

True Monsters

Phillip Mills

C G7 F G7 C

The gang-sters on the street a - bove
 On the filth - y riv - er bank,
 (Each) morn - ing in the mar - ket - place,

G F Fadd9

watch their fav - orite show: Toss a bod - y off the bridge to the
 vel - vet cape wrapped tight, Ot - to snaps their pho - to - graph with
 home to graft and fraud, Watch - men greet the crim - i - nals with a

C G C

flow - ing stream be - low. Since this is the riv - er Ankh, they're
 dark in - stead of light Such an im - age shows the past with
 pleas - ant wink and nod. Merch - ants short - change cus - to - mers, but

G F Fadd9

bet - ting large a - mounts, Not on how fast it's gon - na sink: but how
 mur - ders by the gangs, But who'll see Ot - to's ev - i - dence, while
 what can Ot - to say? Au - thor - it - ies don't hear the words of

C G C 1 G7 2-3 G7 C

high it's gon - na bounce. Kill the vamp - ire
 star - ing at his fangs?
 ones who "thpeak dis vey".

F C F

be - fore he hurts us, That's the slo - gan when the peo - ple get nerv - ous And

C G G7 C
 nev - er stop to ask them-selves Who the true monst-ers might be.

2 G7 3 G7 C G7 C
 Each In rooms of port and pol-ished wood

G F Fadd9
 guild heads plot and plan Li - cense theft and death and clowns and

C G C
 choose who rules the land They make Ankh-Mor-pork what it is; you'd

G F Fadd9
 think they'd give more fright Than co - coa - drink - ing, most - ly - re - formed

C G C G7 C
 child-ren of the night. Kill the vamp-ire

F C F
 be-fore he hurts us, That's the slo - gan when the peo - ple get nerv-ous And

C G G7 C G7 C
 nev - er stop to ask them-selves Who the true monst-ers might be.

Notes: Here's a bonus chorus for those long-suffering friends who've heard me sing:

Kill the singer. Before he hurts us.

We've been good and, dammit, we don't deserve this.

He never stops to ask himself who the true victims might be.

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