

Shropshire Lemonade

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 Melody Guitar chords

I stand here before you, I have to confess
 My life is in ruin, a total distress.
 Seduced by the juice of a potion known well
 That can send you to heaven or descend you to Hell.
 I sip p'raps too much from the cup I'm afraid,
 Still! I sing in the praise of real Shropshire Lemonade.

I watch the juice maker squeeze to the peel,
 I admire her fine touch and delicate feel.
 As ice is dropped in, my heart it goes chink
 And blood starts a-coursing with face turning pink.
 The taste and the tang on my tongue will not fade
 As I sing in the praise of real Shropshire Lemonade.

Sadly the queue for the juicer is long
 With me at the back its unfair and so wrong.
 I need a slug of that extract for cure
 But I'll die of withdrawal by then I am sure.
 The mixture (what a picture) pithy hand made
 Makes I sing in the praise of real Shropshire Lemonade.

So come all young lads with her favours in mind,
 Please leave the flavours of lemon behind.
 Desert the dessert, I need the field clear
 In a sweet citrus grove with just us two here,
 Then I will be hers: OR wake with a (start) (shock)
 For my dreams are of her and so is my (heart)

(co -o -o -oncious thought)

She's a shaft of bright sunshine, I shrink to shade
 As I sing in the praise of real Shropshire Lemonade.

Yes I sing in the praise of real shropshire Lemonade
Only one pound a pint.

(alternative version out of tempo if necessary)

AD E D C# A AD DF# A^
 I stand here before you, I have to confess
 A^ A^ A^ G F#F# A DD E D
 My life is in ruin, a total distress.
 EE E D C# AADD E D
 Seduced by the juice of a potion known well
 A^ A^ A^ A^ GF#F# AAD DAE
 That can send you to heaven or descend you to Hell.
 EE E D C# A A A^ A^ GF#
 I sip p'raps too much from the cup I'm afraid,
 A A^A^ A^G F# AAD D DED
 Still! I sing in the praise of real Shropshire Lemonade.

D A D A
 So come all young lads with her favours in mind,

D G D

Please leave the flavours of lemon behind.

A⁷ D

Desert the dessert, I need the field clear

A⁷ D

In a sweet citrus grove with just us two here,

A⁷ D

Then I will be hers: OR wake with a (start) (shock)

D G A⁷

For my dreams are of her and so is my (heart) (co -o -o

A⁷ A⁷ D ncious thought)

She's a shaft of bright sunshine, I shrink to shade

D G D

As I sing in the praise of real Shropshire Lemonade. 75