

# 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