

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.

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

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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

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