

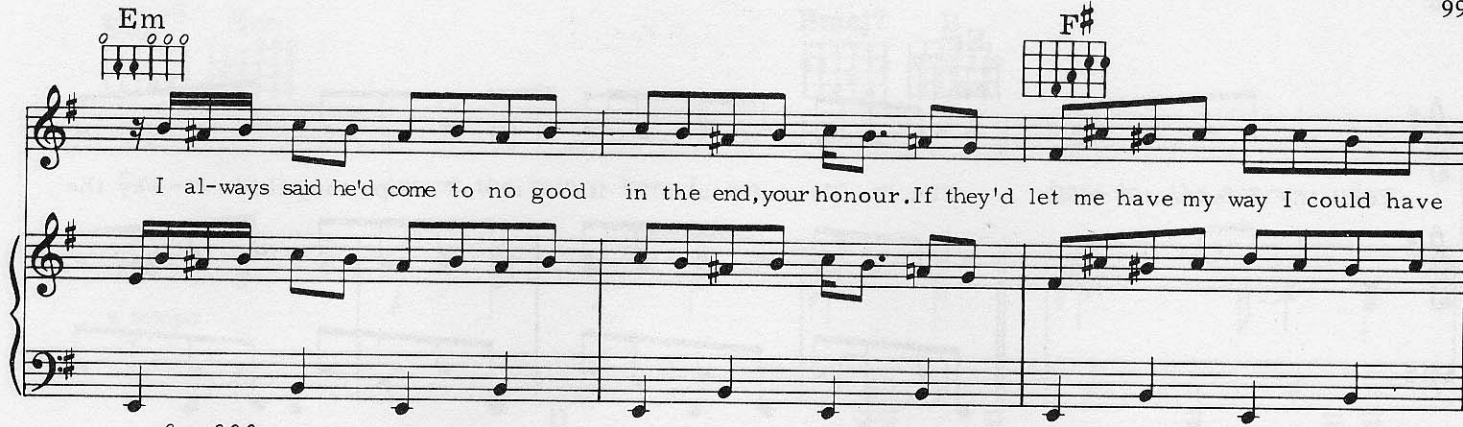


Em  F# 




I al-ways said he'd come to no good in the end, your honour. If they'd let me have my way I could have



Em  G  G#° 

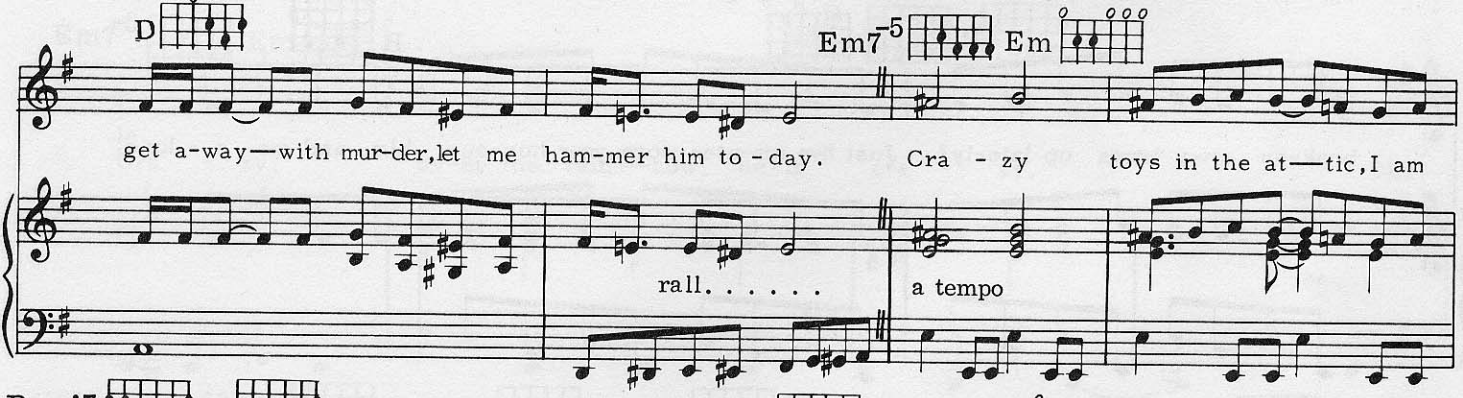
flayed him in- to shape. But my hands were tied. The bleed-ing hearts and ar-tists let him



D  Em7⁵  Em 

get a-way—with mur-der, let me ham-mer him to-day. Cra - zy toys in the at-tic, I am

rall. a tempo



Bmaj7  B  F#m  D 

cra - zy, tru-ly gone fish-ing. They must have tak-en my mar-



D#°  Em7⁵  Em  Bmaj7  B 

—bles a - way.— Cra - zy, toys in the at-tic, he is cra - zy.

