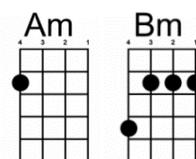


# Up The Junction (by Squeeze) { 1979 }

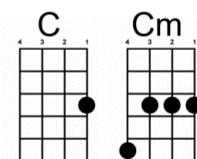
{Capo 1 - original in Eb}

**Intro :** [D] /// | [G] /// | [D] /// | [G] /// | <D> ///

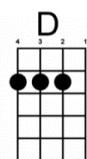
[D] I never thought it would [G] happen with me and the girl from [D] Clapham  
Out on the windy [Bm] common that night I ain't for-[D]-gotten  
Where she dealt out the [G] rations with some or other [D] passions  
"I said you are a [Bm] lady", "Perhaps" she said, [D] .. "I may be" [D]



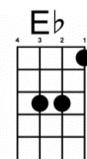
[D] We moved into a [G] basement with talks of our en-[D]-gagement  
We stayed in by the [Bm] telly although the room was [D] smelly  
We spent our time just [G] kissin', The Railway Arms we're [D] missin'  
But love had got us [Bm] hooked up and all our time [D] .. it took up [D]



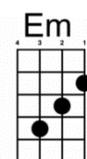
[D] I got a job with [G] Stanley, he said I'd come in [D] handy  
And he started me on [Bm] Monday, so I had a bath on [D] Sunday  
I worked eleven [G] hours, and bought the girl some [D] flowers  
She said she'd seen a [Bm] doctor, and nothing now [D] .. could stop her [D]



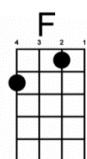
[Bm] I worked all through the [F#m] winter, the weather brass and [Em] bitter  
I put away a [Am] tenner each week to make her [Cm] better  
And when the time was [Gm] ready, we had to sell the [Fm] telly  
Late evenings by the [Eb] fire, and little kicks [G] .. inside her [G]



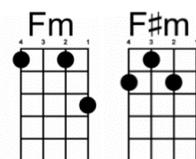
[C] This morning at four [F] fifty I took her rather [C] nifty  
Down to an incu-[Am]-bator, where thirty minutes [C] later  
She gave birth to a [F] daughter, within a year a [C] walker  
She looked just like her [Am] mother, if there could be [C] .. another [C] // [G]



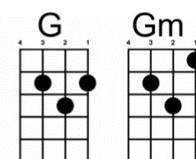
[D] And now she's two years [G] older, her mother's with a [D] soldier  
She left me when my [Bm] drinking became a proper [D] stinging  
The devil came and [G] took me, from bar to street to [D] bookie  
No more nights by the [Bm] telly, no more nights nappies [D] smelling [D]



[D] Alone here in the [G] kitchen, I feel there's something [D] missing  
I beg for some for-[Bm]-givenness, but begging's not my [D] business  
And she won't write a [G] letter, although I always [D] tell her  
And so it's my a-[Bm]-ssumption I'm really up the [D] .. junction [D]



[D] [G] (x8) <D>



## Main riff:

xA | -----5-7-5- | -9-7-9-7-5----- | -----5-7-5- | ----- |  
xE | -5-7----- | -----7-- | -5-7----- | -7-5-7-5----- | ----- |  
xC | ----- | ----- | ----- | -----6-4- | -2----- |  
xG | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- | ----- |