

Beck - Tropicalia

Tom: **Db**

B7#9 G7 Bb7 A7 D#7#9 Db7 C#7#9 B7

when they beat on a broken guitar
 and on the streets they reek of tropical charms
 the embassies lie in hideous shards
 where tourists snore and decay

when they dance in a reptile blaze
 you wear a mask an equatorial haze
 into the past a colonial maze
 where there's no more confetti to throw

D#7#9 **Db7** D#7#9
 you didn't know what to say to yourself
Db7 C#7#9
 love is a poverty you couldn't sell

B7 B7#9
 misery waiting in vague hotels
Bb7 A7
 to be evicted

you're out of luck you're singing funeral songs
 to the studs they're anabolic and bronze
 they seem to strut in their millennial fogs
 'til they fall down and deflate

CHORUS

now you've had your fun

it's burned into your eyes
 leaves you plain and left behind
 see them eyes and fall
 into the jaws of a pestilent love

you didn't know what to say to yourself
 love is a poverty you couldn't sell
 misery waiting in vague hotels
 to be a victim

Acordes

