

# Franz Ferdinand - The Fallen

Tom: **C**

Guitar 1

Guitar 2

Guitar 1

Guitar 2

Bass Solo

**A F** X 4

Letra:

Some say you're trouble, boy  
Just because you like to destroy  
All the things that bring the idiots joy  
Well, what's wrong with a little destruction?

And the Kunst won't talk to you  
Because you kissed St Rollox Adieu  
Because you robbed a supermarket or two  
Well, who gives a damn about the prophets of Tesco?

Did I see you in a limousine  
Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
Turn the rich into wine  
Walk on the mean  
For the fallen are the virtuous among us  
Walk among us  
Never judge us  
Yeah we're all...

Up now and get 'em, boy  
Up now and get 'em, boy

Drink to the devil and death for the doctors

Did I see you in a limousine  
Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
Five thousand users fed today  
As you feed us  
Won't you lead us  
To be blessed

So we stole and drank Champagne  
On the seventh seal you said you never feel pain  
"I never feel pain, won't you hit me again?"  
"I need a bit of black and blue to be a rotation"

In my blood I feel the bubbles burst  
There was a flash of fist, an eyebrow burst  
You've a lazy laugh and a red white shirt  
I fall to the floor fainting at the sight of blood

Did I see you in a limousine  
Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
Turn the rich into wine  
Walk on the mean  
Be they Magdalene or virgin you've already been  
You've already been and we've already seen  
That the fallen are the virtuous among us  
Walk among us  
Never judge us to be blessed

So I'm sorry if I ever resisted  
I never had a doubt you ever existed  
I only have a problem when people insist on  
Taking their hate and placing it on your name

Some say you're trouble, boy  
Just because you like to destroy  
You are the word, the word is 'destroy'  
I break this bottle and think of you fondly

Did I see you in a limousine  
Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
To the whore in a hostel  
Or the scum of a scheme  
Turn the rich into wine  
Walk on the mean  
It's not a jag in the arm  
It's a nail in the beam  
On this barren Earth  
You scatter your seed  
Be they Magdalene or virgin  
You've already been  
Yeah, you've already been  
We've already seen  
That the fallen are the virtuous among us  
Walk among us  
If you judge us  
We're all damned

## Acordes

