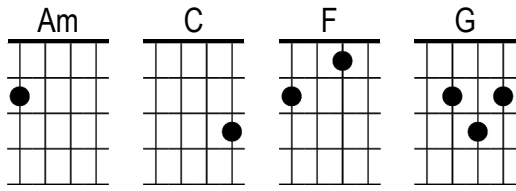


And If Venice Is Sinking

Spirit Of The West



Intro

C | **F** | **G** **Am** **G** **C**

C Jesus hangs be | hind the glass

F Above ve | netian doors

G His window | box boasts crimson **Am** flowers fresh cut the **G** day be **C**fore

And you couldn't | find a smile

F If you nailed it | to his face

G But Jesus | Christ **Am** hangs his head with **G** grace

And if **F** Venice | is sinking

C I'm going **G** under

F 'Cause beauty's re | ligion

And its **Am** Christened me with **G** wonder

C | **F** | **G** **Am** **G** **C**

C They come in | bent-backed

F Creeping 'cross the floor all | dressed in black

G Candles, thick as | pillars, you can **Am** buy one off the **G** floor

C And the ceiling's | painted gold

F Mary's | hair is red

G The | old come here to **Am** kiss their **G** dead

And if **F** Venice | is sinking
C I'm going **G** under
F 'Cause beauty's re | ligious
And its **Am** Christened me with **G** wonder

C | **F** | **G** **Am** **G** **C**

C We made | love, on a bed
F That sagged down | to the floor
G In a | room that had a **Am** postcard on the **G** door
C Of Marini's | Little Man
F With an erection | on a horse
G It | always leaves me **Am** laughing, leaves me **G** feeling that, of course if

F Venice | is sinking
C I'm going **G** under
F 'Cause beauty's re | ligious
And its **Am** Christened me with **G** wonder

If **F** Venice | is sinking
C I'm going **G** under
F 'Cause beauty's re | ligious
And its **Am** Christened me with **G** wonder

C | **F** | **G** **Am** **G** **C**↓