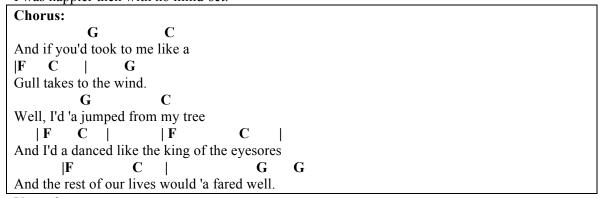
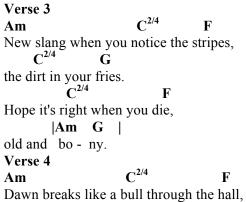


Intro: Am Am |Am C | | F C | | G C | | Am G | (x4) C C (walkdown) Verse 1  $C^{2/4}$ Am Gold teeth and a curse for this town  $C^{2/4}$  $\mathbf{G}$ were all in my mouth.  $C^{2/4}$ Only, I don't know how Am G they got out, dear. Verse 2 Am Turn me back into the pet that  $C^{2/4}$ I was when we met.  $Am^{2/4}$  G G |C  $\mathbf{F}$ I was happier then with no mind-set.





| $C^{2/4}$ G  |
|--|
| Never should have called   |
| $ C 	 F   Am^{2/4} G G$  |
| But my head's to the wall and I'm lone - ly.   |
| Chorus:  |
| $\mathbf{G}$   |
| And if you'd took to me like a   |
| $ \mathbf{F} \cdot \mathbf{C}  = \mathbf{G}$   |
| Gull takes to the wind.  |
| $\mathbf{G}$   |
| Well, I'd 'a jumped from my tree   |
|  |
| And I'd a danced like the king of the eyesores   |
| $ \mathbf{F}  \qquad \mathbf{C} \qquad  \mathbf{G}  \qquad \mathbf{G}^{2/4}  \mathbf{G}  \mathbf{C}  ^{2/4}$   |
| And the rest of our lives would 'a fared well.   |
| Solo: (all of it is in 2/4 except the last two measures of C)  |
| F C  F C   G C  G C   F F F C   F C   G C   Am G C   G |
|  |
| Verse 5 (continue on in 4/4) Am C <sup>2/4</sup> F   |
| God speed all the bakers at dawn   |
| $C^{2/4}$ G  |
| may they all cut their thumbs,   |
|  |
| 2/4  |
| C  F $ C $ Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G   |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G<br>And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.   |
| C  F $ C $ Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G   |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:   |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:   G C   C  |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:   G C     I'm looking in on the good life   |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:   G C     I'm looking in on the good life   F C   G  I might be doomed never to find.   G C     G C     G C     G C     G C     G C C     G C C     G C C     G C C C     G C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C C  |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:  |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:  |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.   Chorus 2:   G C    I'm looking in on the good life   F C   G  I might be doomed never to find.   G C    Without a trust or flaming fields am I   F C   G   too dumb to refine?   |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:  |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:  |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:   |
| C   F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G   And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:   |
| C F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.    Chorus 2:  |
| C   F   Am <sup>2/4</sup> G G  |
| And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.  Chorus 2:  GCC  I'm looking in on the good life   FCC GC  Without a trust or flaming fields am I   FC GC  And if you'd took to me like   FC GC  And I'd a danced like the king of the eyesores   FC GC  And the rest of our lives would 'a fared well.  Solo: (all of it is in 2/4 except the last two measures of C)   |
| And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.  Chorus 2:  GCC  I'm looking in on the good life   FCC GG  Without a trust or flaming fields am I   FC GC  And if you'd took to me like   FC GC  And I'd a danced like the king of the eyesores   FC GC  And the rest of our lives would 'a fared well.  Solo: (all of it is in 2/4 except the last two measures of C)  FC FC GC  CC  And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.  GC  CC  I'm looking in on the good life   FC GC CC   FFC GC FC CC   FFC CC CC   FFC CC CC CC   FFC CC CC CC   FFC CC CC CC   FFC CC CC CC CC CC   FFC CC   |
| And bleed into their buns 'till they melt away.  Chorus 2:  GCC  I'm looking in on the good life   FCC GC  Without a trust or flaming fields am I   FC GC  And if you'd took to me like   FC GC  And I'd a danced like the king of the eyesores   FC GC  And the rest of our lives would 'a fared well.  Solo: (all of it is in 2/4 except the last two measures of C)   |