

## **Boston Manor - Laika**

```
Ab
                            tom:
                                                                 And now I'm going to be late
Intro: Cm G Ab Eb
                                                                       Cm
                                                                 I'm sorry
They say the truth's your best defence
                                                                 Ab
                                                                         Eb
                                                                                    Bb Cm Ab
                                                                 I^{\,\prime}\text{m} so sorry that I^{\,\prime}\text{m} leaving
I'm bleeding just to pay the rent
                                                                        Fh
                                                                 You so little to believe in
And broken dreams mean nothing
                                                                 Cm
                                                                        Ab
              Ab
                                                                 Just tell me, that you're free, of your woes and of me
When you need something
                                                                        Fb
Just to get you through the year
                                                                 There's weather more reliable than me
                                                                 (Eb Ab)
And now we're moving out
 Gm
So pack your clothes, your books, your doubt
                                                                 I'm calling base command as the last bit of oxygen runs out
And bring the piece of paper
       Ab
                                                                 Ab
That I gave you, back when you were all alone
                                                                 They're down there softly sleeping
                                                                 The sun sets over the Pacific region
              Gm
Letters sent home with no return address
                                                                 I'm sitting here hanging in the balance
I've got a bag full of old clothes
                                                                 Just barely in the atmosphere
                                                                 Ah
I've got a bag full of stress
                                                                I'm sitting here hanging in the balance
                                                                 Just barely in the atmosphere
                   Bb Cm
                                                                 ( Cm )
\ensuremath{\mathrm{I}}\xspace m so sorry that \ensuremath{\mathrm{I}}\xspace m leaving
                                                                        Eb
                                                                                   Bb Cm
                                                                                             Ab
        Fb
                                                                 Ab
                                                                 I'm so sorry that I'm leaving
You so little to believe in
                                                                        Eb
(Gm Cm Ab)
                                                                 You so little to believe in
                                                                 Cm Ab
                                                                                               Eb
                                                                 Just tell me, that you're free, of your woes and of me
                Fb
                                                                         Eb
'Cause we had a house
                           Gm
                                                                 There's weather more reliable than me
With a perfect door and a front room
With the right decor
                                                                 ( Cm )
      Cm
                                                                    Ab
                                                                               Fh
                                                                 As lonely as Laika
And I came and wrecked it all
       Ab
                                                                       Bb
Yes, I came and wrecked it all like I always do
                                                                 Up there all alone
                             G
                                                                              Ab
                                                                You miss the atmosphere
'Cause I didn't think and I poured your life down the kitchen
sink
                                                                     Eb
                                                                 The stars are now your home
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With the dregs of yesterday

## Acordes

