

Great Suburban Showdown
Billy Joel

G Am Bm C G D C A D

Flyin G east on a plane, drinkin Am all that free champagne Bm C
G D C A D
Guess I saw this comin down the line...

G And I know it should be fun, but I think I should have packed my gun, Am Bm C
G D C
Got that old suburban showdown in my mind.

G Sit around with the folks, tell the same old tired jokes Am Bm C
G D C A D
Bored to death on Sunday afternoon

G Mom and Dad, me and you, and the outdoor barbecue Am Bm C
G D C
Think I m gonna hide out in my room

G I ve been Em gone for a while, made some changes in my style Bm
C G F F7
and they say you can t go home anymore

Em Well the streets all look the same, and I ll have to play the game Bm E
Am
We ll all sit around in the kitchen chairs
C D D4
with the tv on with the neighbors there

G Out in the yard where my Daddy worked so hard Am Bm C
G D C A D
He never lets the crabgrass grow too high
G Am Bm C
Oh the place hasn t changed and that s why I m gonna feel so strange,
G D C
but I have to face the music, bye and bye...

G Am Bm C G D C A D G Am Bm C G D G

G I ve been Em gone for a while, made some changes in my style Bm
C G F F7

and they say you can't go home anymore

Em

Bm

E

Well the streets all look the same, and I'll have to play the game

Am

We'll all sit around in the kitchen chairs

C

D

D4

with the tv on with the neighbors there

G

Am

Bm

C

We'll drive into town, when this big-bird touches down

G

D

C

A D

I'm only coming home to say goodbye,

G

Am

Bm

C

Then I'm gone with the wind, and I won't be seen again

G

D

C

till that great suburban showdown in the sky.

G

D

G

~Till that great suburban showdown in the sky

G Am Bm C G D G (fade)