

# Graham Parker, Crawlin From The Wreckage

Pre&gt;crawlin from the wreckage g. parker

G d g

Got out really early from the factory

D g

Drivin' like a nut in the rain

G d g

Don't think I was actin' so hysterically

D

But I didn't see a thing until it came

C

Met the dumb suburbos in the takeaway

D g

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

You'd 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

He's been giving it maximum today

G d 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

D g

I wasn't gonna take any of that

C d g

Don't 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

You'd 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

G7 c7

Crawlin', crawlin', crawlin' from the wreckage

Solo  
D a d  
D a d  
D a d  
C a d  
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

G d g  
Nothin' seems to happen that ain't 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 I'm disconnected from the drivin' wheel  
D g  
I'm only half the man I should be  
C d g  
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  
You'd 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  
C d  
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:  
&quot;here's a song I wrote in 1978 when I was doing the squeezing  
Out sparks stuff [applause] but it's not, uh,  
It's not on that record [laughter] because it really wasn't  
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 gogh's earlobe

He also said &quot; and it's kept me in swimming pools ever since.&quot;

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Rob's version

Crawlin from the wreckage [index]

Got out really early from the factory  
Drivin' like a nut in the rain

Don't think I was acting so hysterically  
But I didn't 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  
He'd been givin' it maximum today  
Shouted &quot;how the devil you in trouble I suppose?  
But all you ever do is run away.&quot;  
Gunned up the motor into hyperdrive  
I didn't want to take any of that  
Don't 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  
You'd 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 ain't 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 I'm disconnected from the driving wheel  
I'm only half the man that I should be  
Metal hitting metal is all I feel  
But everything's 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 mary's version on piss and vinegar has it thus:  
You'd think by now at least I'd 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  
Don't think I was acting so hysterically  
But I didn't 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  
You'd 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  
He'd 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 wasn't gonna take any of that  
Don't 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  
You'd 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 ain't 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 I'm disconnected from the driving wheel  
I'm only half the man I should be  
But metal hitting metal isn't all I feel  
And everything is good as  
It possible could be

Crawling from the wreckage  
Crawling from the wreckage  
You'd 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>