

Australian Crawl - Unpublished Critics

Tom: **C**

Intro: (**C Bb F**) 2X

I'm just a

C
shy romantic with my eyes on the loose

Bb
I'm in a overcoarted way

F
A poet in a garret

C
You know some people say

C
Standing at the barline with my lip on the curl

Bb
I'm with the other lean and lear

F
My finger on the pulse

C
And my hand around a beer

G F C
Ah, Ahh, well I don't wanna know what's going round here

G F C
Ah, Ahh, I've got to get away, to get away, to get away

C
The singer in the band, he sweat on a pose
Bb

And he's really such a jerk

F
Thinks he can call me stupid

C
Because he gets a lot of work

C
I'm standing in the background, got my arms on the fold

Bb
And every dog's gonna have it's day

F C
The New Musical Express and my own 4-way P.A.

G F C
Ah, Ahh, well I don't wanna know what's going round here

G F C
Ah, Ahh, it's just a matter of time, hold it under light

G F C
Ah, Ahh, I've got to get away, to get away, to get away

C
Well, I've been reading those biographies in paperback

Bb
I've got a death-wish that I can't explain

F
I've been working on the petulance

C
And the urchin took my name

(Refrão)

Acordes

