

# 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

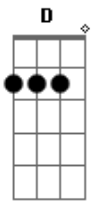
( D Db )  
 Db ( Gbm C Db )

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

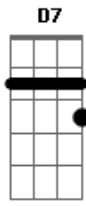
**A**  
With a sweet hangover  
And the headlines too

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

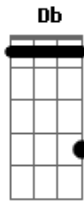
## Acordes



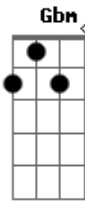
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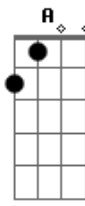
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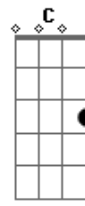
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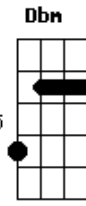
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