

# The Fratellis - Jesus Stole My Baby

Tom: D

(com acordes na forma de C )  
Capo na 2ª casa  
(capo 2ª casa)

G F G F  
Jesus stole my baby  
G F G F  
Jesus stole my girl  
G F G F  
He took her away for an hour every Sunday  
Dm C D  
And cut all of her beautiful curls

G F G F  
She was always easy  
G F G F  
Seven days of the week  
G F G F  
Now she's a bore and I've seen it before  
Dm C D  
She thinks it gives her some kind of mystique

G F G F  
Said that she just wants to save me  
G F G F  
Said you can't go on the way that you are  
G F G F  
She chased all my friends, hurts my brain till it bends  
Dm C D  
Hides my cigarettes and steals my guitar

( F G D ) (3x)  
F G D F G D  
And it's a long time since she was mine,  
F G D  
Pretending I am fine  
F G F B7 A  
Another simple boy on the telephone line  
D F G D  
And though she is living here with me  
F G D  
I'm aching to be free  
F G F B7 A  
She takes it all so god damn seriously

( G F ) (4x)  
G F G F  
Well I've always been in love with her treasure  
G F G F  
But she might as well be locked up in chains

G F G F  
When I ask she says no and I'm feeling so low  
Dm C D  
I'm bursting from my feet to my brains

G F G F  
Now if I could only talk to this Jesus  
G F G F  
I'd tell him just how lonely I've been  
G F G F  
I'd ask him to send home my baby again  
Dm C D  
So she can see what kinda state I've been in

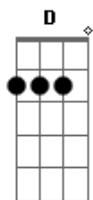
G F G F  
Jesus stole my baby  
G F G F  
So maybe I should steal his  
G F  
She used to be mine  
G F  
Now she's so dull and divine  
Dm C D  
May not be nice but that's the way that it is

( F G D ) (3x)  
F G D F G D  
And I'm lost here among the clowns  
F G D  
Jesus men in gowns  
F G F B7 A  
All sandals and out of tune guitars  
D F G D  
And she talks in terrified tones  
F G D  
Of skeleton bones  
F G F B7 A  
Screaming through a mangled microphone

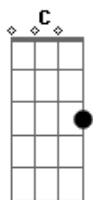
F G D F G D  
And it's a long time since she was mine,  
F G D  
Pretending I am fine  
F G F B7 A  
Another simple boy on the telephone line  
D F G D  
And though she is living here with me  
F G D  
I'm aching to be free  
F G F B7 A  
She takes it all so god damn seriously

( A ) (2x)  
( B7 G )  
Dm C G (til fade)

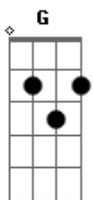
## Acordes



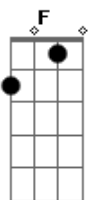
© ukulele-chords.com



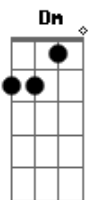
© ukulele-chords.com



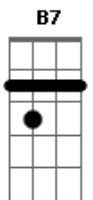
© ukulele-chords.com



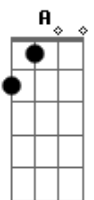
© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com



© ukulele-chords.com