

The Libertines - Road to ruin

Tom: E

How can we make you understand? All you can be is given in your hands.
 No, you won't need money,
 Trust in me, take me by the hand. Oh, give us a chip, dreams are,
 Strewn across the sand, you won't need money.

Chorus:

Well all the bent back peddlers the jugglers and fools.
 They drive me crazy, I'm climbing the walls,
 So show me the way, the way to my stool.

Cos I'm so sick, so sick of it all. When the penny drops.

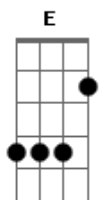
Verse:

Trust in me, take me by the hand. No don't cash in your chips.
 Just yet, They're strewn across the sand. You won't need,
 You won't need money, no, no.

Chorus:

Well all the bent back peddlers, the jugglers and fools.
 They drive me crazy, It's no good at all. So show me the way,
 The way to my stool, Cos I'm so sick, so sick of it all.
 When the penny drops.

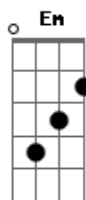
Acordes



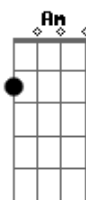
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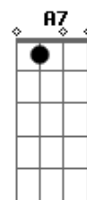
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