

The Cat Empire - One Four Five

Tom: A

Dm
Listen doctor I have pain
Am
That grows inside myself
Dm
Shelf me please I just can't ease the pain
Am
I need some drugs to help
Dm
Ah pollution fills my lungs
Am
And convolution fills my mind
Dm
Ah my legs do ache I contemplate
Am
That living's less than fine
Dm
My spine does tingle
Am
When I think of being Freed from this curse
Dm
But what is worse I feel
Am
Life is a bubble Blown until it's burst
Dm
Oh doctor I am desperate
Am
To get rid of this feeling
Dm
Oh doctor I am desperate
Am
For some good soul healing
Dm
The doctor turned and gave a grin
Am
And reached into his bag
Dm
But instead of an injection
Am
Got a record with a tag
Dm
That said listen to this daily
Am
With hip shaking and such things
Dm
Then he puts the record on
Am
Grabs a mic and starts to sing

You need some

A D E
One four five

To make you high to make you high

To make you high to make you high

When heaven falling from the sky
To make you high to make you high

(Dm, Am)
Doctor I am feeling better
What was that you sang
Did you write it or recite it
Or just steal it from a band
Ah my bones are feeling stronger
And my spirit's feeling fresh
Ah that dose of 145 has put the life
Back in my breath
'yes yes yes' the doctor said
Then he sat me down and say
'young man don't think I wrote
These chords they're written in
Your brain'
And when you hear them
There's a shakedown that begins within
The mind
Cos these three chords make people
Feeling better all the time ah
They keep repeating
Like a scratch on a cd
But it's quality cos these three harmonies
Breed positivity
Protecting against insanity
Of modern insecurities
Believe me when I tell you
All you need is to be hearing all that

A D E
One four five
To make you high to make you high
To make you high to make you high
When they said what and you said why
To make you high to make you high

(Dm, Am)
The doctor turned and gave a grin
And reached into his bag
But instead of an injection
Got a record with a tag
That said listen to this daily
With hip shaking and such things
Then he puts the record on
Grabs a mic and starts to sing
You need some

A D E
One four five
To make you high to make you high
When you could not count to pi
When you're told you can't fly
To make you high to make you high

Times like these you need some
One four five ... hhhuumnn

Acordes

