

Gangsters

Longpigs

GANGSTERS

by the LONGPIGS

off the MOBILE HOME album

chords:

- B** - x2444x
- Abm** - 466444
- ?** - 688766 (i don t know what this chord is called!)
- E** - 022100
- F** - 133211
- F#** - 244322
- Db/Bb** - x46634
- *** - x4666x (i don t know what this chord is called!)

INTRO:

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E-----B-----|F#
E-----B-----|F#
E-----|B

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B Abm

To lick your wounds and crack through the morphine sweet darkness,

? **E**

bloodies your eyes and fouls your kiss it s you I can t forget, I ain t

B
lost you yet.

Abm

Jumped away from the lens, ground to a point love s blind pretence, burst

? **E**

all those syphillitic cysts that rot the love of God, stood where Moses

? **Db/Bb E**

trod, the lucky sod, you get, I ain t caught it yet, they cast they re

B Abm
clever net, but I ain t caught it yet.

Db/Bb E B

How can I forget? How can I regret? They cast they re clever net but I

Abm

ain t caught it yet.

Db/Bb ? E B Abm F

Gang....sters don t cry, when they shoot you to die, so keep the whites of

E B

their eyes in your sights.

(SAME CHORDS AS BEFORE....)

Your staring buck naked at the world, no fig leaf needed, pure as gold,
burst all this complicated bliss that rots the love of God who stood where
Moses trod the lucky sod.

And fizz the first touch of your tongue, flinched like the grip of moist
uncle, sniff sweet cocaine and disco sick, cos I can drink to this, every
shot of bliss, Aw shucks. Aw shucks hits, I ain t caught it yet, they cast
their clever net, but I ain t caught it yet. How can I forget? How can I
forget?you cast your clever net but I ain t caught it yet. Aw shucks, Aw
shucks.

SOLO:

*-----E-----B-----|Abm
*-----|E

Db/Bb ? E B Abm F

Gang...sters don t cry, when they shoot you to die, so keep the whites of

E B

their eyes in your sights.

Db/Bb B

Lying in the sun like a fat dog with you is worth cancer. The few

Db/Bb

pleasures, how white my clean ass could be, there yet a neat Media label

B Db/Bb

to describe you and me and this age. Well fuck them. On the streets it s

an advert real people pickled to the bone by the vultures of culture,

B Db/Bb

golf, hold on to yourself, so hang on,

B

Hang on to yourself,

F# E

Come on, come on, come on.

F# E B

Make it feel like stealers tongue, a real flesh eater.

Db/Bb

Fortune smiles on the the whites of the teeth, so white, so clean, so bite

B

me bite me bite me as aniseed candy.

Db/Bb

And in the parks they skate to flow it all out, It s all out, they re all

B

out, they re all out I m so glad they re all out.

transcribed by TONY IP (if you make this better please give me a little credit
coz i tabbed it first if you do make it better please
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