

Arctic Monkeys - The Car

tom:

Intro: **Bbadd9** **Am** **B7** **Dm** **Bb**
Bbadd9 **Am** **Am** **B7** **Dm**

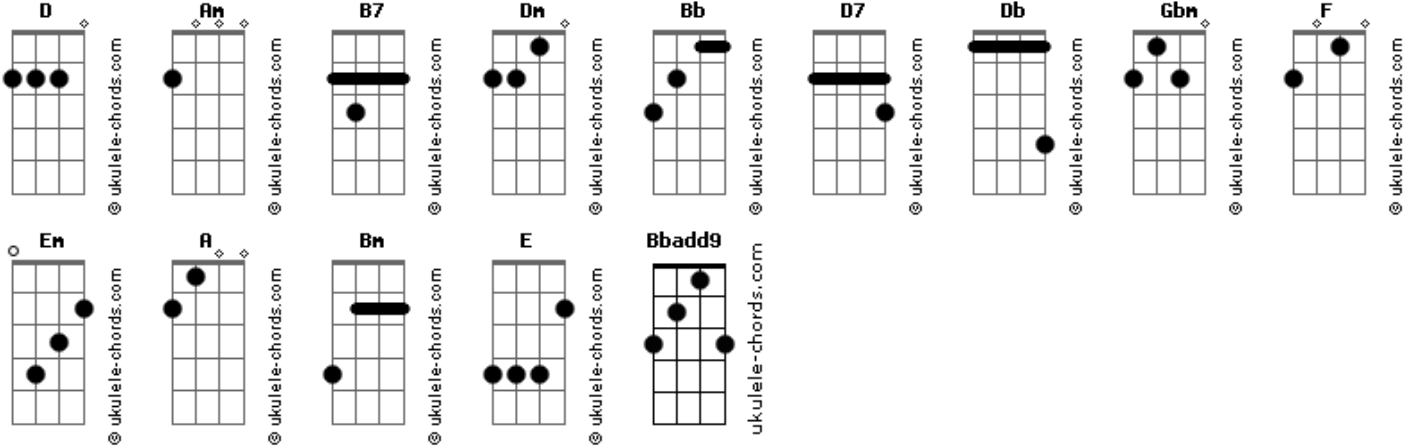
Am
 Your grandfather's guitar
 Thinking about how funny I must look

Trying to adjust to what's been there all along
 With the boat kiosk lady and her sleepy amigos

D7 **Db** **Gbm**
 But it ain't a holiday until
 You go to fetch something from the car

Am
 Travel size champagne cork pops
B7
 And we're sweeping for bugs

Acordes



Dm **Am**
 In some dusty apartment, the what's-it-called café
 You can arrive at 11 and have lunch with the English

D7 **Db** **Gbm**
 But it ain't a holiday until
 They force you to make a wish

They say: Climb up this
 And: Jump off that

And you pretend to fall asleep on the way back
 (**Am** **B7** **Dm** **Am** **D7**)

D7 **Db** **Gbm**
 No, it ain't a holiday until
 You go up to fetch something from the car