

HS2 Blues (to Folsom prison blues) H.S.2 Lyrics by Ian Mitchell

V1 21/01/2014

(G) I hear the train a-comin' It's rolling 'cross the glen
I ain't seen nothing like it ,since I (G7) don't know when,
'Cos I'm (C7) stuck in middle England, and it's - all - a (G) scam |////|
But that (D7) train keeps a coming, on to Birming (G) -ham

(G) We'd have to sell our houses, the view will be destroyed
The noise will keep us up at night, we'd (G7) look like Clemment Freud
Can any (C7) thing be done by us, to make this n-ight-mare (G) die
If I (D7) hear that flaming whistle, I'll hang my head and (G) cry..

(G) I bet there's rich folks counting , all the money that they'll make ,
they're probably drinkin' bubbly and (G7) eating lot's of cake .
Well I (C7) know it has been coming, I know we can't be (G) free
but those (D7) people keep a-planning, and that's what tortures (G) me...

(G) Well if they'd listen to the people, if that railroad train was mine
I bet we'd move it on a little (G7) further down the line
Far from (C7) middle England, that's where I want to (G) stay
And I'd (D7) let that lonesome whistle blow my blues (G) away.....

And I'd (D7) let that lonesome whistle blow my blues (G) away.... (G Dither).