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<sup>A</sup> Have you ever seen the <sup>E</sup> fairies <sup>A</sup> dance?  
<sup>A</sup> Grease in their hair and black leather <sup>E</sup> pants,  
<sup>A</sup> Kicking up their heels, <sup>D</sup> throwing back their heads,  
<sup>A</sup> Bumping into trees like drunken <sup>E</sup> kids,  
<sup>A</sup> Legs and arms all over the <sup>E</sup> place  
<sup>D</sup> Nothing you'd ever call <sup>E</sup> style or <sup>E7</sup> grace.  
<sup>A</sup> Still, if ever you get the <sup>D</sup> chance  
<sup>A</sup> You may as well go and see the <sup>E</sup> fairies <sup>A</sup> dance.

<sup>A</sup> Have you ever heard the <sup>E</sup> griffin <sup>A</sup> speak?  
<sup>A</sup> With a plug of tobaccy stuffed in his <sup>E</sup> cheek  
<sup>A</sup> He's often huffy and hard to <sup>D</sup> please  
<sup>A</sup> And his cussing could peel the bark off <sup>E</sup> trees.  
<sup>A</sup> He'll tell you more than your <sup>E</sup> mama <sup>A</sup> knows  
<sup>D</sup> Why the widow bites, how the <sup>E</sup> poppy <sup>E7</sup> grows,  
<sup>A</sup> Why soot is black. It'll take a <sup>D</sup> week,  
<sup>A</sup> But anyhow, go and hear the <sup>E</sup> griffin <sup>A</sup> speak.

*BRIDGE:*

DA G  
 Left at the traffic light, right at the store,  
 Dm Am Em7  
 Underneath the broken heart, over the war.  
 Am Dm  
 It's a different picture though you've found the frame,  
 Am G Am Em  
 And the song never does remain the same.  
 Am Em7  
 Not for the grown are the airs and grasses,  
 Am G Am  
 Sweet summer daisies, bright-faced lasses.  
 Am Dm  
 Take the flytrap and the tarnished face,  
 C G Em7 Am  
 You can go back again but it's a different place.

Am Em Am  
 Have you ever seen the playground dark,  
 Am Dm Em  
 Shadows and leaves blowing round the park  
 Am Dm  
 The swings and castles looks stained and small  
 Am E  
 And the secret tunnel isn't there at all.  
 Am Dm  
 Lift up the shadow-curtain, find the key  
 Am C Em  
 You'll see what your eyes have learned to see.  
 Am Em  
 It's an ugly magic but it's got the spark  
 Am F E Am  
 And it's still there waiting when the playground's dark.

DA G  
 Time is subtle as a sidelong glance  
 E C A  
 But come with me to watch the fairies dance.  
 DA G  
 Time is subtle as a sidelong glance  
 Em F E Am  
 But come with me to watch the fairies dance.