

## The Wonder Years - Out On My Feet

tom: I fucked it up in November Intro: Em A Em A Too broke for the doctors Em A Em Trying to make due [Primeira Parte] I don't feel any break there in the bone Lonely Saturday night So I'm just letting it go Left out by the wayside [Refrão] Got called in in the morning I'm sick of smelling like kitchen grease Talked into a double and left after 9 Can't get it out of my clothes Gb And now I'm at home I'm sick of scraping the windshield clean Just me and my student loans I'm sick of shov?ling snow Of course the battery died I'm sick of beating the sun to work I left on the dome light Pale light starting to glow Db My shift was over, Kevin came to jump it I'm sick of racing it hom? The cables caught fire [Ponte] And I watched the final ounce of hope Can't see go up in a plume of smoke Through it [Refrão] No hope Gb A A B C I'm sick of smelling like kitchen grease Worthless Can't get it out of my clothes I'm buried beneath a layer of dust I'm sick of scraping the windshield clean I'm out on my feet, I'm waking back up I'm sick of shov?ling snow Gb4 Keep trying to leave, enough is enough I'm sick of beating the sun to work I'm out on my feet, I'm waking back up Pale light starting to glow Gb4 The brink of defeat, we're totally fucked I'm sick of racing it hom? I'm out on my feet, I'm waking back up [Segunda Parte] Gb4 Cut down at the knees, I'm spitting out blood Ankle's giving me hell I'm off of my feet, I'm getting back up Swollen up and dark blue [Final] Em A Em A Acordes

