

# Crazy Ex-Girlfriend - What'll It Be?

tom:

Intro: **Dm7** **G7** **Am** **C**  
 It's 5:53 on Thanksgiving  
 Not one customer's walked through the door  
 But I'm still here, slingin' drinks for a living  
 I've never played piano before

Not bad  
 I know this town like the back of my hand  
 But I'm not such a fan of the back of my hand  
 Cause if you look real close

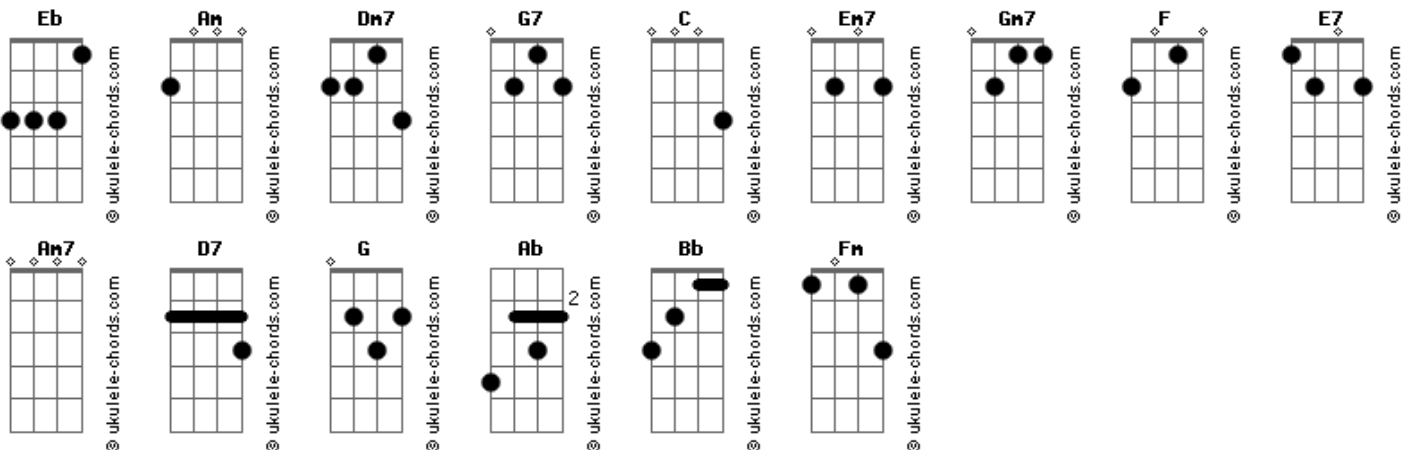
At those little hairs and veins You're like  
 "Hands are sort of gross"  
 It's hard to explain  
 The point is

Hey, West Covina  
 Why won't you let me break free?  
 I'm doomed to stay here  
 Pouring my high school friends' beers  
 For the rest of eternity?

Hey, West Covina  
 You know just where to find me  
 I'll never go far, so pull up to the bar  
 Hey, West Covina  
 What'll it be?

( C Eb F C F )

## Acordes



It's 5:55, I'm still singing  
 The big Turkey Day game's letting out  
 But no one's comin' here  
 Who am I kiddin'?  
 Hey, you sunburned MILFs  
 Give me a shout  
 Everyone's going home  
 'Cause it's time to give thanks  
 Thanks for the chain stores and outlets and banks  
 Thanks for this town three short hours from the beach  
 Where all of your dreams can stay just out of reach

Dun-dun bom-bom!  
 Gun-ga bom-dom!

Hey, West Covina  
 You're not listenin', so what's the use?  
 Is my purpose in life to slice limes with a knife?  
 Or to serve Deb a vodka and cranberry juice?  
 Hey, Deb, I'll be right with you.

Hey, West Covina  
 Look what you're doing to me  
 Can't you see, West Covina  
 You're killing me, West Covina  
 Last call, West Covina  
 What'll it be?

[Final] C Eb F C