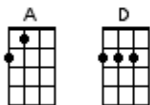


*rabbit chords \* Hem songs for ukulele*

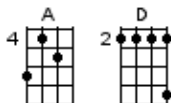
**Tourniquet**

(Dan Messé)

Ukulele version



Or alternative structures:



Intro: A D A D

A

Brooklyn, I'm broken, I'm breaking apart

D

Greenpoint pins down my hand, Red Hook pierces my heart

A

And my blood runs into the Gowanus Canal

D

A

Where it sinks to the bottom, and it hurts like hell

A

The Prospectors still search for highs in the heights

D

'Til their first bloody nose which they laugh off despite

A

How it seems that whatever gets left in a bar

D

A

Just becomes part of Brooklyn, and here we are

A D

A

D

Oh, here we are - here we are - oh, here we are

Brooklyn, your war was just won by the South

Some kid's shooting off rounds from the roof of his mouth

And these trains held in Chambers are ready to blow

All the way back to Brooklyn, and here we go

Oh, here we go - here we go - oh, here we go

Oh Brooklyn, your bridges are bound up in light

Every artery's clogged as you pull the belt tight

And this tourniquet turns even tighter until

D

Traffic comes to a standstill

D

We come to a standstill

D

A

I come to a standstill

A D

A

D

A

Oh, here we are - here we are - oh, here we are