

Arctic Monkeys - American Sports

Tom: G

m Cm D
 So when you gaze at planet earth from outer space
 Gm Cm
 Does it wipe that stupid look off of your face?

I saw this aura over the battleground states
 Gm
 I lost some money, lost the keys
 Eb F
 But I'm still handcuffed to the briefcase

I never thought, not in a million years
 Eb F Cm
 That I'd meet so many lovers

Can I please have my money back?
 D Gm
 My virtual reality mask is stuck on "Parliament Brawl"
 Cm D
 Gm
 Emergency battery pack just in time for my weekly chat with
 God on videocall

Cm D
 Breaking news they take the truth and make it and fluid
 Gm Cm
 The trainer's explanation was accepted by the steward

Montage of latest hated room
 Gm D Eb F
 Soundtrack by a chorus of you don't know what you do

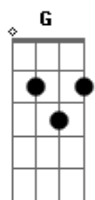
I never thought, not in a million years
 Eb F Cm D Gm
 That I'd meet so many lovers

A F D
 Gm
 And all of my most muscular regrets explode behind my eyes
 like American sports

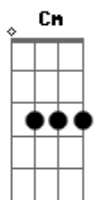
(Eb F)

I never thought, not in a million years
 Eb F Cm D
 That I'd meet so many lovers

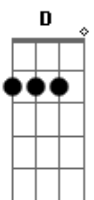
Acordes



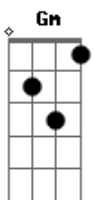
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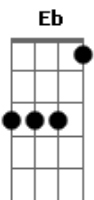
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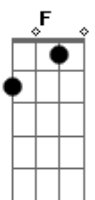
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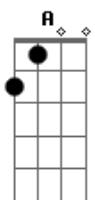
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