

The Good Life - Notes In His Pockets

Tom: F
Intro: Dm

Dm
Drunk at the bar at last, last call
My baby is home on her night off
So I'm involved in a serious talk
With a girl I had known growing up
So we buy a six, we decide to split
She has a downtown apartment
She opens the door
Falls to the floor
Says "I'm feeling sick of sweet and pure
Take me now, I'm yours", Oh

Dm Bb
Notes in his pockets
G A
Rumors in the mill
Dm Bb
Phone calls after the bars close
G A
Unlisted numbers

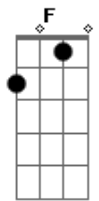
Bb Dm
If she only knew that he'd be through
Bb Dm
But who knows which parts are true
She hates how it looks, but what can she do
The girls all talk behind her back

They say she's being used, Oh
At Sullivan's drinking with Justin
He says he's seen my ex-girlfriend
She's back in town, and what's worse
He knows when and where she works
So we head over to the Underwood
She's trading shots with regulars
She gives me a hug 'till our hips are flushed
Says "boy we hardly kept in touch
It's time for catching up", Oh

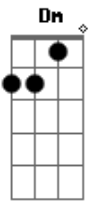
Dm Bb
Notes in his pockets
G A
Rumors in the mill
Dm Bb
Phone calls after the bars close
G A
Unlisted numbers

Still he insists on his innocence
Says those girls are all cousins
She's gotta drop the ax, catch him in the act
With the shame around his ankles chained
The guilt around his neck, Oh
[Final] Dm

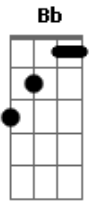
Acordes



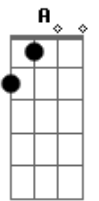
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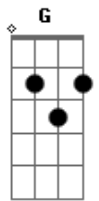
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