

**Life Stories**

**Just Jack**

Play these chords all the way through, listen to the song for strumming pattern! Should be right, saw it on a youtube video and sounds right. Wasn t sure about chord names but found them in a reverse chord finder after I found how they were played.

	<b>C6</b>	<b>D6</b>	<b>Gadd9</b>	<b>A6</b>
E	-X-----X-----	X-----X-----	X-----X-----	X-----X-----
A	-X-----9-----	9-----9-----	X-----X-----	4-----4-----
D	-10-----9-----	9-----9-----	5-----5-----	4-----4-----
G	-9-----7-----	7-----7-----	4-----4-----	2-----2-----
B	-8-----10-----	10-----10-----	3-----3-----	5-----5-----
e	-8-----10-----	10-----10-----	3-----3-----	5-----5-----

LYRICS

-----

This is for every life story, every detail  
Ex-dot com millionaires, with shitty jobs in retail  
Every ingrown toenail, pile of junk mail  
Driving test drive fail, vain search for the Holy Grail  
Every move you make, every breath you take  
Every 12inch record your dumb girlfriend decided to break,  
And all the underachieving geezers getting more lean and Pisa on melon Bacardi  
Breezers  
and skinny plastic cached reefers  
And every impotent porn star, and the girls with the red lights on doing tricks  
for Mars bars  
And all the ravers wishing they were back in 89, cause everything was so much  
better  
the first time  
Jack, jack, jack, jack your body  
And all the buskers looking for change in the station, every money grabbing  
musical collaboration  
And every last member of the X generation, addicted to the internet, drugs and  
masturbation

Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We re just the siphon the sounds come through  
Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We re just the siphon the sounds come through

This is for every life story, every chapter

Every memory stored, and photograph captured  
Cause even the most mundane things can shine forth like a beacon  
Make your palms sweaty and knees weaken  
Well there is an awful lot of false gods speaking, we re scratching in the dark  
for  
something true to believe in  
Just keep breathing, and hope that in the long run  
That s a real hand you re tightly squeezing, this is for everybod who got  
cussed down  
in the playground  
And every bad boy who shit it when his mates weren t around  
And all the bedroom DJ s perfecting their skills  
And every girl with a complex and a handful of slimming pills

Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We re just the siphon the sounds come through  
Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We re just the siphon the sounds come through

This is for every life story, every intertwined tale of guts and glory  
Course some of them are nice and bright and corny, and some of them will shake  
your hand  
less warmly  
Outlook still stormy, every sweeping saga from the here now to the here after  
Tall tales around the campfire, tragedies of fallen empires  
And everything that will and won t transpire, sometimes it s just too dire  
Bollockal, carrying our stories like DNA in hair follicles  
Lugging chronicles like baggage handlers, I m not sticking around  
I m shipping out with the ramblers, collecting chapters of fractures and  
raptures  
High on a cactus with a bunch of backpackers, toasting backwards with a shot of  
Cachacas  
But that s another story, and I ll tell it if you let me  
But in the meantime just remember to forget me

Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We re just the siphon the sounds come through  
Forget me this is all about you  
Forget us this is all about you  
Forget we this is all about you  
We re just the siphon the sounds come through