

Arctic Monkeys - The Car

tom:

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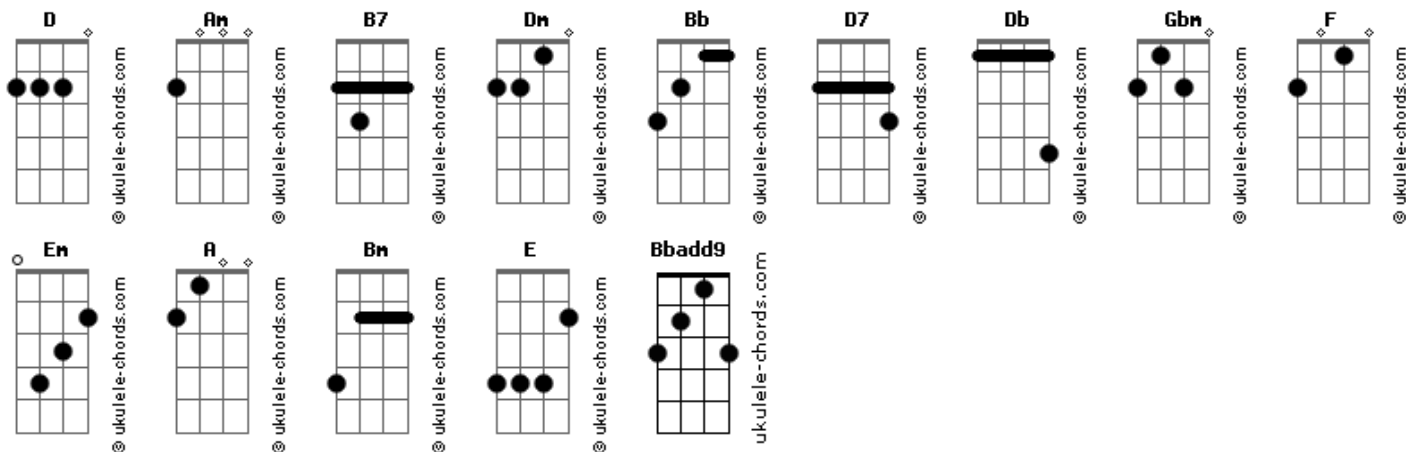
Intro: Bbadd9 Am B7 Dm Bb
Bbadd9 Am Am B7 Dm

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