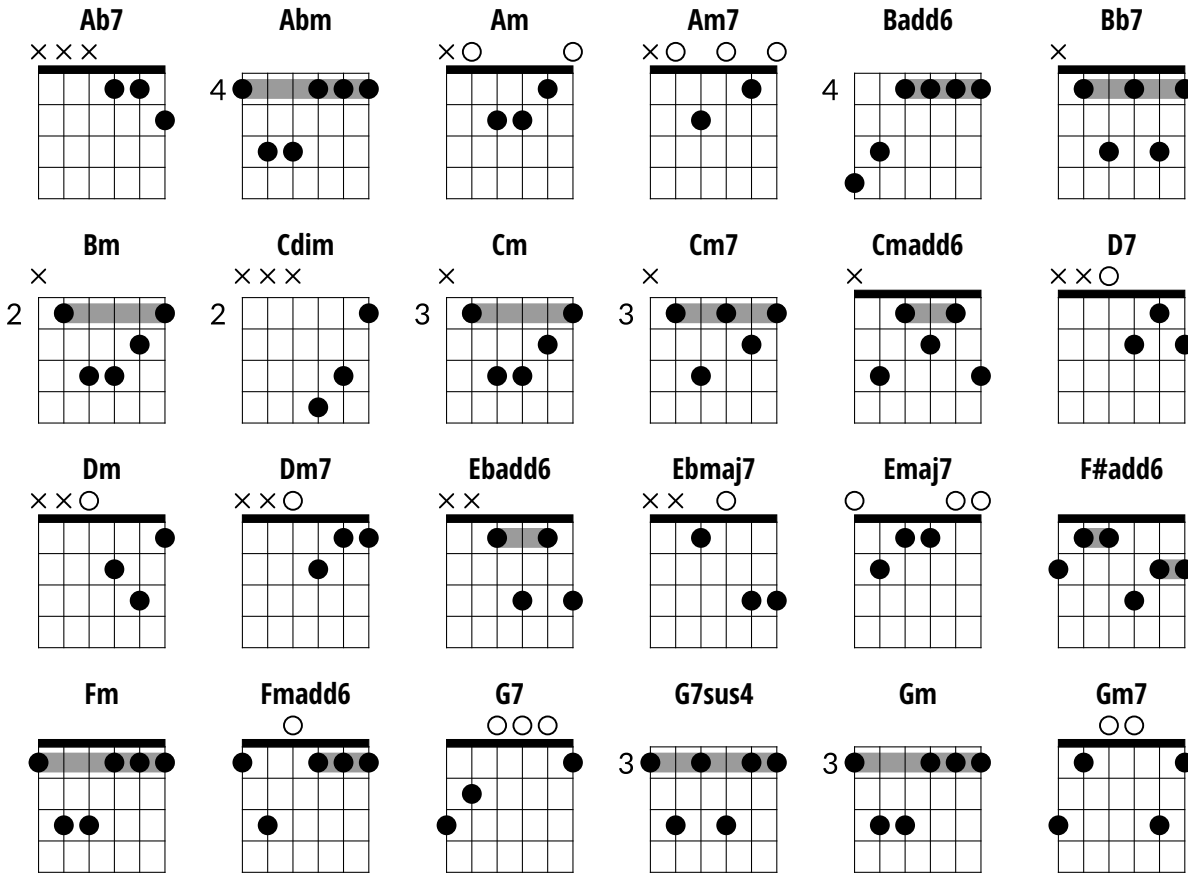


# The Adoptees

Cathal Coughlan | Foburg (2006)



**INTRO**

**Bb7**

**VERSE 1**

**Cm**                      **Bm**                      **Gm G7sus4**  
 They dress our prostitute as Isis

**Cm**                      **Bm**                      **Cm7 Cmadd6**  
 They pour out drink and push you in

**Cm**    **Abm**  
 The gunmen see off Saturday with needles and  
 with pills

**Cm**    **Abm**  
 By Sunday afternoon you're hauling wagons up a

hill

**Cm**    **Badd6**

Your brow is sweating razors and you bite down  
 on the chill

**Cdim**  
 That's what you get, having borrowed from a bank

**Fmadd6**  
 which kills

**VERSE 2**

**Cm**                      **Bm**                      **Gm**                      **G7sus4**  
 Some of us used to like to gamble

**Cm**                      **Bm**                      **Cm7 Cm6**  
 Some made investments in their veins

**Cm** **Abm**  
 Some desired deliverance from starving foreign  
 bogs  
**Cm** **Abm**  
 Others had big plans but only shaky little jobs  
**Cm** **Badd6**  
 Now we've been adopted, and we're watered, fed  
 and shod

**Cdim**  
 And we hack and we haul and we sicken and we  
**Fmadd6**  
 fight like dogs

### CHORUS 1

**Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7**  
 We adoptees, digging for cameras  
**Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7**  
 Hunger and freeze, first sign and read  
**Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7**  
 Last will and testament, live and agree  
**Dm Am7**  
 Biographies  
**Dm Am7**  
 Failed and reclassified  
**Dm Ab7**  
 Like your new destiny?

**Ab7 D7 Ab7 D7 Ab7 G7**

### VERSE 3

**Cm Bm Gm G7sus4**  
 We fill those sacks with dust we've pounded  
**Cm Bm Cm7 Cm6**  
 Each grain's a camera when charged  
**Cm Abm**  
 Back home in the cities there are fortunes being  
 made  
**Cm Abm**  
 From selling such devices so that life can be

replayed  
**Cm B6**  
 For law enforcement, entertainment, "adult" little  
 games

**Cdim Fmadd6**  
 The irony is nothing, you laugh or cry, it ends the  
 same

### CHORUS 2

**Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7**  
 We adoptees, digging for cameras  
**Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7**  
 No win no fee, write home and plead  
**Cm7 Gm7 Cm7 Gm7**  
 "Family, ransom me" – interest bleeds  
**Dm Am7**  
 Living, they leave  
**Dm Am7**  
 Mostly returning with  
**Dm Ab7**  
 A brother or three

**Ab7 D7**  
 In tow  
**Ab7 D7 Ab7 G7**  
 Now owned

### INTERLUDE

**Emaj7 Ebmaj7**

You owe more for those tight boots  
 And more for the sickening food  
 You owe more for poor old Isis  
 And for your adoptive daddy's mood

He comes to visit on a Thursday  
 He brings his government man  
 Office doors are closed and the champagne's

poured

And the scheme is spic-and-span

**Am**            **Fm**  
Poor Cousin Gregory

**Eb6**            **F#6** **Gm**  
Would stop this if he could

**Am**            **Fm**  
But 'cause of the red tape

**Eb6**            **Dm7**  
He cannot do good

### CHORUS 3/OUTRO

**Bb7**

**Cm7**    **Gm7**    **Cm7**            **Gm7**  
We adoptees, digging for cameras

**Cm7**            **Gm7**    **Cm7**            **Gm7**  
Noblemen, thieves, tough men and weeds

**Cm7**            **Gm7**    **Cm7**            **Gm7**  
Credit and infamy made them all mean

**Dm**            **Am7** **Dm**            **Am7**  
Empty this seam, empty a thousand seams

**Dm**            **Ab7**  
Where can it lead

**Ab7** **D7**  
Your word

**Ab7**    **D7**  
My bond

**Ab7**    **G7**  
Nowhere