

# The Strokes - Ode To The Mets

tom:

E (forma dos acordes no tom de D )

Capostrate na 2ª casa

[Primeira Parte]

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

[Pré-Refrão]

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

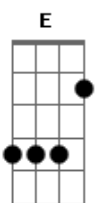
[Refrão]

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

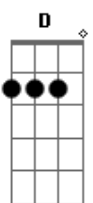
[Ponte]

Go alone  
 I'll go alone  
 We'll go alone

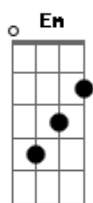
## Acordes



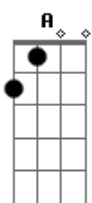
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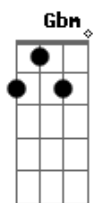
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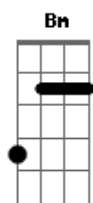
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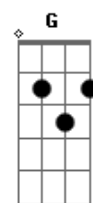
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I'll go alone

[Instrumental] Em A Gbm Bm

[Segunda Parte]

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

[Refrão]

It's the last one now, I can promise you that  
 I'm gonna find out the truth when I get back

[Interlúdio]

Aaah Aaah  
 Aaah Aaah  
 Aaah Aaah  
 Aaah Aaah

[Final]

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

[Solo] D Em G A D