

Australian Crawl - Unpublished Critics

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

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

I'm in a overcoarted way
Bb

A poet in a garret
F

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

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
G F C

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

And he's really such a jerk

Thinks he can call me stupid
F

Because he gets a lot of work
C

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

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

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

