

**Plastic Surgery**  
**Leatherface**

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Leatherface  
From Dog Disco

Leatherface's music is many things: angular, guttural, complex, melody-driven, rough, overlooked, amazing, layered, lyrical. But it is not, as a general rule, beautiful. The exception is this song, far and away the standout track on Dog Disco, and a world away from the serrated guitars that animate Mush. With its minimal percussion and simple, slinky bass slides, this song relies even more heavily than normal on Frankie Stubbs's lyricism and raspy delivery. With Mush Leatherface can be credited with one of the greatest punk albums of all time (no hyperbole " just the truth), and while Dog Disco as a whole hardly reaches those heights "Plastic Surgery" itself ranks as one of the band's best moments.

Intro:

**A F#m D A      A F#m D-A-D-A-D-A\***

\*A note about this back-and-forth progression, since it's important: this is most easily (and probably correctly) played with first-position chords, and is a very quick change that resembles a triplet beat on each chord. It's repeated throughout the song, so you have plenty of chances to hear it as you listen. This tab doesn't include any rhythm information, so you'll have to listen to the song anyway just to put things together correctly.

**A** \_\_\_\_\_ **F#m** \_\_\_\_\_ **D** \_\_\_\_\_ **A**  
My dear you said you sent a letter to me. Never got it anyway.

**A** \_\_\_\_\_ **F#m** \_\_\_\_\_ **D**  
Playin' that guilty game is all I want to do.

**A** \_\_\_\_\_ **F#m** \_\_\_\_\_ **D**  
Now I lie awake with tequila sunrise, feeling like shit "

**A**  
Surprise, surprise "

**A** \_\_\_\_\_ **F#m** \_\_\_\_\_ **D-A-D-A-D-A**  
by your lack of impiety.

(Chorus) **A** \_\_\_\_\_ **Bm** \_\_\_\_\_ **D**  
And there's really never been a day-dream didn't leave me smilin'.

**A** \_\_\_\_\_ **Bm** \_\_\_\_\_ **D**  
And as I get old all I see makes less sense to me.

**A** \_\_\_\_\_ **Bm** \_\_\_\_\_ **D**  
And there's really never been a day-dream didn't leave me smilin'.

**A Bm D**  
There's never been a dream, not even a wet dream, left me for him.

(Etc.)

Thereâ€™s something plastic surgery about this thing called a CD,  
Something status quo â€˜bout a rolled-up one pound note.  
Thereâ€™s something a bit false teeth, you say, never brushed them anyway.

Thereâ€™s something credit note â€˜bout the age that you can vote.  
Now Dear, you said you sent a letter to me. I think I got it but I threw it  
away.

Something squeaky clean that makes meâ€™|.

(Chorus)

Thereâ€™s really never been a day-dream didnâ€™t leave me smilinâ€™.  
And as I get old all I see makes less sense to me.  
And thereâ€™s really never been a day-dream didnâ€™t leave me smilinâ€™.  
Thereâ€™s never been a dream, not even a dream, left me for him.

End slide (note names): **D E F# A**