

# 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

But I'm still handcuffed to the briefcase  
 Eb F

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?

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  
 Soundtrack by a chorus of you don't know what you do  
 Eb F

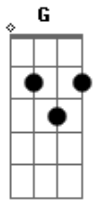
I never thought, not in a million years  
 Eb F Cm D Gm  
 That I'd meet so many lovers

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

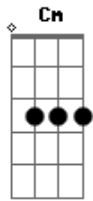
( Eb F )

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

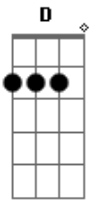
## Acordes



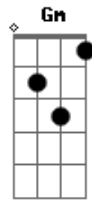
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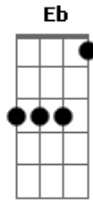
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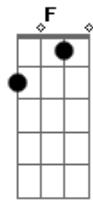
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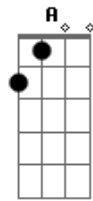
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