

Guns N' Roses - I.r.s.

Tom: D

Intro: D7 Db

D7 Db
 Ah, ah
 D7 Db
 Is it true
 D7 Db
 What they say of you

Gbm
 Gonna call the president
 A
 Gonna call a private eye
 Gbm
 Gonna get the IRS
 A
 Gonna need the FBI
 D Db
 There's not anymore
 Db
 That I can do

Gbm
 All the reasons
 That you gave
 A
 I'd follow you
 Gbm
 To where you'd lead
 And if that'd be
 A
 The end of time it's true

Gbm
 Wouldn't be the first time I been wrong
 A
 Wouldn't be the last
 I'm sure I've known
 Gbm
 With all the rumors I could tell
 A
 Something didn't work so well
 D Db
 Well anyway it feels the same

Gbm
 As when you first told me
 C Db
 You were gone
 Db
 So long ago but I still held on
 Gbm
 Through all the emotions
 C Db
 The love and the sex
 And what's the truth
 Db
 An here's the worst yet

Gbm C
 Would it even mattered the things that I'd say
 Db
 You made your mind up and gone anyway
 Gbm C Db
 And there's no use now in draggin' it on
 Db
 Shoulda seen it comin' all along

Solo (Gbm C Dbm)

D7
 Well it's true
 Db
 I had my doubts of you

Gbm
 Gonna call the president
 A
 Gonna call myself a private eye
 Gbm
 Gonna get the IRS
 A
 Gonna get the FBI
 Gbm
 Gonna make this a federal case
 A
 Gonna wave it right down in your face
 Gbm
 Read it baby with your morning news
 A
 With a sweet hangover
 And the headlines too

D7 Db
 Ah...
 Ah...

Gbm
 I bet you think I'm doin' this
 All for my health
 A
 I should looked again babe at somebody else
 Gbm
 Feelin' like I'm done way more than wrong
 A
 Feelin' like I'm livin' inside of this song
 Gbm
 Feelin' like I'm just too tired to care
 A
 Feelin' like I done more than my share
 Gbm
 Could it be the way I've carried on
 A
 Like a broken record for so long

D7 Db
 And I do
 Ooh ooh

Gbm
 Gonna call the president
 A
 Gonna call a private eye
 Gbm
 Gonna get the IRS
 A
 Gonna get myself the FBI

D Db
 Ooh What shall I do
 If I...
 D Db
 Gave my heart to you oh
 D Db
 It's such a crime
 D
 You know it's true

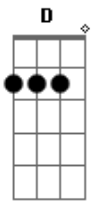
(D Db)
 Db (Gbm C Db)

Gbm
 Gonna call the president
 A
 Gonna call myself a private eye
 Gbm
 Gonna get the IRS
 A
 Gonna get the FBI
 Gbm
 Gonna make this a federal case
 A
 Gonna wave it right down in your face
 Gbm
 Read it baby with your morning news

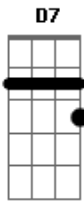
A
With a sweet hangover
And the headlines too

D7
There's not anymore
Db **D7**
That I can do

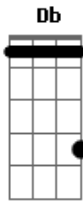
Acordes



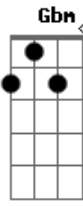
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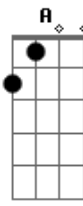
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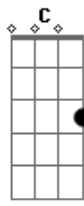
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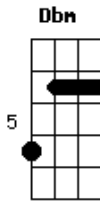
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