

## Ramones - Don't Bust my Chops

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Tom: G

[ G Bb C D ] x3
[ C D ]
G Bb C D
```

I'm sick and tired of you calling me names I'm sick and tired of your childish games I'm sick and tired of your bullshit brats Cocaine stupor and anxiety attacks Picked up the magazine, I see your face You're nothin' boy, a goddamn waste With the lamest fashions on your back You're never happy, a hypochondriac

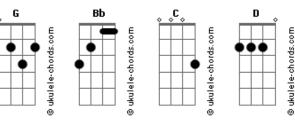
## G C Bb G

Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops

[ C D C ] x4

You're a styling queen and an alley cat

## **Acordes**



Too many chocolates keep a fat man fat You're a pain in the ass, and your on the loose All I get from you is your bad attitude Dirty mouth, it's all I can bear Get outta here bitch, 'cause you're nowhere Always wearin' that cheap perfume Can always tell when you're in the room Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...

```
[ C D C ] x4
[ G Bb C D ] x3
[ C D ]
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...
Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...
[ C D C ] x4
```

G:		Bb:		C:	D:	
			ÍÍ	-5-		[-7-]
	-5-		-8-	-5-		[-7-]
	-5-		-8-	-3-		-5-
	-3-		[-6-]	jj		ÍÍ