

U2 - The Playboy Mansion

Tom: **E**
E
 If Coke is a mystery, Michael Jackson...history
A
 If beauty is truth
E
 And surgery...the fountain of youth

Dbm **Gbm**
 What am I to do?
Dbm **A**
 Have I got the gifts to get me through
E
 The gates of that mansion

E
 If OJ is more than a drink
 And a Big Mac bigger than you think

A
 If perfume is an obsession

E
 And talk shows...confession

Dbm **Gbm**
 What have we got to lose?

Dbm **A**
 Another push and maybe we'll be through

E
 The gates of that mansion
 I never bought a lotto ticket, I never parked in anyone's
 space
 The banks they're like cathedrals, I guess casinos took their
 place

A **E**

Love come on down, don't wake her she'll come around
 Chance is a kind of religion
 Where you're damned for plain hard luck
 I never did see that movie, never did read that book

A **E**
 Love come on down, let my numbers come around

Dbm **Gbm**
 Don't know if I can hold on

Dbm **A**
 Don't know if I'm that strong

Dbm **Gbm**
 Don't know if I can wait that long

Dbm **A**
 Till the colours come flashing and the lights go on

E
 Then will there be no time for sorrow?
 Then will there be no time for shame?

A **E**
 Though I can't say why, I know I've got to believe

Dbm **Gbm**
 We'll go driving in that pool

Dbm **A**
 It's who you know that gets you through

E
 The gates of the playboy mansion
 Then will there be no time of sorrow?
 Then will there be no time for pain?
 Then will there be no tome of sorrow?
 Then will there be no time for shame?

Acordes

