

# T. Rex - Ballrooms Of Mars

tom:

D

[Primeira Parte]

You gonna look fine, be primed for dancing  
 You gonna trip and glide all on the trembling plane  
 Your diamond hands, will be stacked with roses  
 And wind and cars and people of the past

I'll call you thing, just when the moon sings  
 And place your face in stone upon a hill of stars  
 And gripped in the arms, of the changeless madman  
 We'll dance our lives away in the ballrooms of Mars

[Segunda Parte]

You talk about day, I'm talking 'bout night time  
 When monsters call out the names of men  
 Bob Dylan knows, and I bet Alan Freed did  
 There are things in night that are better not to behold

Yoo-oo dance, with your lizard leather boots on  
 And pull the strings that change the faces of men

You diamond browed hag, you're a gutter-gaunt gangster  
 John Lennon knows your name and I've seen his

"Rock!"

[Solo] C C A Am7  
 C Em G  
 C C A D7  
 C G C

[Terceira Parte]

You talk about day, I'm talking 'bout night time  
 When monsters call out the names of men  
 Bob Dylan knows, and I bet Alan Freed did  
 There are things in night that are better not to behold

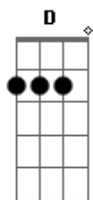
[Quarta Parte]

Yoo-oo dance, with your lizard leather boots on  
 And pull the strings that change the faces of men  
 You diamond browed hag, you're a gutter-gaunt gangster  
 John Lennon knows your name and I've seen his

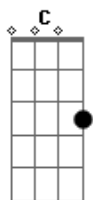
"Rock!"

[Final] C C A Am7  
 C Em G  
 C C A D7  
 C G C

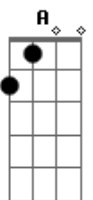
## Acordes



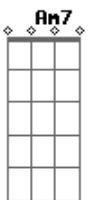
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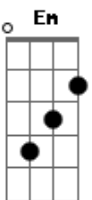
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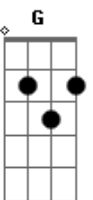
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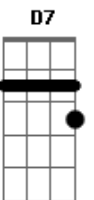
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