

# 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

