

My Dear Watson

[Litmus A Freeman](#) / Cliff Coates

Intro: E F#m Abm A/C# B G6/9 D/F#

E F#m Abm F#m
 Foggy town old London Edwardian days
 Man of crime investigation and criminal ways
A B7 Abm G/D
 A knock at the door, it's late at night, who can that be?
A A/C# B G6/9 D/F# E /
 It's a matter of the great-est ur - gen - cy

Em / D /
 They are her last hope, the knot at the end of her tether
C / B7 /
 In fear of her life, recline intel - lectual leather

Em Dsus2 CMaj7 D
 The doctor he makes her feel better,
 He smiles & re-marks on the weather
Em Dsus2 CMaj7 B7 /
 They'll tackle the problem to - gether

(Staccato) G A G A

(Watson: staccato/Holmes: normal rhythm)

G A G A
 (Watson:) "Holmes, what can we do? This really is a most mystifying
 ad - venture" "Holmes, where do we go?"
 (Holmes:) "My dear / Watson. What kind of / woman do you think she was?" (Watson:) "A caring / soul, of
 questionable virtue?" (Holmes:) "My dear / Watson. Where does that / kind of woman
 socialise?" (Watson:) "I wouldn't be sur - prised if it was... Whitechapel!"
G A Bm /
 (Holmes:) "Exactly Watson! The game is afoot! And into the / night we must go!"

Instrumental: [Bm / A G] x 4

Bm / A G
 Talking to the ladies of the night,
to find out what they know and if they fear to flight
 There's a cab out of con - trol,
seeking to run her down and silence this poor soul

Instrumental: [Bm / A G] x 4
(Slower) [Bm A F#m G] x 2

Bm A F#m G
 Bring on the powers of the land, the
 powers that will never under - stand "we
Bm A F#m E /
 must maintain sta-bility, pro - tecting our no - bility..."

Repeat Intro and Part 1