Claudia

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  C                G                F                    C
riday evening finds me in a favourite bar of mine,
                    Am                    F                  C
drinking with some friends with whom I like to spend my time.
          D
When in comes John and he's bleeding,
             F
from his mouth and from his chin,
          C                            G
I said, "My friend John, come here and tell me
                F                           C
what kind of trouble have you been in.
          Am                   F                    Am              F
And he said, you wont believe it, I cant believe this myself,
          C                              G
will you let me sit down, can you give me a drink,
        F                        C
and a handkerchief for my love.

             C                G                    F                       C
you see, Friday evening finds me coming down to meet you here,
                                  Am              F                        C
I've got nothing more on my mind than a long cool glass of beer.
           D                                                  F
When these four guys had jumped me, and they did this to my face,
       C                        G                      F                  C
and one of them shouted something about my colour and my race.
 Am                        F                                Am                      F
no, I don't want to believe it, but there's this ringing that's in my ears,
           C                                 G
and if it wasn't for the pain to remind me again,
             F                               C
I swear I'd have to break down in tears.

        F                                          Em
And Claudia's from Harlem, she warned it wouldn't do no good,
 F                                           Em
sitting with your safe friends when you talk of brotherhood.
          F                                 Em
You "back-bar-revolutioneries" only talk about what to do,
               F                         Dm          G
you end up too drunk on your theories, to ever see them through.

instrumental = verse 2, lines 1 to 4
     Am               F               Am               F
Oh no, I cannot believe it, has it really got this late,
          C                        G
I can't put the clock back a few cool beers,
             F                          C
and say it's all been a big mistake.
        F                                  Em
And Claudia's from Harlem, she's an artist and she works,
          F                                       Em
she's rejected all your sympathy, now how can you ask for hers.
       F                                 Em
Too late for you to say, now you know just how she feels,
            F                         Dm                  G
while you fumble with your modelling clay, Claudia builds in steel.

        C                G                          F                    C
and Friday evening finds me stacked up drunk against the wall,
                                    Am                    F                      C
will you hold on John, for I'm feeling bad and if you slip we'll both fall.
       D                                        F
For John is as white as I am, and we both love everyone,
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          C                        G
I thought everybody must've known that by now,
      F                   C
but they have all gone home.
     Am              F             Am              F
Oh no, I cannot believe it, has it really got this late,
       C                      G
I can't put the clock back a few cool beers,
            F                    C
and say it's all been a big mistake.

     Am                     F                Am                   F
Oh no, I don't want to believe it, until the ringing is in their ears,
                  C                      G
they're gonna swear to God they never thought
       F                        C  - G - C
those things could happen here.    (capo 3rd)
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