

Elton John - I Feel Like a Bullet

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Tom: G
Like a corn in a field I cut you down
I threw the last punch too hard
After years of goin' steady, well I thought that it was time
To throw in my hand for a new set of cards
And I can't take you dancin' out on the weekend
I figured we'd painted too much of this town
And I tried not to look as I walked to my wagon
                                Eb
And I knew then I had lost what should have been fou-nd
I knew then I had lost what should have been found
                Bb7
                                      Eb
And I feel like a bullet in the gun of Robert Ford
I'm low as a paid assassin is
           Ab
You know I'm cold as a hired sword
     В
I'm so ashamed, can't we patch it up
You know I can't think straight no more
You make me feel like a bullet, honey, in the gun
In the gun of Robert Ford
Like a child when his toys have been stepped on
That's how it all seemed to me
I burst the bubble that both of us lived in
                                                         C
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And I'm damned if I'll ever get rid of this guilt that I feel
And if looks could kill then I'd be a dead man
Your friends and mine don't call no more
Hell, I thought it was best but now I feel branded
                                      Eb Em7 A7
              Am
                            D
Breaking up is sometimes like breakin' the law
              \mathsf{Am}
                            D
Breaking up is sometimes like breakin' the law
                 Bh7
And I feel like a bullet in the gun of Robert Ford
I'm low as a paid assassin is
           Ab
                  Eb
You know I'm cold as a hired sword
        В
I'm so ashamed, can't we patch it up
          Db
You know I can't think straight no more
Bh7
You make me feel like a bullet, honey, in the gun
                    Db Ab
In the gun of Robert Ford
And I feel like a bullet in the gun of Robert Ford
                     Eb7
I'm low as a paid assassin is
           Ab
                  Fh
You know I'm cold as a hired sword
       В
I'm so ashamed, can't we patch it up
          Db
You know I can't think straight no more
You make me feel like a bullet, honey, in the gun
                    Db Dbm6 Ab
In the gun of Robert Ford
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Acordes

