

Pete Doherty, Arcardie

1,2,1,2,3,4

In Arcadie, your life trips along
It's pure and simple as the shepherd's song
Seraphic pipes along the way in Arcady
In Arcady, In Arcady
Never saw I such a scene
Such maids upon such a molten green
They employ their holiday with dance and game
And things I may never name
In Arcady, In Arcady
You said he was your teacher
Taught you true and wise
But now you know more than your teacher
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes
In Arcady
So you see how twisted it becomes
See how quickly twisted it becomes
When the cat gut binds my ankles to your bedstead
That ain't love, no that ain't love
Said he was your teacher
Taught you true and wise
Now you know more than your teacher
I see nothing but cool self-regard in your eyes
In Arcady, In Arcady
In Arcady (In Arcady)
In Arcady your life trips along
Pure and simple as the shepherd's song
Seraphic pipes along the way in Arcady
In Arcady, In Arcady, In Arcady, In Arcady