

# 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 Were you looking for somewhere to be.  
 F Or looking for someone to do.  
 E Stupid me, to believe that I could trust in stupid you.  
 F And on the back of my hand,  
 E Were, directions I could understand.  
 F Now that old buzzard Johnny Walker,  
 E Has gone and ruined all our plans.  
 C 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 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 It's a case in point baby,  
 G  
 F That you never thought it through.  
 E Stupid me, that I could depend on stupid you.  
 F And on the tip of my tongue,  
 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 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 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

