

Fall Out Boy - The Last Of The Real Ones

Tom: G
Intro: Bm G Em G
Bm G Em G

Bm G
I was just an only child of the universe
Em
And then I found you
G
And then I found you
Bm G
You are the sun and I am just the planets
Em
Spinning around you
G
Spinning around you
Bm G
You were too good to be true

Gold plated
Em
But what's inside you
G
But what's inside you
Bm G
I know this whole damn city thinks it needs you
Em
But not as much as I do
G Bm
As much as I do, yeah

Bm
'Cause you're the last of a dying breed
G
Write our names in the wet concrete
Em G
I wonder if your therapist knows everything about me
Bm
I'm here in search of your glory
G
There's been a million before me
Em
That ultra-kind of love
G
You never walk away from
Bm G
You're just the last of the real ones
Em G
You're just the last of the real ones
Bm G
You're just the last of the real ones
Em G
You're just the last of the real ones
Bm
You're just the last of the real ones

Bm G
I am a collapsing star with tunnel vision
Em
But only for you
G
But only for you
Bm G
My head is stripped just like a screw that's been tightened
too many times
Em
When I think of you
G
When I think of you
Bm G
I will shield you from the waves

Em
If they find you
Em
I will protect you
G
I will protect you
Bm

Just tell me, tell me, tell me
G
I, I am the only one
Em
Even if it's not true
G Bm
Even if it's not true, yeah

Bm
'Cause you're the last of a dying breed
G
Write our names in the wet concrete
Em G
I wonder if your therapist knows everything about me
Bm
I'm here in search of your glory
G
There's been a million before me
Em
That ultra-kind of love
G
You never walk away from
Bm G
You're just the last of the real ones
Em G
You're just the last of the real ones
Bm G
You're just the last of the real ones
Em G
You're just the last of the real ones

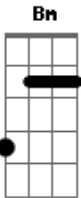
G D
I'm here at the beginning of the end
Bm A
Oh, the end of infinity with you
G D
I'm here at the beginning of the end
Bm A
Oh, the end of infinity with you
G
I'm done with having dreams
D
The thing that I believe
Bm A
Oh, you drain all the fear from me
G
I'm done with having dreams
D
The thing that I believe
Bm A
You drain the fear from me

Bm
'Cause you're the last of a dying breed
G
Write our names in the wet concrete
Em G
I wonder if your therapist knows everything about me
Bm
I'm here in search of your glory
G
There's been a million before me
Em
That ultra-kind of love
G
You never walk away from
Bm G
You're just the last of the real ones
Em G
You're just the last of the real ones
Bm G
You're just the last of the real ones
Em G
You're just the last of the real ones

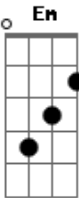
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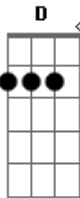
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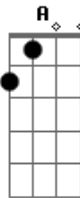
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