

David Bowie - Queen Bitch

Tom: C

Intro: C C G F repeat 8 times

C
I'm up on the eleventh floor
F
And I'm watching the cruisers below
C C G F
C C G F
C
He's down on the street
F
And he's trying hard to pull sister Flo
C C G F
C C G F
C
My heart's in the basement
F
My weekend's at an all time low
C C G F
C C G F
C
'Cause she's hoping to score
F
So I can't see her letting him go
E
Walk out of her heart
F A
Walk out of her mind
B D
She's so swishy in her satin and tat
B D
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
B
Oh God, I could do better than that
C C G F (play 4 times)
C
She's an old-time ambassador
F
Of sweet talking, night walking games
C C F G
C C F G
C
And she's known in the darkest clubs
F
For pushing ahead of the dames
C C F G
C C F G
C
If she says she can do it
F
Then she can do it, she don't make false claims
C C F G
C C F G
C
But she's a Queen, and such are queens
F
That your laughter is sucked in their brains
E
Now she's leading him on
F
And she'll lay him right down
E
Yes she's leading him on

F
Yes she'll lay him right down
E
But it could have been me
F
Yes, it could have been me
E
Why didn't I say,
F A
why didn't I say, no, no, no
B D
She's so swishy in her satin and tat
B D
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
B
Oh God, I could do better than that
C C G F (play 4 times)
C
So I lay down a while
F
And I gaze at my hotel wall
C C G F
C C G F
C
Oh the cot is so cold
F
It don't feel like no bed at all
C C G F
C C G F
C
Yeah I lay down a while
F
And I look at my hotel wall
C C G F
C C G F
C
But he's down on the street
F
So I throw both his bags down the hall
E
And I'm phoning a cab
F
'Cause my stomach feels small
E
There's a taste in my mouth
F
And it's no taste at all
E
It could have been me
F
Oh yeah, it could have been me
E
Why didn't I say,
E A
Why didn't I say, no, no, no
B D
She's so swishy in her satin and tat
B D
In her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat
B
Oh God, I could do better than that
C C F G repeat 7 times
then end with a G

Acordes

