

The Strokes - Ode To The Mets

tom:
Intro: Gbm B G Abm Dbm

Up on his horse, up on his horse
Not gonna wake up here anymore
Listen one time, it's not the truth
It's just the story I tell to you
Easy to say, easy to do
But it's not easy, well maybe for you
Hope that you find it, hope that it's good
Hope that you read it, think that you should
Cuts you some slack as he sits back
Sizes you up, plans his attack
Da-da-da drums please, Fab
And I got it all, I got it all
Waitin' for me down on the street
But now you gotta do somethin' special for me
I'm gonna say what's on my mind
Then I'll walk out, then I'll feel fine
Yeah, I'm under his thumb, I'm on his back
I will not show my teeth too quick
I needed you there, I needed you there
But I didn't know, I didn't know

Gbm B
Go alone
E Dbm
I'll go alone

Gbm B
We'll go alone
E Dbm
I'll go alone
(Gbm B Abm Dbm)

Gbm B
Back from his trip, he's at the door
Abm Dbm
When he gets back, he's on the phone
Gbm B
Innocent eye, innocent heart
Abm Dbm
No, it's not wrong, but it's not right
Gbm B
Innocent time, out on his own
Abm Dbm
Not gonna do that, fuck, I'm out of control
Gbm B
I was just bored, playin' the guitar
Abm Dbm
Learned all your tricks, wasn't too hard

Gbm B
It's the last one now, I can promise you that
Abm Dbm
I'm gonna find out the truth when I get back
(Gbm B E Dbm)
(Gbm B E Dbm)

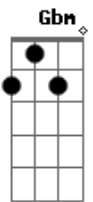
E
Gone now are the old times
Gbm A
Forgotten, time to hold on the railing
B
The Rubik's Cube isn't solving for us
E
Old friends, long forgotten
Gbm
The old ways at the bottom of
A
The ocean now has swallowed
B E
The only thing that's left is us
Gbm
So pardon the silence that you're hearing
A B E Gbm A B
Is turnin' into a deafening, painful, shameful roar

[Final] E

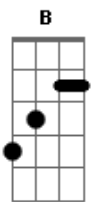
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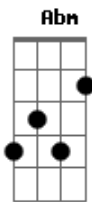
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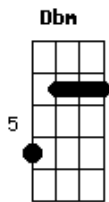
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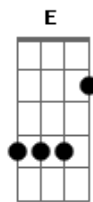
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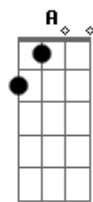
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