

# ©Wormwood - The Drakes

(Words and Music - Dan Mordente - Copyright 2012)

## Verse 1

**C#m** **A**  
Twist & Bend to the latest trend, and watch me slip away,  
**C#m** **A**  
I'm gunna spew out my soul bout an aim with no goal, to a girl with a stare of dismay.  
**C#m** **A**  
Cus you can count on me, to moan and disagree, well it's a shame because the nights, they drag on.  
**C#m** **A**  
Where did you go when I wanted to know, the finishing words of your song?

## Chorus

**B** **C#m**  
There's nothing I see, that means that much to me.  
**B** **C#m**  
A useless excuse, a recluse - sitting in a town of debris.  
**A** **E**  
Crossing your fingers on the moon lit lane,  
**A** **G#m** **B**  
Put your hands together for the lost arcane.

## Verse 2

**C#m** **A**  
Twist and shout and as we go on without, the songs that we use to sing.  
**C#m** **B**  
I'm gunna shout from the roof, all the words gone aloof, until my words reach the Court and the King.  
**C#m** **A**  
"Fall or fly, it's an eye *for* an eye": said a girl with a heart full of hate.  
**C#m** **A**  
And as she spluttered her speech full of hope-tinted grief, she searched the skies for the falling of fate.

## Chorus

**B** **C#m**  
There's nothing I see, that means that much to me.  
**B** **C#m**  
A useless excuse, a recluse - sitting in a town of debris.  
**A** **E**  
Crossing your fingers on the moon lit lane,  
**A** **G#m** **B**  
Put your hands together for the lost arcane.

**C#m** **A** **A#** **A** (x3)

**C#m** **A** **A#**

**C#m** **A** **B** **F#**  
You could tell me anything, and I'd do anything *for* you,  
**C#m** **A** **B** **F#**  
You could make the church bells ring, in the pictures that you drew.  
**C#m** **A** **B** **F#**  
Yours could be the final face, that my lonely eyes will see,  
**C#m** **A** **B** **F#**  
You could be from outer space, or the darkest depth of the sea.  
**C#m** **A** **B** **F#**  
You could make the moon our Queen, keep the stars beneath your hood,  
**C#m** **A** **B** **F#**  
You could take the sun from spring, now let's welcome the Wormwood.

## Solo

**C#m** **A** **B** **F#** (x2)