

# Placebo - Kings Of Medicine

Tom: C

C G  
They're pickin' up pieces of me,  
F  
While they're pickin' up pieces of you.  
C  
In a bag you will be, before the day is over.  
G  
Were you looking for somewhere to be.  
F  
Or looking for someone to do.  
E  
Stupid me, to believe that I could trust in stupid you.  
F  
And on the back of my hand,  
E F  
Were, directions I could understand.  
E F  
Now that old buzzard Johnny Walker,  
E F  
Has gone and ruined all our plans.  
C  
Our best-made plans.

Chorus:

G A  
Don't leave me here, to cast through time,  
E C  
Without a map, or road sign.  
G A  
Don't leave me here, my guiding light,  
E F E  
'Cause I... I... wouldn't know where to begin.  
F E  
I asked the Kings of Medicine.  
C G  
They're pickin' up pieces of me,  
F  
While they're pickin' up pieces of you.  
C

Lying on ice you will be before the day is over.  
C G  
It's a case in point baby,  
F  
That you never thought it through.  
E  
Stupid me, that I could depend on stupid you.  
F  
And on the tip of my tongue,  
E F  
Were, words that always came out all wrong.  
E F E  
'Cause they were drowned in Southern Comfort,  
F  
Left to dry-out in the Sun,  
C  
The noon-day Sun.

Chorus X2

G A  
Don't leave me here, to cast through time,  
E C  
Without a map, or road sign.  
G A  
Don't leave me here, my guiding light,  
E F E  
'Cause I... I... wouldn't know where to begin.  
F E  
I asked the Kings of Medicine.  
E  
But it seems that they've lost their powers.  
F E  
Now all I'm left with is the hour.  
C G A E  
Don't leave me here,  
C G A E  
Don't leave me here, oh no-oh,  
E  
I wouldn't know where to begin.

## Acordes

