

The Good Life - Album Of The Year

Tom: C
Intro: Am Riff
Am Riff
Am Riff
Am Riff

Riff
E|-----|
B|-----|
G|-----|
D|-----|
A|---2-|
E|-3-|

The first time that I met her I was throwing up in the ladies' room stall

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

She asked me if I needed anything, I said, "I think I spilled my drink"

And that's how it started
Or so I'd like to believe

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

She took me to her mother's house outside of town where the stars hang down

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

She said she'd never seen someone so lost I said I'd never felt so found

And then I kissed her on the cheek

And so she kissed me on the mouth Oh, oh, oh

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

Spring was popping daisies up 'round rusted trucks and busted lawn chairs

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

We moved into a studio in Council Bluffs to save a couple bucks

Where the mice came out at night

Neighbors were screaming all the time

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

We'd make love in the afternoons to Chelsea Girls and Bachelor Number 2

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

I played for her some songs I wrote she's joke and say I'm shooting through the roof

I'd say, "they're all for you, dear"
I'll write the album of the year"

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

And I know she loved me then

I swear to god she did

It's the way she'd bite my lower lip

And push her hips against my hips

And dig her nails so deep into my skin

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)
(Am)

The first time that I met her I was convinced I had finally found the one

(Am G Em7)
(Am G Em7)

She was convinced I was under the influence of all those drunken romantics

I was reading Fante at the time, I had Bukowski on my mind

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

She got a job at Jacob's, serving cocktails to the local drunks

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

Against her will, I fit the bill, I perched down at the end of the bar

She said, "space is not just a place for stars

I gave you an inch, you want a house with a yard"

And I know she loved me once, but those days are done

She used to call me every day from a payphone on her break for lunch

Just to say she can't wait to come home

Oh, to come home

Oh, to come home

To come home

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

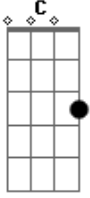
The last time that I saw her, she was picking through which records were hers

(Am Riff)
(Am Riff)

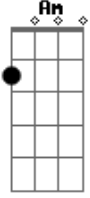
Dm G C C
Am
Clothes were packed in boxes, with some pots and pans, and
books, and a toaster
G
Just then a mouse scurried across the floor N.C.
C G

We started laughing 'till it didn't hurt
Am F
Started laughing 'till it didn't hurt
C G
Started laughing 'till it didn't hurt
Am F
Started laughing 'till it didn't hurt, alright
(C G Am F)
(C G Am F)
(C)

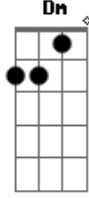
Acordes



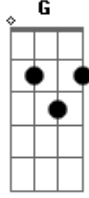
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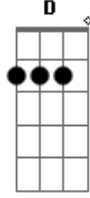
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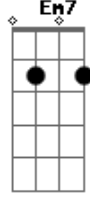
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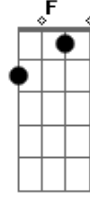
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