

# Ramones - Don't Bust my Chops

Tom: G

[ G Bb C D ] x3  
 [ C D ]  
 G Bb C D

I'm sick and tired of you calling me names  
 I'm sick and tired of your childish games  
 I'm sick and tired of your bullshit brats  
 Cocaine stupor and anxiety attacks  
 Picked up the magazine, I see your face  
 You're nothin' boy, a goddamn waste  
 With the lamest fashions on your back  
 You're never happy, a hypochondriac

G C Bb G  
 Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops  
 Don't bust my chops, baby, don't bust my chops

[ C D C ] x4

You're a styling queen and an alley cat

Too many chocolates keep a fat man fat  
 You're a pain in the ass, and your on the loose  
 All I get from you is your bad attitude  
 Dirty mouth, it's all I can bear  
 Get outta here bitch, 'cause you're nowhere  
 Always wearin' that cheap perfume  
 Can always tell when you're in the room  
 Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...

[ C D C ] x4  
 [ G Bb C D ] x3  
 [ C D ]  
 Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...  
 Don't bust my chops, baby, don't...  
 [ C D C ] x4

G:	---	Bb:	---	C:	---	D:	---
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	5-		8-		5-		7-
	5-		8-		3-		5-
	3-		6-		---		---

## Acordes

