

Parapet Song

Words and Music by Paul Clark

♩ = 128 Lilting and Longing

D G D/A A D G D/A A D Bm

7 A G/B A/C# D D/F# D G A G/B A/C#
day is a - break-ing, I sit and I won-der, Is Jer - ry a - wake? I'd

13 D Bm A G/B A/C# D D/F# G
like to peek o - ver, see day at its wa-king, But sni-pers are quick if you

19 A D G F#m Em F(sus4) F# Bm
make a mis - take. Back in the town_ where I was born, Peo-ple are

26 F#m G E7/G# A G/B A/C# D Bm
stir - ring this mid-sum-mer's morn. They have no cause to fear some-one

31 A G/B A/C# D D/F# G A D
wait-ing to shoot them, It's on - ly dawn's chill makes them shi-ver and shake.

37 G D/A A D G D/A A D Bm
When Kitch-en - er poin-ted his

42 A G/B A/C# D D/F# D G A G/B A/C#
 fore-fin - ger at me I took up the chall-enge, went off to en - list. The

48 D Bm A G/B A/C# D D/F# G
 bar-racks and square-bash-ing did-n't de ter me, Of the life I had led there was

54 A D G F#m Em F(sus4) F#
 lit -tle I missed. I had - n't seen troops take a shell's di - rect hit,

60 Bm F#m G E7/G# A G/B A/C# D Bm
 Bul-lets and barbed wire that tear men to bits, Now the life of a sol-dier looks

66 A G/B A/C# D D/F# G A Guitar D
 dif - fe - rent to me, I don't play the he - ro just try to ex - ist.

72 Bm A G/B A/C# D D/F# D G
 Bm A G/B A/C# D D/F# D G

78 A G/B A/C# D Bm A G/B A/C# D D/F#
 A G/B A/C# D D/F#

84 G A D G F#m Em
 G A D G F#m Em

90 F(sus4) F# Bm F#m G E7/G# A G/B A/C# D
 F(sus4) F# Bm F#m G E7/G# A G/B A/C# D

96 Bm A G/B A/C# D D/F# G

101 A D A D
V.3 When I close my

106 Bm A G/B A/C# D D/F# D
eyes I see all the old places, The great carriage works stretch-ing

111 G A G/B A/C# D Bm A G/B A/C#
down Strat-ford way. And half of my friends there I see their tired

116 D D/F# G A D
fa - ces As they come through the gates at the end of the day. The

121 G F#m Em F(sus4) F# Bm F#m
pla - ces we walked, The tow-path, the track, Half of me wish-es that

127 G E⁷/G# A G/B A/C# D Bm A G/B A/C#
I could be back there, But there's no use wish-ing what simp - ly can't

132 D D/F# G A D
hap-pen, I'm here till it's o - ver and done, come what may.