

Placebo - Kings Of Medicine

Tom: C

C They're pickin' up pieces of me,
 G While they're pickin' up pieces of you.
 F
 C In a bag you will be, before the day is over.
 G
 F Were you looking for somewhere to be.
 F
 E Or looking for someone to do.
 E
 E Stupid me, to believe that I could trust in stupid you.
 F
 E And on the back of my hand,
 F
 E Were, directions I could understand.
 F
 E Now that old buzzard Johnny Walker,
 F
 E Has gone and ruined all our plans.
 C
 E Our best-made plans.

Chorus:

G Don?t leave me here, to cast through time,
 A
 E Without a map, or road sign.
 C
 G Don?t leave me here, my guiding light,
 A
 E 'Cause I... I... wouldn't know where to begin.
 F
 E I asked the Kings of Medicine.
 E
 C They're pickin' up pieces of me,
 G
 F While they're pickin' up pieces of you.
 C

Lying on ice you will be before the day is over.
 C
 G It's a case in point baby,
 F
 E That you never thought it through.
 E
 E Stupid me, that I could depend on stupid you.
 F
 E And on the tip of my tongue,
 F
 E Were, words that always came out all wrong.
 F
 E 'Cause they were drowned in Southern Comfort,
 F
 C Left to dry-out in the Sun,
 C
 E The noon-day Sun.

Chorus X2

G Don?t leave me here, to cast through time,
 A
 E Without a map, or road sign.
 C
 G Don?t leave me here, my guiding light,
 A
 E 'Cause I... I... wouldn't know where to begin.
 F
 E I asked the Kings of Medicine.
 E
 F But it seems that they've lost their powers.
 E
 F Now all I'm left with is the hour.
 E
 C Don?t leave me here,
 G
 C Don?t leave me here, oh no-oh,
 A
 E I wouldn't know where to begin.
 E

Acordes

