

Beck - Tropicalia

Tom: **Db**

B7#9 **G7** **Bb7** **A7** **D#7#9** **Db7** **C#7#9** **B7**

B7#9 **G7**
when they beat on a broken guitar
B7#9 **G7**
and on the streets they reek of tropical charms
B7#9 **G7**
the embassies lie in hideous shards
Bb7 **A7**
where tourists snore and decay

when they dance in a reptile blaze
you wear a mask an equatorial haze
into the past a colonial maze
where there's no more confetti to throw

D#7#9 **Db7** **D#7#9**
you didn't know what to say to yourself
Db7 **C#7#9**
love is a poverty you couldn't sell

B7 **B7#9**
misery waiting in vague hotels
Bb7 **A7**
to be evicted

you're out of luck you're singing funeral songs
to the studs they're anabolic and bronze
they seem to strut in their millennial fogs
'til they fall down and deflate

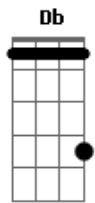
CHORUS

now you've had your fun

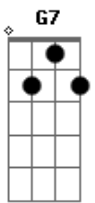
it's burned into your eyes
leaves you plain and left behind
see them eyes and fall
into the jaws of a pestilent love

you didn't know what to say to yourself
love is a poverty you couldn't sell
misery waiting in vague hotels
to be a victim

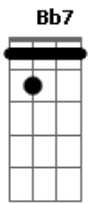
Acordes



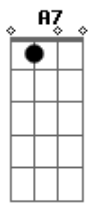
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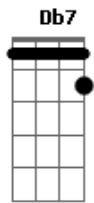
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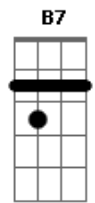
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