

Lord Only Knows
Beck

B G# E B
You only got one finger left and it s pointing at the door
B G# E B
And you re taking for granted what the Lord s made on the floor
B G# E B
So I m picking up the pieces and putting them up for sale
B G# E B
Throw your meal ticket out the window put your skeletons in jail

F# B
Cuz Lord only knows it s getting late
F# B
Your senses are gone so don t you hesitate
E G# B G#
To give yourself a call let your bottom dollars fall
G F# B
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain

B G# E B
Invite me to the seven seas like some seasick man
B G# E B
you do whatever you please and I ll do whatever I can
B G# E B
Titanic, fare thee well, my eyes are turning pink
B G# E B
Don t call us when the new age gets old enough to drink

F# B
Cuz Lord only knows it s getting late
F# B
Your senses are gone so don t hesitate
E G# B G#
To move on up the hill there s nothing dead left to kill
G F# B
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain

B A F# E B A
Odelay odelay odelay odelay odelay odelay
F# E B A F# E
Just passing through, odelay odelay odelay odelay

Going back to Houston do the hotdog dance
Going back to Houston to get me some pants