

Miles Kane - Slow Death

tom:
Intro: A C G D
A C G D

[Primeira Parte]

A C
I called the doctor
G D
In the morning
A C
I had a fever
G D
It was a warning
A
She said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe
A
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"
A
I got the money for one more shot
A
She said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"

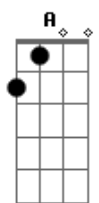
[Segunda Parte]

A C
I called the preacher
G D
Holy, holy
A C
Begged for forgiveness
G D
That's what he told me
A
He said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe
A
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"
A
I've got the money for one more shot
A
He said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"

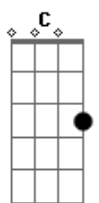
[Refrão]

A Gbm
Slow death, eat my mind away
A Gbm
Slow death, turn my guts to clay
G
It's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow
G

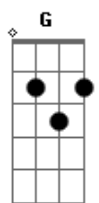
Acordes



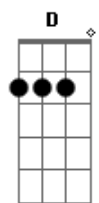
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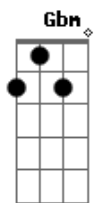
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It's a slow death

[Solo] A C G D
A C G D
A C G D
A C G D

[Terceira Parte]

A C
Sets to the mainline
G D
A hit of morphine
A C
Sets to the mainline
G D
Oh, it's like a bad dream
A
They said, "There's nothing that I can prescribe
A
To keep your raunchy bag of bones alive"
A
I've got the money for one more shot, shot
A
She said, "God bless you," I said, "Thank you a lot"

[Refrão]

A Gbm
Slow death, eat my mind away
A Gbm
Slow death, turn my guts to clay
A Gbm
Slow death, keep my mind away
A Gbm
Slow death, turn my guts to clay
G
It's a slow, it's a slow, it's a slow
G
It's a slow death

[Solo] A C G D
A C G D
A C G D
A C G D

[Final]

A C G D
It's a slow death
A C G D
It's a slow death
A C G D
It's a slow death