

THE WALL OF DEATH

Lyric by CLIVE JAMES, music by PETE ATKIN

1. 2.

C Bb C A Bb C G Bb C G

1. The Head Man had a

G A

bad breath From riding on the Wall of

D A

And when he held his gloves out they were

Bm B Gb

smok-ing And I knew I was through

F#7 F G

jok-ing Put your mon-ey where your mouth is

A F# G C

knew I was through jok-ing He said

F G Eb Ema7 E7 Eb

"Ok-ie- doke, my arm-chair he-ro Let's see if you're e-e-nal to the

Task Put your mon-ey where your mouth is Take off your face, we'd like to see the

mask The Wall of Death Is a time of truth

(2nd & 3rd time) (3rd time)

THIRD TIME
TO CODA

CODA

VARIATIONS

V.2

" It's noth-ing rid-ing on the roll-ers Just drum-ming up thund-er for the
Crowds Put your mon-ey where your mouth is The Wall drills for oil in the clouds

V.3

" Rest your hand a- gainst the wood- work Feel how the wheels have made it
warm Put your mon-ey where your mouth is The Wall is the sock-et for the eye-ball of the storm