

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

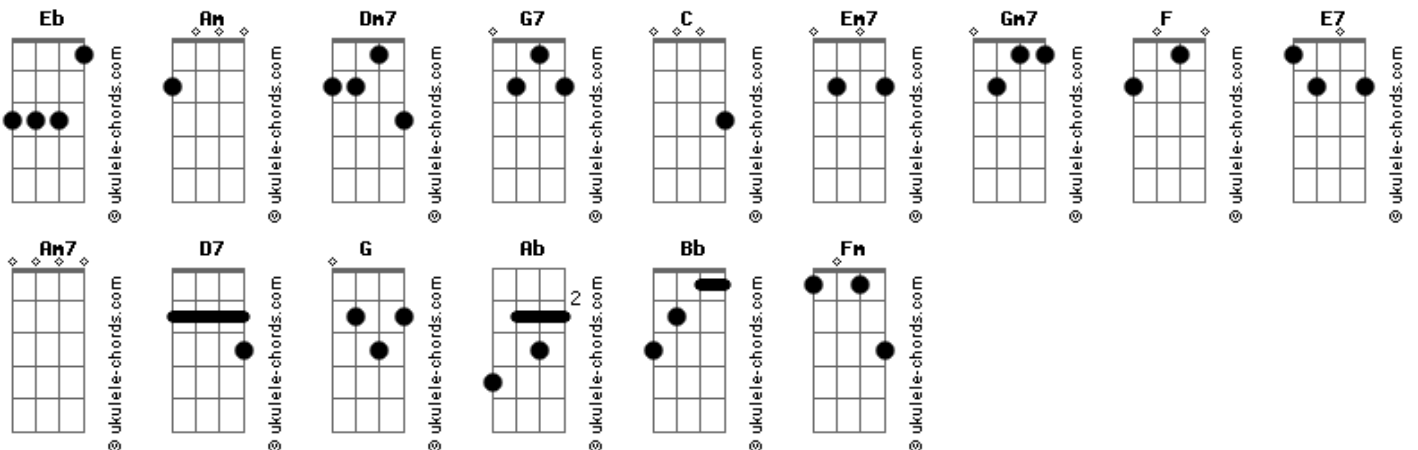
At those little hairs and veins You're like
 "Hands are sort of gross"
 It's hard to explain
 The point is

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