

Australian Crawl - Unpublished Critics

Tom: C
Intro: (C Bb F) 2X

I'm just a
C shy romantic with my eyes on the loose

Bb I'm in a overcoarted way

F A poet in a garret

C You know some people say

C Standing at the barline with my lip on the curl

Bb I'm with the other lean and lear

F My finger on the pulse

C And my hand around a beer

G F C Ah, Ahh, well I don't wanna know what's going round here

G F C Ah, Ahh, I've got to get away, to get away, to get away

C The singer in the band, he sweat on a pose
Bb

And he's really such a jerk

F Thinks he can call me stupid

C Because he gets a lot of work

C I'm standing in the background, got my arms on the fold

Bb And every dog's gonna have it's day

F C The New Musical Express and my own 4-way P.A.

G F C Ah, Ahh, well I don't wanna know what's going round here

G F C Ah, Ahh, it's just a matter of time, hold it under light

G F C Ah, Ahh, I've got to get away, to get away, to get away

C Well, I've been reading those biographies in paperback

Bb I've got a death-wish that I can't explain

F I've been working on the petulance

C And the urchin took my name

(Refrão)

Acordes

