

Sam Fender - Seventeen Going Under

tom:

Intro: Ab Db ^{Ab} Gb Db

^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
I remember the sickness was forever
^{Db} ^{Gb} ^{Db}
I remember snuff videos
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
Cold septembers

The distances we covered
^{Db} ^{Gb}
The fist fights on the beach
^{Db}
The bizzies round us up
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
Do it all again next week

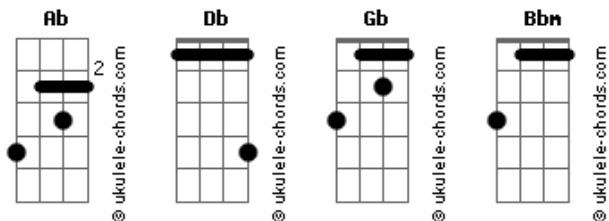
Embryonic love
^{Db} ^{Gb}
The first time that it scarred
^{Db}
Embarrass yourself for someone
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
Crying like a child

And the boy who kicked Tom's head in
^{Db} ^{Gb}
Still bugs me now
^{Db}
That's the thing it lingers
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
And claws you when you're down
(Db Gb Db Bbm)

^{Ab}
I was far too scared to hit him
^{Db} ^{Gb}
But I would hit him in a heartbeat now
^{Db}
That's the thing with anger
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
It begs to stick around

So it can fleece you of your beauty
^{Db} ^{Gb}
And leave you spent with nowt to offer
^{Db}
It makes you hurt the ones who love you
^{Ab} ^{Db} ^{Gb} ^{Db}
You hurt them like they're nothing
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}

Acordes



You hurt them like they're nothing
(Db Gb Db Bbm)

^{Ab}
See I spent my teens enraged
^{Db} ^{Gb}
Spiraling in silence
^{Db}
And I armed myself with a grin
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
'Cause I was always a fuckin' joker

Buried in their humour
^{Db} ^{Gb}
Amongst the white noise and boys' boys
^{Db}
Locker room talkin' lads' lads
^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
Drenched in cheap drink and snide fags
A mirrored picture of my old man
^{Db} ^{Gb}
Oh God the kid's a dab hand

Canny chanter, but he looks sad
^{Db} ^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
God, the kid looks so sad
(Db Gb Db)

^{Bbm} ^{Ab}
She said the debt, the debt, the debt

So I thought about shifting gear
^{Db} ^{Gb}
And how she wept and wept and wept
^{Db}
Luck came and died round here

^{Ab}
I see my mother

The DWP see a number
^{Db} ^{Gb}
She cries on the floor encumbered
^{Db}
I'm seventeen going under
^{Bbm} ^{Ab} ^{Db} ^{Gb} ^{Db}
I'm seventeen going under
^{Bbm} ^{Ab} ^{Db} ^{Gb} ^{Db}
I'm seventeen going under
^{Ab}
I'm seventeen going under

[Final] Db Gb Db Bbm Ab