Social Distortion - Born To Lose

```
Tom: Eb
                                                             Ab
                                                                           Eb
Intro: Eb Bb
                                                             Born to lose, was what they said
                                                             Bb
                                                                                      Fb fill
Fh
                                                             You know I was better off dead
                           Δh
I was brought in this world 1962
                                                             Ab
                                                                          Eb
                                                             Born to lose, you're just bad news
Eb
                             Bb
I didn't have much choice you see
                                                             Bb
                                                                          Ab
                                                                                       Fb
                                                             You don't get no second chance
                                   Ab
        Fb
But by the time I was eight, I could tell it was too late
Eb
          Bb
                                  Eb
                                                                                                           Ab
I was already barking up the wrong tree
                                                             I tried to get myself a job Because that's the way that Things
Eb
                       Ab
                                                             are
When I was in school you thought I was a fool
                                                             Fb
                                                                                          Bb
         Bb
                                                             wanna have nice Things and go far
Eb
In trouble, Breaking all the rules
                                                                                                   Ab
                                                             Eb
Eb
                                Ab
                                                             Well I'm sorry Honey, I ain't got much money
I was absent from class, My daddy spanked my bare ass
                                                                                     Bb
                                                             Eb
                                                                                              Eb
              Bb
                                                             But I can sure play this here old Guitar
Fb
                          Eb
But I sure tried hard to be cool
                                                             Eb
                                                                                   Ab
                                                             As the years went on, I made a few mistakes
            Fb
                                                             Fb
                                                                                                 Bb
Born to lose, was what they said
                                                             it was a Troublebound for this young Man
                        Fb fill
Bb
                                                             Fb
                                                                                             Ab
                                                             The police knockin' at my Door, "Well he don't live here
You know I was better off dead
           Eb
Ab
                                                             noMore
Born to lose, you're just bad news
                                                             Eb
                                                                                  Ab
                                                             and he's playin' in a rock 'n'Roll band."
Bb
            Ab
                         Fb
You don't get no second chance
                                                             Ab
                                                                           Fb
                                Ab
                                                             Born to lose, was what they said
It was a hot summer night in mid July
                                                             Bb
                                                                                      Eb fill
                                                             You know I was better off dead
Fb
                     Bb
                                                                        Eb
A hangover and a black eye
                                                             Ab
                              Ab
                                                             Born to lose, you're just bad news
Eb
Your momma said I was a loser, A dead end cruiser
                                                                          Ab
                                                             Bb
                                                                                        Eb
                                                             You don't get no second chance
Eb
                 Bb
                             Eb
And deep inside I knew that she was right
```



