

Morrissey - A Song From Under The Floorboards

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Glows with pleasure at my own stupidity
                                                                                                                                         tom:
Intro: Dm F Bb G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     [Refrão]
                                      Dm F Bb G
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     This is a song from under the floorboards
                                                                                                  Bb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     This is a song from where the wall is cracked
I am angry, I am ill and I'm as ugly as \sin
Dm C Bb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     My force of habit, I am an insect
My irritability keeps me alive and kicking
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     I have to confess I'm proud as hell of that fact
                                                                                    Bb
                                           С
I know the meaning of life
It doesn't help me a bit
                                               D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     [Terceira Parte]
I know beauty and I know
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             Bb
A good thing when I see it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     I used to make phantoms I could later chase
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Bb
[Refrão]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Images of all that could be desired
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Then I got tired of counting
This is a song from under the floorboards
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     All of these blessings
This is a song from where the wall is cracked
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Bb F
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     And then I just got tired
My force of habit, I am an insect
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     [Final]
I have to confess I'm proud as hell of that fact
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    This is a song from under the floorboards % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1
[Segunda Parte]
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     This is a song from where the wall is cracked
I know the highest and the best
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     My force of habit, I am an insect
                                                 C
                                                                                                            Bh
I accord them all due respect
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     I have to confess I'm proud as hell of that fact
But the brightest jewel inside of me
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Acordes

