

Crazy Ex-Girlfriend - What'll It Be?

tom:

Intro: Dm G7 C Am

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

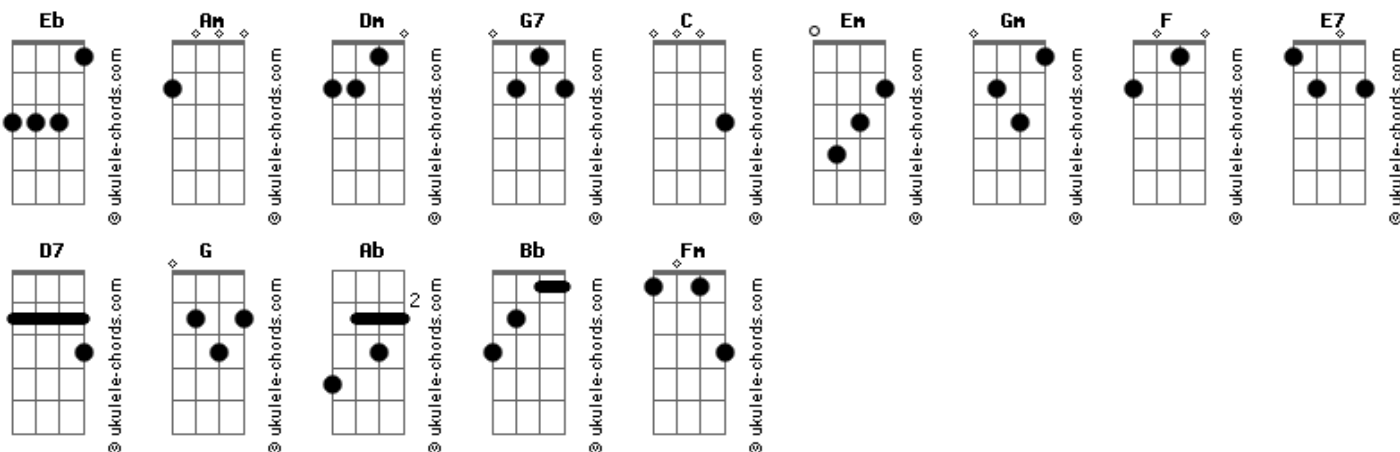
I'll never go far, so pull up to the bar

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