

Australian Crawl - Unpublished Critics

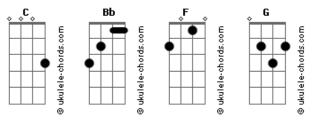
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Tom: C
Intro: (C Bb F ) 2X

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

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



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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)
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