

Matchstalk Men

(Brian and Michael)

He[G] painted Salford's smokey tops
On[Em] cardboard boxes from the shops
And[E7] parts of Ancoats where I used to[Am] play,
I'm sure he once walked down our street
Cos he pain-[G]ted kids who had nowt on their feet
The[D] clothes he wore had all seen better[G] days
[G] Now they said his works of art were dull
No[Am] room old lad the walls are full
But[E7] Lowry didn't care much any-[Am]way,
They said he just paints cats and dogs
And[G] Matchstalk men in boots and clogs
And[D] Lowry said that's just the way they'll[G] stay[D]

Chorus

And he painted[G] Matchstalk men
And Matchstalk cats and[Am] dogs,
He painted[D] kids on the corner of the street
Who wear sparking[G] clogs,[D] Now he[G] takes his brush
And he waits, outside[Am] them factory gates(*Pearly Gates*)
To paint his[D] Matchstalk men and Matchstalk cats and
[G] dogs[D]

[G] Now canvas and brushes were wearing thin
When[Em] London started calling him
To come[E7] on down and wear the old flat[Am] cap,
They said tell us all about your ways
And[G] all about them Salford days
Is it[D] true you're just an ordinary[G] chap,[D]

Chorus

[G] Now Lowrys hang upon the wall
Be-[Em]side the greatest of them all
And[E7] even the Mona Lisa takes a[Am] bow,
This tired old man with hair of snow
Told[G] Northern folk "it's time to go"
The[D] fever came and the good Lord mopped his[G] brow[D]

Chorus

