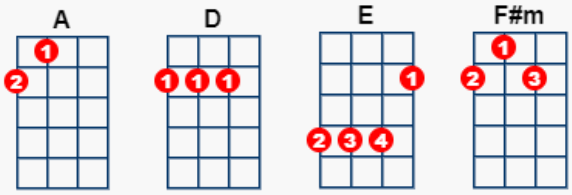
Weekend In Paradise – Jamie Webster (2020)



(*Intro*) **[D] [E] [A] [E], [D] [E] [A] [E]**

*The **[D]** wheels have fallen off. It **[E]** also signs of endin'*
*__[E]__ You've **[A]** had enough for hours but ya **[E]** carried on pretendin'*
*Ya **[D]** shoes have lost their shine. The **[E]** convo's lost it's pace.*
*So, **[A]** now you're in a taxi feelin' **[E]** feelings of disgrace*
*You've **[D]** never got no money cos of **[E]** all the times ya lend*
*Was it a **[A]** pointless three day bender. **[A] [A]***
*Or a **[E]** weekend in Paradise, my **[A]** friend? **[A]***

The **[A]** spring is in his step on Friday afternoon.
There's a **[E]** feelin' sweepin' through the air.
All the **[D]** lads are on the blower, they'll be finishin' soon.
In your **[E]** mind you're already prepared.
I'll **[A]** phone me man for sugar then I'll phone our kid, Cos he'll **[E]** cover it til I get paid.
Then you're **[D]** out with all the firm an' you're off ya lid.
Only **[E]** confident, never afraid.
The **[A]** night draws to a close and now there's nowhere to go.
Ya **[E]** turn an' look at one of ya mates.
There's a **[D]** lad he knows from work and he lives alone.
So, **[D]** it's more **[E]** sugar an' a couple o' crates.

[F#m] Well, is it one of the **[E]** times when it's all worth-**[D]**while,
And you've had a **[E]** scream?
[F#m] Or is it burning your **[D]** bridges at both ends. **[D]**
[A] Same old scene since you were **[E]** seventeen? **[E]**

***[N.C.]** Ah! Now the **[D]** wheels have fallen off. It **[E]** also signs of endin'.*
*__[E]__ You've **[A]** had enough for hours, but ya **[E]** carried on pretendin'.*
*Ya **[D]** shoes have lost their shine. The **[E]** convo's lost it's pace.*
*So, **[A]** now you're in a taxi feelin' **[E]** feelings of disgrace.*
*You've **[D]** never got no money cos of **[E]** all the times ya lend.*
*Was it a **[A]** pointless three day bender? **[A] [A]***
*Or a **[E]** weekend in Paradise, my **[A]** friend? **[A]***

[A] Some can handle it no more. **[E]** Some'll do it forever.
[E] Spend ya **[D]** weeks walkin' round with ya head to the floor.
No **[E]** time for the news or the weather.
[A] Ya first pint on a Friday, **[E]** ya last gin on a Sunday mornin',
And it **[D]** all creeps up on ya in between.
No **[E]** reasons why, no early warnin'**[A]**

(Cont…)

[F#m] Well, is it one of the **[E]** times when it's all worth-**[D]**while,
And you've had a **[E]** scream? That's alright!
[F#m] Or is it burning your **[D]** bridges at both ends. **[D]**
[A] Same old scene since you were **[E]** seventeen? **[E]**

__[N.C.]__ Ah! Now the __[D]__ wheels have fallen off. It __[E]__ also signs of endin'.
__[E]__ You've __[A]__ had enough for hours, but ya __[E]__ carried on pretendin'.
Ya __[D]__ shoes have lost their shine. The __[E]__ convo's lost it's pace.
So, __[A]__ now you're in a taxi feelin' __[E]__ feelings of disgrace.
You've __[D]__ never got no money cos of __[E]__ all the times ya lend.
Was it a __[A]__ pointless three day bender? __[A]__ __[A]__
Or a __[E]__ weekend in Paradise, my __[A]__ friend? __[A]__
(End with flourish of *[A]* chord then) *__[A]__ /*