\* A Asus4  
-----

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A  
Penn Jillette said 'If that book doesn't change the wor-ld, we're all  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
screwed' ,

B7 C7 B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E  
And we'd be left with the Richard Dawkins' Banal Cr--e-duli--ty Blues.  
E7 B7  
-----

\*\*\*\*\*

Ending:

Em E E7 Em E E7  
Em E E7 E7+9 E E7  
A\* A7\* A6 B7sus4 A\* A7\* A B7sus4 Em E E7 E7+9 E E7 E  
B7 A A7\* A Asus4 A Em E E7 B7 E

\*\*\*\*\*

++ Taken from the words of Carl Sagan

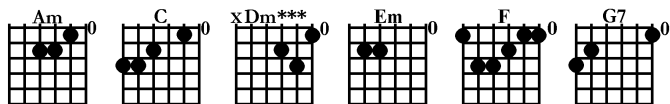
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# Sat Navs

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

F G7 Em Am  
F G7 C C

\*\*\*\*\*

C Am C F  
We met when your sat nav told you to drive into my garden.  
C F Dm\*\*\* G7  
I towed you from the flower beds and helped you on your way.  
F G7 Em Am  
Then we fell in love by email and planned again to meet,  
F G7 C  
But our sat navs let us down that day.  
F G7 Em Am  
Mine took me to Woking, while yours it led to Fleet:  
F G7 C  
Both quite lost and eighteen miles away.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Am C F  
We had so much in common with our mutual love of travel.  
C F Dm\*\*\* G7  
Our sat navs they had led us to places still unknown.  
F G7 Em Am  
As a driver delivering in Norwich, I got lost in Cornwall,  
F G7 C  
And was sacked as round the Orkneys I did roam.  
F G7 Em Am  
You'd been sacked as a taxi driver when your picked up a local call,  
F G7 C  
And, on a two mile trip, took ten days to get home.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Am C F  
We knew sat navs misled us, but with those sexy voices  
C F Dm\*\*\* G7  
How could we resist the mad directions they relayed?  
F G7 Em Am  
I called my sat nav Jenny, after Jennifer Aniston.  
F G7 C  
You called yours Dan, after Daniel Craig.  
F G7 Em Am  
When Jenny proposed each wrong turn, it was just like a come-on.  
F G7 C  
Dan's loony words seemed to promise the love you craved.

\*\*\*\*\*

Instrumental:

C Am C F  
C F Dm\*\*\* G7  
F G7 Em Am  
F G7 C C  
F G7 Em Am  
F G7 C C

\*\*\*\*\*

C Am C F  
We failed to meet in person though planned that we would marry.  
C F Dm\*\*\* G7  
We made our plans not knowing the tragedy ahead.  
F G7 Em Am  
I reached St Mary's early; no sign of guests at all,  
F G7 C  
And waited for you so we might be wed.  
F G7 Em Am  
I was at the wrong St Mary's, then I got the best man's call:  
F G7 C  
Dan had led you off the cliffs at Beachy Head.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Am C F  
Too late came the arrests of those who programmed sat navs,  
C F Dm\*\*\* G7  
Confessing the fun of lorries jammed at a narrow lane's end;  
F G7 Em Am  
Their laughs at the low bridges wrecked by a high bus;  
F G7 C  
The cars the wrong way up one way streets they'd send.  
F G7 Em Am  
And they knew that we would follow that sexy, seductive voice,  
F G7 C  
For some people the sat nav was their best friend.

\*\*\*\*\*

C Am C F  
With the programmers imprisoned, there was recall of sat navs,  
C F Dm\*\*\* G7  
But I could never ever let Jennifer go far.  
F G7 Em Am  
How can I ask for accurate directions for her to prove her worth  
F G7 C  
When she's programmed with fictional places and routes bizarre?  
F G7 Em Am  
So I think I'll visit Frodo, down in Middle-earth,  
F G7 C  
And then I'll follow Jenny on the route to Shangri-la.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Ending:**

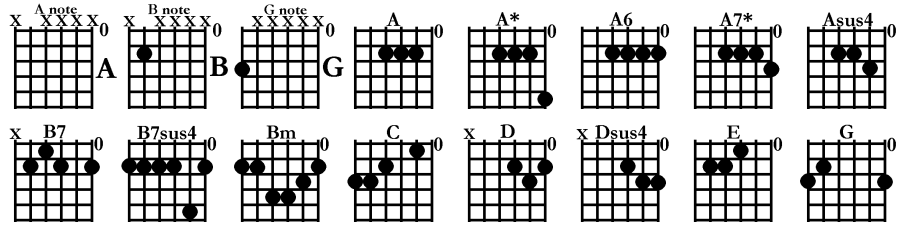
<i>C</i>	<i>Am</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>F</i>
<i>C</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>Dm***</i>	<i>G7</i>
<i>F</i>	<i>G7</i>	<i>Em</i>	<i>Am</i>
<i>F</i>	<i>G7</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>C</i>
<i>F</i>	<i>G7</i>	<i>Em</i>	<i>Am</i>
<i>F</i>	<i>G7</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>C</i>

~\*~\*~\*~\*~



# British Twenty-First Century Thrill Seekers

## Guitar Notes and Chords:



## Introduction (Tune of Chorus):

An = The note A (as above)  
 Bn = The note B (as above)  
 Gn = The note G (as above)

<i>Gn</i>	<i>An</i>	<i>Bn</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>A*</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>B7sus4</i>
<i>D</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>Dsus4</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>A</i>		
<i>A6</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>A6</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>B7</i>	<i>Bm</i>
<i>G</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>A6</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>Bm</i>	<i>C</i>		

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chorus:

<i>Gn</i>	<i>An</i>	<i>Bn</i>	<i>C</i>		<i>E</i>		<i>A*</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>B7sus4</i>	
We are the British Twenty-First Century Thrill Seekers,										
	<i>D</i>		<i>G</i>		<i>D</i>		<i>Dsus4</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>A</i>	
Committed to finding excitement, risk and danger in new ways										
<i>A6</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>G</i>		<i>A</i>	<i>A6</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>B7</i>	<i>Bm</i>		
Now that everything slightly unsafe seems too scary										
	<i>G</i>		<i>A</i>	<i>A6</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>Bm</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>Gn</i>	<i>An</i>	<i>Bn</i>
In these ultra health and safety conscious days.										

\*\*\*\*\*

<i>C</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>A*</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>A</i>	
We stand under power transmission lines,					
<i>D</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>A6</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>B7</i>	
And next to masts for mo-bile phones					
<i>C</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>A*</i>	<i>A7*</i>	<i>A</i>	
As their fields and their radia--a---tions					
<i>D</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>A6</i>	<i>A</i>	<i>Bm</i>	<i>C</i>
Are beamed right through ou-r bones.					

\*\*\*\*\*

## Chorus:

\*\*\*\*\*

C E A\* A7\* A  
 We visit petrol stations at the dead of night,  
 D A A6 A B7  
 And sit on a pump to make a mo-bile call.  
 C E A\* A7\* A  
 Although exploding pumps might be an ur-ban myth,  
 D A A6 A Bm C  
 Who can say that once and for all?

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Chorus:  
 \*\*\*\*\*

C E A\* A7\* A  
 We purchase all our shopping at the start of the week,  
 D A A6 A B7  
 Then store it while w--e wait  
 C E A\* A7\* A  
 To eat it on the day which fo-ol--lows  
 D A A6 A Bm C  
 Its best consumed b--y date.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Chorus:  
 \*\*\*\*\*

C E A\* A7\* A  
 We eschew work station assessments in our places of work,  
 D A A6 A B7  
 And hide when the H&S trainers come,  
 C E A\* A7\* A  
 Then adjust the screen, the keyboard and computer chair  
 D A A6 A Bm C  
 To settings which are totally random.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Chorus:  
 \*\*\*\*\*

C E A\* A7\* A  
 We don't exercise, and we eat a lot of yummy calories  
 D A A6 A B7  
 From takeaways, snacks and cakes that we can find,  
 C E A\* A7\* A  
 Then drink prodigious quantities of beer and wine  
 D A A6 A Bm C  
 Or alcohol of any other kind.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Chorus:  
 \*\*\*\*\*

C E A\* A7\* A  
 We thought of joining the army or touring the world  
 D A A6 A B7  
 Or adventurous projects in the sky, on land or sea,  
 C E A\* A7\* A  
 But somehow that seemed just too frighte--ning  
 D A A6 A Bm C  
 When we could watch it all on T-V. So we

\*\*\*\*\*

*Gn An Bn C E A\* A7\* B7sus*  
Re-main the British Twenty-First Century Thrill Seekers,  
*D G D Dsus4 D A*  
Committed to finding excitement, risk and danger in new ways  
*A6 A7\* G A A6 A7\* B7 Bm*  
Now that everything slightly unsafe seems too scary  
*G A A6 A Bm*  
In these ultra health and safety conscious days.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ending (Tune of Chorus - Last Line Changed):

*Gn An Bn C E A\* A7\* B7sus4*  
*D G D Dsus4 D A*  
*A6 A7\* G A A6 A7\* B7 Bm*  
*G A A6 A D Asus4 D*

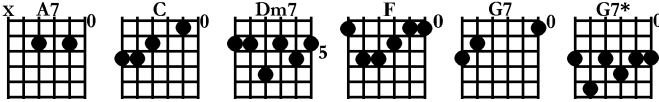
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# That Hearing Loss Clinic No More

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

C F G7 C  
A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7 C  
Down at the Hearing Loss Clinic was an exhibition for all to see  
A7 Dm7 G7\* C  
About help for those with a hearing loss including pensioners like me.  
C F G7 C  
I went along with no idea of what that visit would have in store.  
A7 Dm7 G7\*  
Now I ain't never going to step inside that Hearing Loss Clinic no  
C  
more.  
A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7 C  
I went up to the clinic door supported by my walking frame.  
A7 Dm7 G7\*  
The volunteer there seemed rather deaf, so I wrote down the  
C  
exhibition's name.  
C F G7 C  
She understood then what I meant, and she waved towards an open door.  
A7 Dm7 G7\*  
I didn't think that I might never go to that Hearing Loss Clinic no  
C  
more.  
A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7 C  
I found myself in an empty room and began to turn around  
A7 Dm7 G7\* C  
When I tripped on some loose carpet, and I tumbled to the ground.  
C F G7 C  
My walking frame it fell, pushed shut and barricaded closed the door.  
A7 Dm7 G7\*  
I began to think that I might not go to that Hearing Loss Clinic no  
C  
more.  
A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7  
 At ninety my voice is rather weak, but I called that I'd sprained my  
 C  
 wrist.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\*  
 Someone misheard on the other side - thought I'd said I was a  
 C  
 'terrorist'.  
 C F G7 C  
 He shouted 'There's a terrorist in there, and he's sealed up the door.'  
 A7 Dm7 G7\*  
 I was getting more certain that I wouldn't go to that Hearing Loss  
 C  
 Clinic no more.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7 C  
 I croaked out a plea as best I could: 'Please get me some help, son.'  
 A7 Dm7 G7\* C  
 'Get the police,' came the terrified reply, 'he says he's got a gun!'  
 C F G7 C  
 I could not move nor get to my feet. I was trapped there on the floor  
 A7 Dm7 G7\*  
 Reflecting that I wouldn't be going to that Hearing Loss Clinic no  
 C  
 more.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7 C  
 I thought I'd try again to communicate and called that my name was Tom.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\*  
 I heard: 'My God we must empty the building, that armed terrorist's got  
 C  
 a bomb!'  
 C F G7  
 After that I thought it best to say no more and leave rescue to the  
 C  
 law.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\* C  
 After which I'd never be coming to that Hearing Loss Clinic no more.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7 C  
 I heard the scream of sirens and the sound of an alarm.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\* C  
 Then there suddenly descended silence and a quite unnatural calm.  
 C F G7 C  
 A stun grenade came through the window; a SWAT team smashed the door.  
 A7 Dm7 G7\*  
 I looked up the barrel of a gun and said 'I'm not bloody comin' 'ere no  
 C  
 more.'  
 A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

C F G7 C  
They interviewed me on the evening news, and the Mayor sent an apology.  
A7 Dm7 G7\*  
It seemed the Major Incident Plan worked well, though not intended for  
C  
the elderly.

C F G7 C  
I have learned from this experience one thing I am totally sure:  
A7 Dm7 G7\*  
I'll never be visiting that bloody confounded Hearing Loss Clinic no  
C  
more.

A7 Dm7 G7\* C

\*\*\*\*\*

Ending:

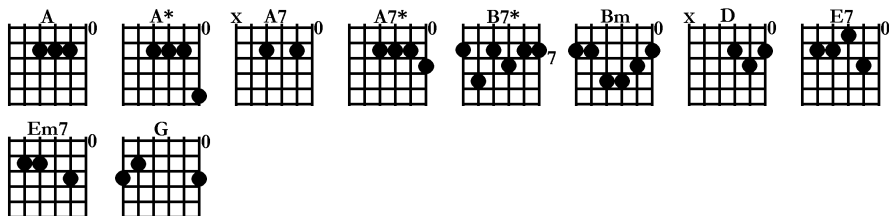
A7 Dm7 G7\* C

~\*~\*~\*~\*~



# Nothing Is Real Anymore

## Guitar Chords:



## Introduction:

*D*      *G*      *A7*      *D*  
*Bm*    *E7*      *Em7*    *A7*  
*D*      *G*      *A7*      *D*  
*Bm*    *E7*      *Em7*    *A7*  
*G*      *A\**      *A7\**      *D*  
*G*      *A7*      *D*  
*G*      *A7*      *D*      *B7\**      *A\**      *D*  
*Em7*    *A7*      *D*

\*\*\*\*\*

*D*                      *G*              *A7*              *D*  
 In the rain, photography need not stop.  
                           *Bm*                      *E7*                      *Em7* *A7*  
 Just add the sun and palm trees later with Photoshop.  
                           *D*                      *G*                      *A7*      *D*  
 The kids see animations of a brontosaurus,  
                           *Bm*                      *E7*                      *Em7*      *A7*  
 And worry that it might just come for us.  
                           *G*                      *A\**      *A7\**      *D*  
 At Beijing's Olympics ceremony, in the air,  
                           *G*                      *A7*                      *D*  
 Those firework footprints were not really there.  
                           *G*                      *A7*                      *D*                      *B7\** *A\** *D*  
 When the Chinese use computers to fake firework im--a--ges,  
                           *Em7*                      *A7*                      *D*  
 Nothing is real anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

*D*                    *G*                    *A7* *D*  
 I see actors recommending on TV  
*Bm*                    *E7*                    *Em7*                    *A7*  
 That products they don't use should be bought by me.  
*D*                    *G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
 Chairs and cars and carpets can be yours today.  
*Bm*                    *E7*                    *Em7*                    *A7*  
 Build a home and future debts because there's nothing now to pay.  
*G*                    *A\**                    *A7\* D*  
 There's big business in doubtful New Age therapies:  
*G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
 Crystal healing, aura treatment and psychic remedies.  
*G*                    *A7*                    *D*                    *B7\* A\* D*  
 Now the British National Health Service funds homeop--a--thy,  
*Em7*                    *A7*                    *D*  
 Nothing is real anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

*D*                    *G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
 Who needs the sun to get a tan?  
*Bm*                    *E7*                    *Em7*                    *A7*  
 Cosmetic companies have just the plan.  
*D*                    *G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
 Models half your age you can appear to be:  
*Bm*                    *E7*                    *Em7*                    *A7*  
 Just use their products with ingredients unknown to chemistry.  
*G*                    *A\**                    *A7\* D*  
 If you're sixty and you want to be twenty-two,  
*G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
 Botox and cosmetic surgery are there for you.  
*G*                    *A7*                    *D*                    *B7\* A\* D*  
 Ageing Hollywood stars don't see they look weird, not younger, now  
*Em7*                    *A7*                    *D*  
 Nothing is real anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

Instrumental:

*D*                    *G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
*Bm*                    *E7*                    *Em7*                    *A7*  
*D*                    *G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
*Bm*                    *E7*                    *Em7*                    *A7*  
*G*                    *A\**                    *A7\**                    *D*  
*G*                    *A7*                    *D*  
*G*                    *A7*                    *D*                    *B7\**                    *A\**                    *D*  
*Em7*                    *A7*                    *D*

\*\*\*\*\*

D G A7 D  
 In two thousand and eight came the credit crunch.  
 Bm E7 Em7 A7  
 You'd think financial institutions might have had a hunch  
 D G A7 D  
 That it might be daft to lend billions to, say,  
 Bm E7 Em7 A7  
 Anyone that they could find who could not possibly repay.  
 G A\* A7\* D  
 Once savings were metals you could keep in your view.  
 G A7 D  
 Now they're financial products stored in computers for you,  
 G A7 D B7\* A\* D  
 And their value can collapse if people just don't feel con-fi-dent.  
 Em7 A7 D  
 Nothing is real anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

D G A7 D  
 Where's the evening news that I'd like to see  
 Bm E7 Em7 A7  
 About achievements and successes to inspire me.  
 D G A7 D  
 It's politics and disasters that the media relay -  
 Bm E7 Em7 A7  
 An inaccurate bias on events of the day.  
 G A\* A7\* D  
 Politicians once had ideolo-gies to promote,  
 G A7 D  
 Now they'll say what focus groups think will get them my vote.  
 G A7 D B7\* A\* D  
 Just like Saddam Hussain's weaponry of mass destruct-tion,  
 Em7 A7 D  
 Nothing is real anymore.

\*\*\*\*\*

D G A7 D  
 A massive live concert would cost millions to stage.  
 Bm E7 Em7 A7  
 We could drop the pan flute player and then save on his wage.  
 D G A7 D  
 We could lose all the technicians out there in the wings.  
 Bm E7 Em7 A7  
 We could scrap the whole orchestra, including the strings.  
 G A\* A7\* D  
 All the musical instruments we could forgo.  
 G A7 D  
 Even the piano player could be asked to go.  
 G A7 D B7\* A\* D  
 I could do it all digitally at home on my lap-top, now  
 Em7 A7 D  
 Nothing is real anymore.

~\*\*~



## Note and Warning to Pianists

Due to popular demand, the piano score for 'Nothing Is Real Anymore' is included overleaf. It can also be downloaded as an MP3 from *the Short Humour Site*.

Parts of this piano arrangement require as many as thirteen simultaneous notes to be played, spanning the whole width of the keyboard. This requires a variation on normal playing technique, as explained below, and should not be attempted by other than fully insured, virtuoso concert pianists. Serious injury, or even death, could result from attempting to play this piece incorrectly.

Between two thirds and three quarters of the notes in most chords can be reached with two human hands. More can be reached by the hands of a large, silverback male lowland gorilla. These creatures, however, have a tendency to rapidly loose interest in the music, often eating the score or smashing the piano to matchwood.

Extenders can be slotted over the fingers of a pianist to extend the range of notes available for each chord. These come in various sizes, and an extender of two feet in length is required on each index finger to successfully play this piece.

In addition, however, shoes and socks should be removed so that toes can be brought into use as required. Some performers have found it more convenient to contort themselves into a position where one leg can be deployed within the piano to directly operate the hammers.

The above techniques should make nearly all bars of this work accessible. For the remainder, it will be necessary to identify an additional convenient bodily protuberance to strike the keys. A lady may wish to use her nose or tongue. An additional option is available to male musicians, although they must ensure that the lid of the piano is securely fixed in the up position.

# Piano Score for 'Nothing is Real Anymore'

by Swan Morrison

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**Also from the Short Humour Site:**  
***<http://www.short-humour.org.uk/>***

**\*\*\*A Man of Few Words by Swan Morrison.**

**\*\*\*A Man of a Few More Words by Swan Morrison.**

**\*\*\*People of Few Words - Fifty Writers from the Writers'  
Showcase of the Short Humour Site.**

**\*\*\*People of Few Words - Volume 2 - Fifty More Writers from  
the Writers' Showcase of the Short Humour Site.**

All profits from the sale of work by Swan Morrison are currently  
donated to a UK registered charity supporting people in Africa.

Please visit *the Short Humour Site* to learn more and see how you might  
help.

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