

Robbie Williams - Life Thru A Lens

```
Tom: G
                                                                And wash them well so he can't tell
                        Δ7M
                                                                She`s looking real drab just out of rehab
Wake up on sunday morning and everything feels so boring
                                                                I`m talking football she`s talking ab fab
                                                                Your clothes are very kitch just because your daddy is rich
Is that where it ends live your life through a lens
                                                                You sound so funny with your voice all plummy
                                                               Now your cheque's just bounced better run to your mummy
Verse: (p.m.)
                                                                And you know it's a class act she'll never ask for it back
Hair is the new hat, brown is the new black
                                                                Bridge:
                                                                Gbm
she shouldn't wear this he shouldn't wear that
                                                                Just because I ain`t double barelled don`t mean
                                                                                     D
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends
                                                                I haven't travelled well, can't you tell!
Fashion tardis down at quo vadis
                                                                Chorus:
                                                                                        A7M
                                                                Mix with the local gentry and don't crash Tarquin's Bentley
who laughs the longest who drives the hardest
                                                                I`ll take the bends with our life thru a lens
Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends
                                                                                                  A7M
                                                                You`re scared of the poor and needy is that why you`re all
Bridge:
Gbm
                     F
                                      F
                                                                inbreedy?
Just because I ain't double barelled don't mean
                    D
                                     Dh
                                                                They`re just like you, they need love too
I haven't travelled well, can't you tell!
                                                                Zw.Spiel:
                                                                             A7M
                                                                                          F (p.m.)
Oh no it's quite appaling your conversation is boring as hell, Chorus:
oh well!
                                                                Wake up on Sunday morning and everything feels so boring
Chorus:
(A)
                         A7M
                                                                Is that where it ends with your life through a lens
Wake up on Sunday morning and everything feels so boring
                                                                And now your boyfriend`s suspicious so go home and wash the
                    D
Is that where it ends with your life through a lens
And now your boyfriend`s suspicious so go home and wash the
                                                                And wash them well so he can't tell
                                                                Outro:
Bm Bm
                                                               A A7M
```

Acordes

