

Great Suburban Showdown  
Billy Joel

G Am Bm C G D C A D

Flyin east on a plane, drinkin all that free champagne  
G Am Bm C  
G D C A D

Guess I saw this comin down the line...

G Am Bm C  
And I know it should be fun, but I think I should have packed my gun,  
G D C

Got that old suburban showdown in my mind.

G Am Bm C  
Sit around with the folks, tell the same old tired jokes  
G D C A D

Bored to death on Sunday afternoon

G Am Bm C  
Mom and Dad, me and you, and the outdoor barbecue  
G D C

Think I m gonna hide out in my room

G Em Bm  
I ve been gone for a while, made some changes in my style  
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  
Out in the yard where my Daddy worked so hard

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

and they say you can't go home anymore

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

We'll all sit around in the kitchen chairs

with the tv on with the neighbors there

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

I'm only coming home to say goodbye,

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

till that great suburban showdown in the sky.

~Till that great suburban showdown in the sky

G Am Bm C G D G (fade)