## **Renato Russo - The Last Time I Saw Richard**

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Tom: G
                                                                You've got tombs in your in your eyes
Intro: G C
                                                                But the songs you punched are dreaming"
G
                                                                                         C
Last time I saw Richard
                                                                Listen, they talk of love so sweet
                             Am
Was Detroit in 68 and he told me
                                                                When you gonna get yourself back on your feet?
"All romantics meet the same fate someday:
                                                                                   G
                                                                Oh and love can be so sweet
Cynical and bitter and boring someone
                                                                Am
                                                                            (D A B C B A G)
In some dark cafe"
                                                                Love's so sweet
You laughed, he said: "You think you're immune?
                                                                G
                                                                Richard got married to a figure skater
Am
Go look at your eyes, they're full of moon!
                                                                      Am
You like roses and kisses
                                                                And he bought her a dish washer and a coffe percolator
                                                                And he drinks at home now, most nights with the TV on
                                     G
And pretty men to tell you all those pretty lies"
                                                                                         G
                                                                And all the house lights left up bright
     С
Pretty lies
                                   F
                                                                I'm gonna blow this damn candle out
"When are you gonna realize they'r only pretty lies?"
G Am (D A B C B A G)
                                                                             Am
                                                                I don't want nobody comin' over to my table,
Only pretty lies, pretty lies
                                                                I've got nothing to talk to anybody about
                                                                All good dreamer pass this away someday
G
                                                                                           G
He put a quarter in the Wurlitzer
                                                                Hidin' behind bottles in dark cafes
                                                                      С
            Am
And then he pushed three buttons and the thing began to whirl
                                                                Dark cafes
And a waitress came by a fishnet stockings and a bow tie
             G
                                                                Only this darkness
And she said: "drink up now, it's getting on time to close"
                                                                        F
                                                                Before I get my gorgeous wings
"Richard, you haven't really changed", I said
                                                                      G
                                                                And fly away
            Am
"It's just that now you're romanticizing some pain that's in
                                                                     Am
                                                                                              (D A B C B A G)
your head
                                                                Only a phase, these dark cafe days
Acordes
      G
                                                                                       в
                                 An
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