Crazy Ex-Girlfriend - What?ll It Be?

tom: Am Intro: Dm7 G7 C С Em7 It's 5:53 on Thanksgiving Gm7 Not one customer's walked through the door But I'm still here, slingin' drinks for a living F7 Am I've never played piano before Not bad Dm7 Em7 Am7 I know this town like the back of my hand Dm7 Em7 Am7 But I'm not such a fan of the back of my hand Dm7 Cause if you look real close At those little hairs and veins You're like "Hands are sort of gross" D7 It's hard to explain G The point is Fb Ab Hey, West Covina Bb Why won't you let me break free? Ab Am I doomed to stay here Fb Pouring my high school friends' beers F Bb For the rest of eternity? Fh Ab Hey, West Covina Bb F You know just where to find me Fm C I'll never go far, so pull up to the bar Hey, West Covina G7 F What'll it be?

(CEbFCF)



Em7 It's 5:55, I'm still singing Gm7 C The big Turkey Day game's letting out But no one's comin' here C Who am I kiddin'? F7 Hey, you sunburned MILFs Am Give me a shout Dm7 Everyone's going home Em7 Am7 'Cause it's time to give thanks Fm7 Am7 Dm7 Thanks for the chain stores and outlets and banks Dm7 Thanks for this town three short hours from the beach E. D7 FG Where all of your dreams can stay just out of reach Dun-dun bom-bom! Gun-ga bom-dom! Ab Fb Hey, West Covina Bb F You're not listenin', so what's the use? Ab Fb Is my purpose in life to slice limes with a knife? Bb Or to serve Deb a vodka and cranberry juice? Hey, Deb, I'll be right with you. Ab Fb Hey, West Covina Bb Look what you're doing to me Fm Can't you see, West Covina С You're killing me, West Covina F Last call, West Covina What'll it be?

[Final] C Eb F C

