

# Franz Ferdinand - The Fallen

Tom: C

Guitar 1

Guitar 2

Guitar 1

Guitar 2

Bass Solo

A F X 4

Letra:

Some say you're trouble, boy  
 Just because you like to destroy  
 All the things that bring the idiots joy  
 Well, what's wrong with a little destruction?

And the Kunst won't talk to you  
 Because you kissed St Rollox Adieu  
 Because you robbed a supermarket or two  
 Well, who gives a damn about the prophets of Tesco?

Did I see you in a limousine  
 Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
 Turn the rich into wine  
 Walk on the mean  
 For the fallen are the virtuous among us  
 Walk among us  
 Never judge us  
 Yeah we're all...

Up now and get 'em, boy  
 Up now and get 'em, boy

Drink to the devil and death for the doctors

Did I see you in a limousine  
 Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
 Five thousand users fed today  
 As you feed us  
 Won't you lead us  
 To be blessed

So we stole and drank Champagne  
 On the seventh seal you said you never feel pain  
 "I never feel pain, won't you hit me again?"  
 "I need a bit of black and blue to be a rotation"

In my blood I feel the bubbles burst  
 There was a flash of fist, an eyebrow burst  
 You've a lazy laugh and a red white shirt  
 I fall to the floor fainting at the sight of blood

Did I see you in a limousine  
 Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
 Turn the rich into wine  
 Walk on the mean  
 Be they Magdalene or virgin you've already been  
 You've already been and we've already seen  
 That the fallen are the virtuous among us  
 Walk among us  
 Never judge us to be blessed

So I'm sorry if I ever resisted  
 I never had a doubt you ever existed  
 I only have a problem when people insist on  
 Taking their hate and placing it on your name

Some say you're trouble, boy  
 Just because you like to destroy  
 You are the word, the word is 'destroy'  
 I break this bottle and think of you fondly

Did I see you in a limousine  
 Flinging out the fish and the unleavened  
 To the whore in a hostel  
 Or the scum of a scheme  
 Turn the rich into wine  
 Walk on the mean  
 It's not a jag in the arm  
 It's a nail in the beam  
 On this barren Earth  
 You scatter your seed  
 Be they Magdalene or virgin  
 You've already been  
 Yeah, you've already been  
 We've already seen  
 That the fallen are the virtuous among us  
 Walk among us  
 If you judge us  
 We're all damned

## Acordes

