

The Good Life - Notes In His Pockets

Tom: **F**

Intro: **Dm**

Dm
 Drunk at the bar at last, last call
 My baby is home on her night off
Dm
 So I'm involved in a serious talk
 With a girl I had known growing up
 So we buy a six, we decide to split
 She has a downtown apartment
 She opens the door
 Falls to the floor
 Says "I'm feeling sick of sweet and pure
 Take me now, I'm yours", Oh

Dm **Bb**
 Notes in his pockets
G **A**
 Rumors in the mill
Dm **Bb**
 Phone calls after the bars close
G **A**
 Unlisted numbers

Bb **Dm**
 If she only knew that he'd be through
Bb **Dm**
 But who knows which parts are true
 She hates how it looks, but what can she do
 The girls all talk behind her back

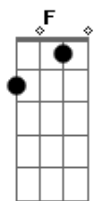
They say she's being used, Oh

Dm
 At Sullivan's drinking with Justin
Bb **Dm**
 He says he's seen my ex-girlfriend
Dm
 She's back in town, and what's worse
Bb **Dm**
 He knows when and where she works
Bb **Dm**
 So we head over to the Underwood
Bb **Dm**
 She's trading shots with regulars
A **Bb**
 She gives me a hug 'till our hips are flushed
Dm **Bb**
 Says "boy we hardly kept in touch
 It's time for catching up", Oh

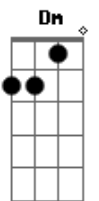
Dm **Bb**
 Notes in his pockets
G **A**
 Rumors in the mill
Dm **Bb**
 Phone calls after the bars close
G **A**
 Unlisted numbers

Bb **Dm**
 Still he insists on his innocence
Bb **Dm**
 Says those girls are all cousins
A **Bb**
 She's gotta drop the ax, catch him in the act
Dm **Bb**
 With the shame around his ankles chained
G **A**
 The guilt around his neck, Oh
 [Final] **Dm**

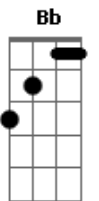
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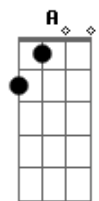
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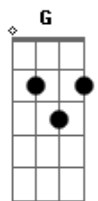
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