Turkey Neck

B E B E B
I can see the vast ranks of of my enemies retreat before me with severed heads
B E B E B
Here, take you a basket now I will fill it up for you with your own confoundedness
B E B E
Dying streams of awkward rain filling out this desert plain
B E
When we sing hoo hoo hoo hoo

B A G F♯ E
I am not at all able to weild this mace My hand is slack as in a dream
B A G F♯ E
You have subdued under me my enemies and made them turn their backs to me

B A G F♯ E
I shattered them so that they could not arise I emptied them like mire in the street
B A G F♯ E
Then I beat them fine as dust before the wind I turned not back
E F♯ E
I turned not back I turned not back I turned not back until they fell under my feet

B E B E B
If I had some sympathy You would be the death of me Listen oh my enemy
B E B E
If I fall I will arise In the dark He fills my eyes Do not rejoice over me

Hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo

Do not rejoice over me, rejoice not over me my enemy