

Guns N' Roses - I.r.s.

Tom: **D**

Intro: **D7 Db**

D7 **Db**
Ah, ah
D7 **Db**
Is it true
D7 **Db**
What they say of you

Gbm
Gonna call the president
A
Gonna call a private eye
Gbm
Gonna get the IRS
A
Gonna need the FBI
D **Db**
There's not anymore
Db
That I can do

Gbm
All the reasons
That you gave
A
I'd follow you
Gbm
To where you'd lead
And if that'd be
A
The end of time it's true

Gbm
Wouldn't be the first time I been wrong
A
Wouldn't be the last
I'm sure I've known
Gbm
With all the rumors I could tell
A
Something didn't work so well
D **Db**
Well anyway it feels the same

Gbm
As when you first told me
C **Db**
You were gone

Db
So long ago but I still held on
Gbm
Through all the emotions
C **Db**
The love and the sex
And what's the truth

Db
An here's the worst yet

Gbm **C**
Would it even mattered the things that I'd say
Db
You made your mind up and gone anyway
Gbm **C** **Db**
And there's no use now in draggin' it on

Shoulda seen it comin' all along **Db**

Solo (**Gbm C Dbm**)

D7
Well it's true
Db
I had my doubts of you

Gbm
Gonna call the president
A
Gonna call myself a private eye
Gbm
Gonna get the IRS
A
Gonna get the FBI
Gbm
Gonna make this a federal case
A
Gonna wave it right down in your face
Gbm
Read it baby with your morning news
A
With a sweet hangover
And the headlines too

D7 Db
Ah...
Ah...

Gbm
I bet you think I'm doin' this
All for my health
A
I should looked again babe at somebody else
Gbm
Feelin' like I'm done way more than wrong
A
Feelin' like I'm livin' inside of this song
Gbm
Feelin' like I'm just too tired to care
A
Feelin' like I done more than my share
Gbm
Could it be the way I've carried on
A
Like a broken record for so long

D7 **Db**
And I do
Ooh ooh

Gbm
Gonna call the president
A
Gonna call a private eye
Gbm
Gonna get the IRS
A
Gonna get myself the FBI

D **Db**
Ooh What shall I do
If I... **Db**
D
Gave my heart to you oh
D **Db**
It's such a crime
D
You know it's true

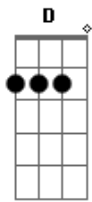
(**D Db**)
Db (**Gbm C Db**)

Gbm
Gonna call the president
A
Gonna call myself a private eye
Gbm
Gonna get the IRS
A
Gonna get the FBI
Gbm
Gonna make this a federal case
A
Gonna wave it right down in your face
Gbm
Read it baby with your morning news

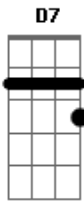
A
With a sweet hangover
And the headlines too

D7
There's not anymore
Db **D7**
That I can do

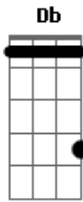
Acordes



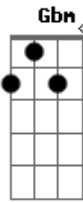
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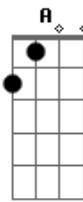
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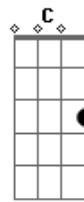
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