

Queen - Drowse

Tom: **A**

Intro: 3x: **D A**

Verso:

D Dbm Bm G A7
 It's the sad eyed goodbye yesterday's moments I'll remember

D Dbm Bm G A7
 It's the bleak street weak kneed partings I recall

D Db
 It's the mistier mist, the hazier days

Bm A
 The brighter sun, and the easier lays

G D
 There's all the more reason for laughing and crying

D A
 When youre younger and life isn't too hard at all.

(**D A**) 2x

(Mesma progressão)

It's the fantastic drowse of the afternoon Sundays that bored you to rages of tears
 The unending pleadings to waste all your good times on thoughts of your middle aged years
 It's the vertical hold of the things that you're told
 For the everyday hero, it all turns to zero
 There's all the more reason for living or dying
 When youre young and your troubles are all very small

(**D A**) 2x

Break:

E Ab
 Out here on the streets we'd gather and meet

A C D
 And scuff up the sidewalks with endlessly restless feet

E Ab A
 Half of the time we'd broaden our minds more in the pool halls

C D
 Than we did in the school halls.

E Ab
 With the downtown chewing gum bums

A Gb D A
 Watching the nightlife, the lights and the fun.

(**D A**) 2x

(Mesma progressão)

I never wanted to be the boy next door, always thought I'd be something more
 But it ain't easy for a smalltown boy, it aint easy at all
 Thinking it right, doing it wrong, it's easier from an armchair
 Waves of alternatives wash over my sleepiness
 Have my eggs poached for breakfast I guess.

(**D A**)

I think I'll be Clint Eastwood
 Jimi Hendrix, he was good
 Let's try William the Conqueror
 Now who else do I like?

Tabs:
 Intro: 3x

It's the

Verso 1

sad - eyed good - bye yesterday ... I remember. It's the

bleak street weak - kneed partings I recall.
 It's the

mistier mist, the hazier days, the brighter sun ...
 easier lays, and there's

all the ... for laughing ... you're younger and ...
 too hard at all.

Ponte:

It's the...

Verso 2:

It's the fantastic drowse of the afternoon Sundays,
 That bored you to rages of tears.
 It's the unending pleadings to waste all your good times,
 In thoughts of your middle-aged years.
 It's a vertical hold, all the things that you're told,
 For the every day hero it all turns to zero,
 And there's all the more reason for living and dying,
 When you're young and your troubles are all very small.

Ponte:

Out here ... we'd gather ... scuff up the ...
 endlessly ... feet,

and half ... broaden our ... more in the pool
 ... in the school hall,

with the ... chewing gum bums, watching ... life
 ... and the fun.

Verso 3:

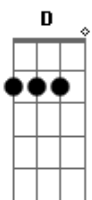
Never wanted to be the boy next door,
 Always thought I'd be something more,
 But it ain't easy for a small-town boy,
 It ain't easy at all.
 Thinking it right, doing it wrong,
 It's easier from an armchair.
 Waves of alternatives wash at my sleepiness,
 Have my eggs poached for breakfast, I guess.

Outro:
 devagar

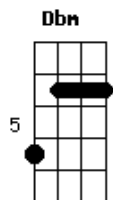
Acordes



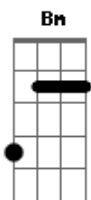
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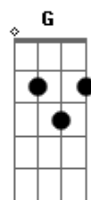
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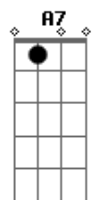
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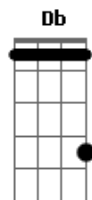
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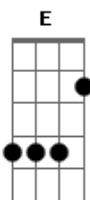
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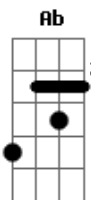
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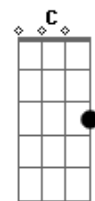
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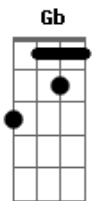
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