Pretty Words Elvis Costello

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#-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
#----#
From michael@magick.net Fri May 16 08:02:13 1997
Date: Tue, 13 May 1997 02:02:51 GMT
From: michael p mccullough
To: schnitzi@east.isx.com, guitar@olga.net
Subject: TAB: Pretty Words ///// Elvis Costello
Newsgroups:
rec.music.makers.guitar.tablature,alt.guitar.tab,alt.fan.elvis-costello
Pretty Words
Words & Music by: Elvis Costello
>From the album: TRUST
Note: This song was recorded in the key of F major,
but I transposed it to Gmajor. I am just more used
to the chords in G. For the original key of F version
please refer to the songbook.
Also, I am not the world s finest transposer, so let
me know what what mistakes you find! thanks, m.
G
I ask you nicely
                 D
                      Em
Get my face slapped under wraps
What s going on precisely
                 D
                         Em
Is there something wrong perhaps?
        D7 G
Surprise, surprise (surprise, surprise)
                 D7 G
   It s more like a booby trap than a booby prize
Civil disobedience from a soldier with a dirty rifle
You re loosening all the screws that hold the hinges of my life
        D7 G
Fat cats and army brats
        D7 G
                 D
                                       F C
Hep cats in dog tag pawing over girly mags
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G
                               Bm C#m D E6
Pretty words don t mean much anymore
                  Bb
I don t mean to be mean much anymore
All I see are snapshots, bigshots, tender spots
(1) mug shots, machine slots
(2) machine slots, mug shots
Till you don t know what s what
                            Em F C
You don t know what you got
G
                              D
                                   Em F C
Curious women running after curious men
Curiosity didn t kill the cat
        D
                 Em
It was a poisoned pen
C
               D7 G
But there s not much choice (it s Hobson s choice)
                     D
Between a cruel mouth and a jealous voice
Got back to London
Picked a paper from the man
No words of consolation
Just cartoons and titter tatter
         D7 G
Well well, fancy that
                 D7 G
Millions murdered for a kiss me quick hat
No backbone, blood and guts
                   Εm
Better keep your big mouth shut
(Chorus)
You don t know what you got . . . .
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all moanday, tearsday, wailsday, thumpsday, frightday, shatterday (joyce/FW)
http://www.magick.net/~michael/ http://www.magick.net/~michael/music.html
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