

Miles Kane - Slow Death

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tom:
                                                               [Solo] A C G D
Intro: A C G D A C G D
                                                                     A C G D
                                                                     A C
                                                                           G D
[Primeira Parte]
                                                               [Terceira Parte]
   I called the doctor
                                                                   Sets to the mainline
   In the morning
                                                               A hit of morphine
   I had a fever
                                                                   Sets to the mainline
   It was a warning
                                                                   Oh, it's like a bad dream
She said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe
                                                               They said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"
                                                               To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"
I got the money for one more shot
                                                               I've got the money for one more shot, shot
She said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"
                                                               She said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"
[Segunda Parte]
                                                               [Refrão]
                                                                          Gbm
    I called the preacher
                                                               Slow death, eat my mind away
                                                               Slow death, turn my guts to clay
    Holy, holy
                                                                           Ghm
                                                               Slow death, keep my mind away
    Begged for forgiveness
                                                                           Gbm
    That's what he told me
                                                               Slow death, turn my guts to clay
He said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe
                                                               It's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"
                                                               It's a slow death
I've got the money for one more shot
                                                               [Solo] A C G D
                                                                     He said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"
                                                                     A C G D
[Refrão]
                                                               [Final]
           Gbm
Slow death, eat my mind away
                                                                        It's a slow death
           Gbm
Slow death, turn my guts to clay
                                                                       It's a slow death
It's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow
                                                               A C G D
                                                                        It's a slow death
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It's a slow death

Acordes

