

Graham Parker "Crawling From The Wreckage (Revisited)"

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Pre>crawlin from the wreckage g. parker
Chords: from david windhorst

G d g
Got out really early from the factory
Dg
Drivin like a nut in the rain
G dg
Dont think I was actin so hysterically
D
But I didnt see a thing until it came
C
Met the dumb suburbos in the takeaway
Dg
Beating up the chinee at the counter
C d g
I put a few inside me at the end of the day
D
I took out my revenge on the revolution counter

G
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
D
Youd think by now at least that half my brain would get
the message
G
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
C d c
Into a brand new car

G d g
In walks bud with his exploding nose
D g
Hes been giving it maximum today
Gd g
Shouted, how the devil, you in trouble, I suppose
D
All you ever do is run away
C
Gunned up the motor inta hyperdrive
Dg
I wasnt gonna take any of that

C dg

Dont get bright ideas about a suicide

D

cause all I ever hear is, zoom, bam, fantastic

G

Crawlin from the wreckage

Crawlin from the wreckage

D

Youd think by now at least that half a brain would get
the message

G

Crawlin from the wreckage

Crawlin from the wreckage

C d

Into a brand new car

G7 c7

Crawlin, crawlin, crawlin from the wreckage

G7 c7

Crawlin, crawlin, crawlin from the wreckage

G7c7

Crawlin, crawlin, crawlin from the wreckage

Solo

Da d

D a d

Da d

C ad

G

G

Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage

D

Bits of me are scattered in the trees and in the hedges

G

Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage

C d c

Into a brand new car

Gdg

Nothin seems to happen that aint happened before

D g

I see it all through flashes of depression

G d g

I drop my drink and hit some people runnin for the door

D

Gotta make some kind of impression

C

cause when Im disconnected from the drivin wheel

D g

Im only half the man I should be
C dg
Metal hitting metal is-a all I feel
D
Everything is good as it poss-i-bul-ly could be

G
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
D
Youd think by now at least that half a brain would get
the message

G
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
C d
Into a brand new car

G
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
D
Bits of me are scattered in the trees and in the hedges
G
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
Cd
Into a brand new car

G
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
(fade)

Notes:

In his ny concert with the episodes, gp says:
"heres a song I wrote in 1978 when I was doing the
squeezing
Out sparks stuff [applause] but its not, uh,
Its not on that record [laughter] because it really wasnt
Good enough. but I gave it to dave edmunds who
turned it into
Something decent. a little thing called crawling from
the wreckage.

In brisbane (australia) at the gig in van goghs earlobe
He also said " and its kept me in swimming pools ever
since."

Robs version

Crawlin from the wreckage[index]

Corrections or comments to: robert whyte:

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Got out really early from the factory
Drivin like a nut in the rain
Dont think I was acting so hysterically
But I didnt see a thing until it came
Met the dumb suburbos in the takeaway
Beating up the chinee at the counter
I put a few inside me at the end of the day
I took out my revenge on the revolution counter

Chorus

Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
Bits of me are scattered in the trees and on the hedges
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
And into a brand new car

In walks bud with his exploding nose
Hed been givin it maximum today
Shouted "how the devil you in trouble I suppose?
But all you ever do is run away."
Gunned up the motor into hyperdrive
I didnt want to take any of that
Dont get bright ideas about suicide
Cos all I ever hear is zoom bang bang bang

Chorus (var)

Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
Youd think by now at least that half my brain would get
the message
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage
Into a brand new car

(shake it mitch!) instrumental verse

Well well nothing seem to happen that aint happened
before
I see it all through flashes of depression
Drop my drink and hit some people running for the
door
I gotta make some kind of impression
Cos when Im disconnected from the driving wheel
Im only half the man that I should be
Metal hitting metal is all I feel
But everythings as good as it possibly could be

Repeat chorus (var) then repeat chorus one then well,
well

Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage,
Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage,

Crawlin from the wreckage, crawlin from the wreckage,
Variations

The marys version on piss and vinegar has it thus:
Youd think by now at least Id have a brain or get the
message
Status quo version

Crawling from the wreckage
(g. parker)

Got out really early from the factory
Driving like a nut in the rain
Dont think I was acting so hysterically
But I didnt see a thing until it came
Man the drunks were verbal in the takeaway
Beating up the chinese at the counter

I put a few inside me
At the end of the day
I took out my revenge
On the revolution counter

Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Youd think by now at least that
Half my brain would get the message
Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Into a brand new car

In walks bud with his exploding nose
Hed been giving it maximum today
He shouted how the devil
You in trouble I suppose
But all you ever do is run away
Turned up the motor into hyper-drive
I wasnt gonna take any of that
Dont get bright ideas about a suicide
cause all I ever hear
Is zoom wam bam past me

Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Youd think by now at least that
Half my brain would get the message
Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Into a brand new car

Crawling, crawling, crawling from the wreckage

Crawling, crawling, crawling from the wreckage
Crawling, crawling, crawling from the wreckage

Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Bits of me are scattered
In the trees and in the hedges
Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Into a brand new car

Nothing seem to happen that aint happened before
I see it all through flashes of depression
I dry up my drink and hear
People running for the door
God I make some kind of impression
cause when Im disconnected from the driving wheel
Im only half the man I should be
But metal hitting metal isnt all I feel
And everything is good as
It possible could be

Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Youd think by now at least that
Half my brain would get the message
Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Into a brand new car

Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Bits of me are scattered
In the trees and in the hedges
Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Into a brand new car

Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling from the wreckage
Crawling, crawling
Crawling from the wreckage /pre>

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