

## **Robbie Williams - Life Thru A Lens**

Tom: G And wash them well so he can't tell 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: who laughs the longest who drives the hardest Mix with the local gentry and don't crash Tarquin's Bentley I`ll take the bends with our life thru a lens Pleasure at leisure make mine a double measure with friends You`re scared of the poor and needy is that why you`re all Bridge: Gbm F F inbreedy? E G 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: G 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) 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 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: A A G Bm Bm

## **Acordes**

