

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
D
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

