

Out Of Breath
Frank Turner

INTRO: Em Am G D/F# C (x2)

-verse 1-

Em

Somewhere down the road,

Am

Well there s a ditch or there s a hole

G

D/F#

C

That marks the spot where you will lie when you are cold.

Em

And you can run and you can hide,

Am

And you can bitch and you can whine,

G

D/F#

C

But you ll never save your life.

G

Am

G

Am

When you meet death, be out of breath,

G

D/F#

And say you re pleased to see him because you re tired.

Em Am G D/F# C (x2)

-verse 2-

Em

Now you can go down with the wreck

Am

Or you can scurry from the deck

G

D/F#

C

But there s no way to save your skinny little neck,

Em

Am

And you can pray to who you please and you can fall down on your knees,

G

D/F#

C

But your feet will still get wet.

G

Am

G

Am

When you meet death, be out of breath,

G

D/F#

F

And say you re pleased to see him because you re tired

C

Of wondering how much time you have left,

A#

Of worrying that you re no good at chess,

It s your funeral anyway;

C

G

F

C

G

F

D

Choose your game, then let s play.

Em Am G D/F# C (x2)

G

Am

G

Am

When you meet death, be out of breath,

G

D/F#

And say you re pleased to see him -

G

D/F#

In fact you re waiting for this meeting,

G

D/F#

And well frankly his time-keeping

C

D/F#

Leaves a lot to be desired,

C

D/F#

Em

So tell that hooded huckster that he s fired.