

Tom: C

## **Cat Power - Fool**

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Children with kids, and people with parents
  Main Riff:
                                                                     Am C G F
\mathsf{Am}\ \mathsf{C}\ \mathsf{Am}\ \mathsf{C}\ \mathsf{Am}\ \mathsf{C}\ \mathsf{G}\ \mathsf{F}
                                                                     Any which way there's no past and no presence
                                                                     When the day comes and all of them burns
                                                                     Am C G F
Am C Am C
                                                                     We'll reveal enchanting persons
Apartment in New York, London and Paris
Am C G F
Where will we rest, we're all living on top of it?
                                                                     Come along Fool
Am C Am C
                                                                     Am C G F
It's all that we have the USA is utterly breed,
                                                                     A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
Am C G F
                                                                     Am C Am
No one is willing to share it
                                                                     It's not that it's bad
                                                                     C Am C Am
                                                                     It's not that it's death
Am C Am C
Why can't we see as fortunes can see?
                                                                     CAmCGF
Am C G F
                                                                     It's just on the tip of your tongue, and it's so silent
Living as legends have lived.
Am C Am C
Bang in this manner, he cooks all the time
                                                                     When it's a wreck, and babies in love
Am C G F
                                                                     Am C G F
Knowing that nothing is left for me to hide
                                                                     Half of its misunderstanding love
                                                                     Am C Am C
Am C Am C
                                                                     Worry of one you're winning again
Come along Fool
                                                                     Am C G F
                                                                     With themselves and with any your friends
Am C G F
A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
Am C Am
                                                                     \mathsf{Am}\ \mathsf{C}\ \mathsf{Am}\ \mathsf{C}
It's not that it's bad
                                                                     Come along Fool
                                                                     Am C G F
C Am C Am
It's not that it's death
                                                                     A direct hit of the senses you are disconnected
C Am C G F
It's just on the tip of your tongue, and it's so silent
                                                                     It's not that it's bad
                                                                     C Am C Am
                                                                     It's not that it's death
Am C Am C Am C G F
Wanting to live and laugh all the time, singing along with
                                                                     CAmCGF
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It's just on the tip of your tongue, and it's so silent

## **Acordes**

your teen love crying

