

The Offspring - Blackball

Tom: **D**

notation:
 / slide up (first note picked)
 \ slide down
 g grace note. Held for a split second, is not counted in the timing.
 (crappy explanation, I know, but I haven't taken music lessons in about five years)
 h hammer on (first note picked)
 p pull off (first note picked)
 t tap (don't pick it, just tap the string real hard)

regular tuning

1: intro and rhythm section

2: chorus ("Win the battle lose the war...")

chorus part 2 ("I don't want this anymore...")

3: guitar solo (played by guitar 1 with accompanying chords from guitar 2)

E F E

Eb E

4: interlude part 1 (play 3x)

note: on third time, stop... here! and go into interlude part 2
 /|\

5: Interlude part 2

6: Interlude part 3 ("In the style of forgotten men...")

Lyrics:

In this world of hate and shallowness
 Where enemies become your consolation
 And those of us who win the game give up our minds
 I don't call that winning
 Say this doesn't apply to you
 But ask yourself first
 What have I done today to win the game
 And just what have I sacrificed

Win the battle lose the war
 I know I've played this game before
 When people were still real
 I don't want this anymore
 It's time for me to close the door
 There's nothing left to feel

Reflect on all our yesterdays
 My own words choke me
 Why were they spoken
 Regret for the things I've said and done
 Just can't compare with
 Regret for those that I have never tried
 So blame this world or blame yourself
 It's really all the same
 When you are standing on the precipice
 >From which you just can't return

Win the battle lose the war
 I know I've played this game before
 When people were still real
 I don't want this anymore
 It's time for me to close the door
 There's nothing left to feel

In the style of forgotten men
 I look to my horizon
 I see nothing
 While thoughts of guns and desecration
 Sweep through my mind
 But only coffins and bones remain
 As I look to you
 The emptiness behind your eyes
 Seals my decision
 Can't carry on in this world of juggling
 Where all this thoughtlessness and bludgeoning
 Your key to success
 What kind of tradition to carry on

Have found their way inside me

In this high tech dog eat dog existence

(Chorus)

Acordes

