

Blur - Country House

Tom: A

G
(So the story begins)
A
City dweller, successful fella
Bm
Thought to himself

Oops I've gotta a lot of money
D
I'm caught in a rat race terminally
A
I'm a professional cynic but my heart's not in it
Bm
I'm paying the price of living life at the limit
D

Caught up in the centuries anxiety
E
It preys on him, he's getting thin

A
Now he live's in a house, very big house in the country
D
Watching afternoons repeat, and the food he eats in the country
E7 Eb
He takes all maner of pills, and piles up analyst bills in the country

Ab
It's like an animal farm, that's so rural charm in the country

repetem-se as mesmas cifras para o resto da música.

Acordes

