

Pulp - Sorted For E's And Wizz

Intro: ^C tom:

(2x)

(2x)

[Verso 1]

Oh, is this the way they say the future's meant to feel?
 Or just ^G 20,000 people standing in a field?
 And I don't quite understand just what this feeling is
 But that's ^G OK, 'cos we're all sorted out for E's and wizz
 And tell me when the spaceship lands
 'Cos all this has just got to mean something

[Refrão]

Oh ^{Dm}
 In the middle of the night ^F
 It feels alright, but then tomorrow morning ^{Bb}
^{Am}
 Oh
 Oh, then you come down ^{Bb} ^G

[Verso 2]

Oh yeah, the pirate radio told us what was going down
 Got the tickets from some fucked-up bloke in Camden Town
 Oh, and no-one seems to know exactly where it is
 But that's ^G OK, 'cos we're all sorted out for E's and wizz
 At 4 o'clock the normal world seems very very very far away
 hey

[Refrão]

^{Dm}
 Alright!

In the middle of the night ^F
 It feels alright, but then tomorrow morning ^G ^{Bb}
^{Am}
 Oh
 Oh, then you come down ^{Bb} ^G

[Verso 3]

Just keep on moving! ^C ^G
 Everybody asks your name They say we're all the same
 And now it's "nice one, geezer" (and that's as far as the conversation went)
 I lost my friends and danced alone It's 6 o'clock, I wanna go home
 But it's "no way, not today" Makes you wonder what it meant, and, uh...
 And this hollow feeling grows and grows and grows
 And you want to call your mother And say: "Mother, I can never come home again!"
 "'Cos I seem to have left an important part of my brain
 Somewhere, somewhere in a field in Hampshire", alright!

[Refrão]

^{Dm} ^F
 In the middle of the night
 It feels alright, but then tomorrow morning ^G ^{Bb}
^{Am}
 Oh
 Oh, then you come down ^{Bb}
^{Am}
 Oh
 Oh, then you come down ^{Bb}
^{Am} ^{Bb}
 Oh, what if you never come down?

Acordes

