**VICTORIA**

Written by Andy Barber, 1971; arranged by Andy Barber, 1978

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Dm... Am... Em... Bm... Dm... Am... B… Am…

VERSE 1

Dm Cm Dm AI wait for you behind a line of monarchs, who watch to see a crumbling heart of stone

Dm F C G

You climbed the Andes looking for your shadow, and now you’re going to leave me all alone?

Dm Em Dm A

But who are you, the peasants never offer? Where do you stand when everybody’s gone?

Dm F C G

I laugh until I cry because I know you. Tomorrow rabid dogs will sing my song.

CHORUS

D F# G E

Then what’s become of you, one who hasn’t got a clue. I looked inside my pockets, you’re not there.

D F G E

Precious time has blown away, hope withers every day. Convince yourself it’s my fault, I don’t care.

Dm... Am. Em. Bm... Dm... Am... B… Am…

VERSE 2

Every time I see you, winds are blowing; the skies are always cloudy when you’re near.

I guess I’ll never solve why you’re that stupid. The love of me is all you’ll ever fear.

The flies they congregate outside your window. The drunkard serenades you until dawn.

I’ve gathered all my broken ukuleles; I’ve stacked them up in piles upon your lawn.

CHORUS

INTERLUDE (Verse and Chorus instrumental)

VERSE 3

The vultures they await upon your bedstead; the roaches they parade across the floor.

I’ve summoned thirteen slaves that will employ you, knowing that you’re closed behind their door.

The grave which you will live in has been ordered; the 82nd Airborne guards the gate.

Eleven nomad preachers chant the prelude; so should I walk with them, or should I wait?

CHORUS

VERSE 4

Don’t tell me how it feels to be deserted. My time has come and gone, it’s plain to see.

But yours is just beginning, for forever; the things you want to be you’ll never be.

I haven’t time to listen to your story; there’s too much to be done to bear your grief.

You’re drowning in your tears without your glory. You’re dead to all the world, it’s my belief.

CHORUS (instrumental)