

Arctic Monkeys - American Sports

Tom: G

m Cm D
So when you gaze at planet earth from outer space
Gm Cm
Does it wipe that stupid look off of your face?

I saw this aura over the battleground states
Gm
I lost some money, lost the keys
Eb F
But I'm still handcuffed to the briefcase

I never thought, not in a million years
Eb F Cm
That I'd meet so many lovers

Can I please have my money back?
D Gm
My virtual reality mask is stuck on "Parliament Brawl"

Gm D
Emergency battery pack just in time for my weekly chat with
God on videocall

Cm D
Breaking news they take the truth and make it and fluid
Gm Cm
The trainer's explanation was accepted by the steward
D
Montage of latest hated room
Gm Eb F
Soundtrack by a chorus of you don't know what you do

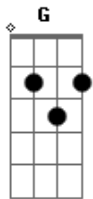
Eb F
I never thought, not in a million years
Eb F Cm D Gm
That I'd meet so many lovers

A F D
Gm
And all of my most muscular regrets explode behind my eyes
like American sports

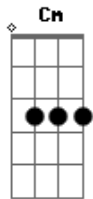
(Eb F)

Eb F
I never thought, not in a million years
Eb F Cm D
That I'd meet so many lovers

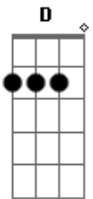
Acordes



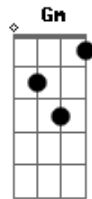
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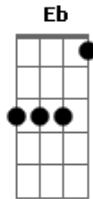
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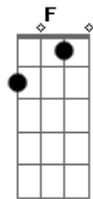
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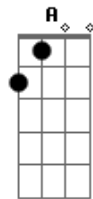
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