

# Beck - Lord Only Knows

Tom: B

**B**  
 You only got one finger left and it's pointing at the door  
**B** **Ab** **E**  
 And you're taking for granted what the Lord's made on the floor

**B** **Ab** **E** **B**  
 So I'm picking up the pieces and putting them up for sale  
**B** **Ab** **E**  
 Throw your meal ticket out the window put your skeletons in jail

**Gb** **B**  
 Cuz' Lord only knows it's getting late  
**Gb** **B**  
 Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate  
**E** **Ab** **B** **Ab**  
 To give yourself a call let your bottom dollars fall  
**G** **Gb** **B**  
 Throwing your two bit cares down the drain

**B** **Ab** **E** **B**  
 Invite me to the seven seas like some seasick man  
**B** **Ab** **E** **B**

you do whatever you please and I'll do whatever I can

**B** **Ab** **E** **B**  
 Titanic, fare thee well, my eyes are turning pink  
**B** **Ab** **E** **B**  
 Don't call us when the new age gets old enough to drink

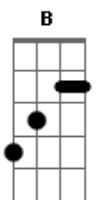
**Gb** **B**  
 Cuz' Lord only knows it's getting late

**Gb** **B**  
 Your senses are gone so don't hesitate  
**E** **Ab** **B** **Ab**  
 To move on up the hill there's nothing dead left to kill  
**G** **Gb** **B**  
 Throwing your two bit cares down the drain

**B** **A** **Gb** **E** **B** **A**  
 Odelay odelay odelay odelay odelay odelay  
**Gb** **E** **B** **A** **Gb** **E**  
 Just passing through, odelay odelay odelay odelay

Going back to Houston do the hotdog dance  
 Going back to Houston to get me some pants

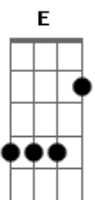
## Acordes



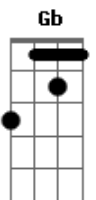
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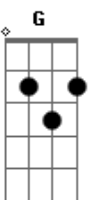
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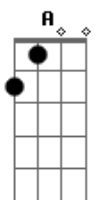
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