

U2 - The Playboy Mansion

Tom: E

E
If Coke is a mystery, Michael Jackson...history
A
If beauty is truth
E
And surgery...the fountain of youth

Dbm Gbm
What am I to do?
Dbm A
Have I got the gifts to get me through
E
The gates of that mansion

E
If OJ is more than a drink
And a Big Mac bigger than you think

A
If perfume is an obsession

E
And talk shows...confession

Dbm Gbm
What have we got to lose?

Dbm A
Another push and maybe we'll be through

E
The gates of that mansion
I never bought a lotto ticket, I never parked in anyone's
space
The banks they're like cathedrals, I guess casinos took their
place

A E

Love come on down, don't wake her she'll come around
Chance is a kind of religion
Where you're damned for plain hard luck
I never did see that movie, never did read that book

A E
Love come on down, let my numbers come around

Dbm Gbm
Don't know if I can hold on

Dbm A
Don't know if I'm that strong

Dbm Gbm
Don't know if I can wait that long

Dbm A
Till the colours come flashing and the lights go on

E
Then will there be no time for sorrow?
Then will there be no time for shame?

A E
Though I can't say why, I know I've got to believe

Dbm Gbm
We'll go driving in that pool

Dbm A
It's who you know that gets you through

E
The gates of the playboy mansion
Then will there be no time of sorrow?
Then will there be no time for pain?
Then will there be no tome of sorrow?
Then will there be no time for shame?

Acordes

