

Hermless

words & music: Michael Marra

G Em Bm D



With my hands on my hert and my hert in my mooth

G Em F D7



Wi arms that could reach o'er the sea

G Em Bm C



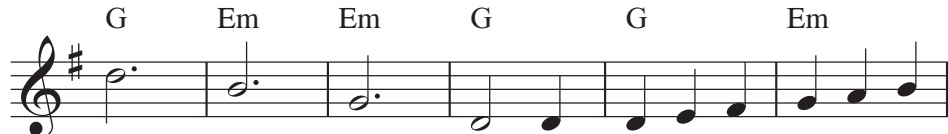
My feet might be big but the in - sects are safe

C D7 G



They'll ne - ver get stood on by me

G Em Em G G Em




Herm - less, herm - less, There's ne - ver nae bo - ther frae

F D7 G Em Bm



me Ah ging to the lib - ray an' tak' oot a

C C D7 G



book, An' then Ah ging hame for my tea.

Hermless

With my hands on my hert and my hert in my mooth
Wi' arms that could reach o'er the sea
My feet might be big but the insects are safe
They'll never get stood on by me.

Hermless, hermless
There's never nae bother frae me
Ah ging to the libray an' tak' oot a book
And then ah ging hame for my tea.

Ah save a' the coupons that comes wi' the soup
And when I have saved fifty- three
Ah send awa fifty, pit three in the drawer
And something gets posted tae me.

Hermless, hermless
There's never nae bother frae me
Ah dae whit I'm tellt, and ah tidy my room
And then ah come doon for ma tea.

There's ane or twa lads that ah could cry my chums
They're canny and meek as can be
There's Tam wi' his pigeons and Wull wi' his mice,
And Robert MacLennan and me.

Hermless, hermless
There's never nae bother frae me
I ging tae the libray an' tak' oot a book
And then I come hame for ma tea.

Hermless, hermless
There's never nae bother frae me
Naeb'dy would notice if I wisna there
If I didna come hame for ma tea.

*Hermless: a great song by the renowned singer and songwriter
Michael Marra, of Dundee.*