

# The Strypes - Behind Closed Doors

Tom: C

C  
It's a national crisis  
Your dependence on vices  
G  
I'm amazed at your resilience  
To laugh at the other drunken millions  
C  
When the clothes you've worn to work today  
Are speckled with sick and beaujolais  
G  
Hit with the hammer of hard home truths  
There's only one thing that's left to do  
C  
Put your plans on the long finger  
Em Am  
Leave your wife promise the kids you'll see them  
G  
But they know that's just feeble optimism  
C  
You'd like to think you'd have kept in touch  
Em Am  
Some consideration for someone you love  
G  
But you were never very into altruism  
C Am G C  
Behind closed doors, decisions are made  
Am G  
Behind closed doors  
[Solo] C G  
C  
Become disenchanted and get your own place  
Maudlin in private the tears fall with grace  
G  
On damp sheets that smell of dual pack lenore  
And the cigarette ash from the night before  
C  
A threadbare sofa out in the street  
The crumblin' bus station couldn't be more bleak  
G

An old man and his dog just sit and talk  
You have to wonder who's taking who for a walk  
C  
Put your plans on the long finger  
Em E Am  
Leave your wife promise the kids you'll see them  
G  
But they know that's just feeble optimism  
C  
You'd like to think you'd have kept in touch  
Em E Am  
Some consideration for someone you love  
G  
But you were never very into altruism  
C Am G C  
Behind closed doors, decisions are made  
Am G C  
Behind closed doors, you never know what goes on  
[Solo] C G C G  
C  
There's no recourse to be taken here  
The ignored phone calls have made it clear  
G  
They're better off without you in every way  
You pass in the street but there's nothing to say  
C  
There comes a time when you have to decide  
Do you put your family before your pride  
G  
You'd rather see them happy in their own way  
Than miserable with you for another day  
C Am G C  
Behind closed doors, decisions are made  
Am G  
Behind closed doors  
C Am G C  
Behind closed doors, decisions are made  
Am G C  
Behind closed doors, you never know what goes on  
[Solo] C G C G

## Acordes

