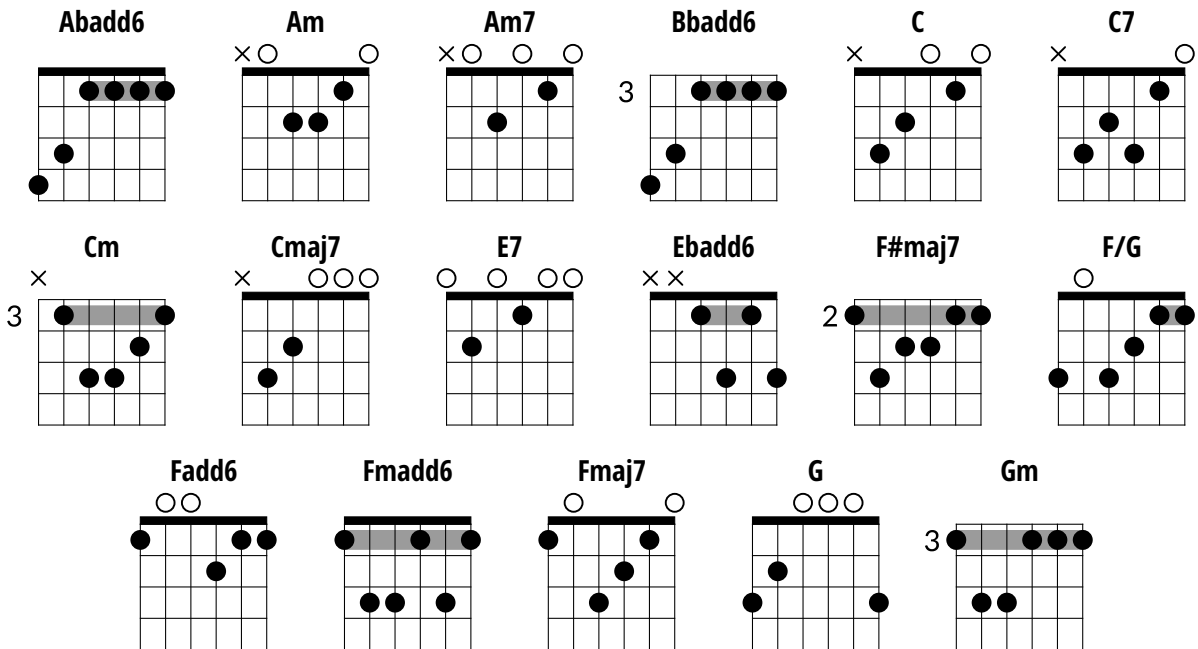


# Best Say We're Not Serious

Cathal Coughlan | Rancho Tetrahedron (2010)



## VERSE 1

**Am**

Bad news, bad news, I never heard the like of this  
grievous, brutal deed

**Cmaj7**

Though I of course was miles away

**Cmaj7**

On a rock 'n' roll stage in Leeds

**Fmaj7**

That Mick from TV and his secret lady

**Fmaj7**

Down lovers' lane did bleed

**Am**

The abandoned road to the aerodrome was a  
lonely place, I hear

**Cmaj7**

But nice to find when you've rutting on your mind

**Cmaj7**

And a hotel is too dear

**Fmaj7**

Though of course I wouldn't know, it was 50 years  
ago

**Fmaj7**

And as I say, I was nowhere near

**Ebadd6**

It was 50 years ago, and the record does not show

**F/G**

Why my knighthood is supposed to pay

**Abadd6**

**Fmadd6**

Ask about the "Hounslow Wall of Sound"

**Ebadd6**

With my pants about my shins and a genius in my  
skin

**F/G**

And his dribble on my shoulder-blades

**Abadd6**

Legends thrive on common crimes - so I have

**Gm**

found

**Abadd6 Gm**

Unseen, unbound

**Abadd6 Gm**

On bloodied ground

**C7**

Best say we're not serious

**VERSE 2****Am**Bad news, bad news - the devil gets his due and  
the living rise to leave**Cmaj7**Traded drapes for Beatle suits, then the flares and  
platform boots**Cmaj7**

Held the door for Mrs. T

**Fmaj7**

I learned to tell jokes, answer questions of sport

**Fmaj7**

I would run for charity

**Ebadd6**

I re call one happy day with its RAF display

**F/G**

Near a legendary carriageway

**Abadd6****Fmadd6**

Covered now in moss and 10-foot weeds

**Ebadd6**And if those trees began to talk (oh perish the  
thought)**F/G**

Think what lawyers I would have to pay

**Abadd6****Gm**

At least I never multiplied - the self denied

**Abadd6 Gm**

A craftsman's pride

**Abadd6 Gm**

Personified

**C7**

Best say we're not serious

**Am Am7 E7 (x2)****INTERLUDE****Am Am7 E7**So the maestro went to jail and the Sunday papers  
railed**Am Am7 E7**

"Entertainers prey upon the young"

**Am Am7 E7**And to us, his powdered tricks, came the guffaws  
and the bricks**Am Am7 E7**

And the tax bills and the bottom rung

**Am Am7 E7**

Anyone would snap saddled with the like of that

**Am Am7 E7**

But I jumped at any work they gave

**Am Am7 E7**Although sometimes not too calm, gin and pills  
were in command**Am Am7 E7**

And the weekend lasted seven days

**C G Bb6 (x2)****Cm F#maj7 Fadd6**

**VERSE 3/OUTRO**

**Ebadd6**

Now I'm more than eking out so they ask me to  
recount

**F/G**

Scruffy journalists with hostile airs

**Abadd6**

**Fmadd6**

Plans of seating, B-sides, laundry tags

**Ebadd6**

And they hate me for my wealth and for keeping  
to myself

**F/G**

All the "good things" morseo than bad

**Abadd6**

**Gm**

You just bought the ticket, folks, I own the show

**Abadd6 Gm**

I can say no

**Abadd6 Gm**

Away you go

**C7**

Best say we're not serious