

Shangri-La
Mark Knopfler

*****by*foma*****
*****Mark*Knopfler*****
*****Shangr*la*****
*****Album*tab*****

5.15 a.m.
Capo: 1

Chords:
G7M [3x0002]

Intro: **D**

5.15 a.m.

G
snow laying all around
a collier cycles home
D A
from his night shift underground
past the silent pub
Em
primary school, workingmens club
on the road from the pithead
G
the churchyard packed
D
with mining dead
then beneath the bridge
he comes to a giant car
G
a shroud of snow upon the roof
D A
a mark ten jaguar
he thought the man was fast asleep
Em
silent, still and deep
both dead and cold

shot through
with bullet holes
the one armed bandit man
came north to fill his boots
came up from cockneyland
e-type jags and flashy suits
put your money in
pull the levers
watch them spin
cash cows in all the pubs
but he preferred the new nightclubs
nineteen sixty-seven
bandit men in birdcage heaven
la dolce vita, sixty-nine
all new to people of the tyne
who knows who did what
somebody made a call
they said his hands
were in the pot
that heâ€™d been skimming hauls
he picks up the swag
they gaily gave away
drives his giant jag
off to his big pay day

the bandit man

D

came north to fill his boots

came up from cockneyland

G7M

e-type jags and flashy suits

the bandit man

D

came up the great north road

up to geordieland

to mine

A

the mother lode

A

D

seams blew up or cracked

G

black diamonds came hard won

generations toiled and hacked

D A

for a pittance and black lung

crushed by tub or stone

together

Em

and alone

how the young and old

G D A

paid the price of coal

eighteen sixty-seven

Em

my angelâ€™s gone to heaven

G

heâ€™ll be happy there

D A

sunlight and sweet clean air

D

they gather round the glass

Em

tough hewers and crutters

child trappers and putters

Em

A

Em

the little foals and half-marrows

who pushed

A

Em

and pulled the barrows

the hod boys

G

D

and the rolleywaymen

5.15 a.m.

boom, like that

Capo:3

Chords:

Asus2 [x02200]

G6 [320000]

Intro:

Em | **G6** | **Asus2** | **C** |

Em | **G6** | **C** :|

Em

iâ€™m going to san bernardino

G6

Asus2 C

ring-а-ding-ding

Em

milkshake mixers

G6

C

thatâ€™s my thing, now

Em

these guys bought

G6

Asus2 C

a heap of my stuff

Em

and i gotta see a good thing

G6

C

sure enough, now

Em

or my nameâ€™s not kroc

G6 **Asus2** **C**

thatâ€™s kroc with a â€˜kâ€™

Em

like â€˜crocodileâ€™

G6 **C**

but not spelled that way, yeah

Em

itâ€™s dog eat dog

G6 **Asus2** **C**

rat eat rat

Em

kroc-style

boom, like that

the folks line up
all down the street
and iâ€™m seeing this girl
devour her meat, now
and then i get it, wham
as clear as day
my pulse begins to hammer
and i hear a voice say:

Em

these boys have
got this down

C

oughtta be a one of these

D **Em**

in every town
these boys have
got the touch

C

itâ€™s clean as a whistle

D **Em**

and it donâ€™t cost much
wham, bam
you donâ€™t wait long

C

shake, fries

D **Em**

patty, youâ€™re gone
and how about that
friendly name?

C

heck, every little thing

D

oughtta stay the same

Em

or my nameâ€™s not kroc
thatâ€™s kroc with a â€˜kâ€™
like â€˜crocodileâ€™
but not spelled that way, now
itâ€™s dog eat dog
rat eat rat
kroc-style
boom, like that

you gentlemen
ought to expand
youâ€™re going to need
a helping hand, now
so, gentlemen
well, what about me?
weâ€™ll make a little
business history, now
or my nameâ€™s not kroc
call me ray
like â€˜crocodileâ€™
but not spelled that way, now
itâ€™s dog eat dog
rat eat rat
kroc-style
boom, like that

well we build it up
and i buy â€˜em out
but, man they made me
grind it out, now
they open up a new place
flipping meat
so i do, too
right across the street
i got the name
i need the town
they sell up in the end
and it all shuts down
sometimes you gotta
be an s.o.b.
you wanna make a dream
reality
competition?
send â€˜em south
if theyâ€™re gonna drown
put a hose in their mouth
do not pass â€˜goâ€™
go straight to hell
i smell that
meat hook smell

or my nameâ€™s not kroc
thatâ€™s kroc with a â€˜kâ€™
like â€˜crocodileâ€™
but not spelled that way, now
itâ€™s dog eat dog
rat eat rat
kroc-style
boom, like that

sucker row
Capo: 5

Chords:

A5 [x022xx]
F5 [1x32xx]
G5 [3x00xx]
D5 [xx023x]

Intro:

A5

somebodyâ€™s gotta crack

a whip around here

A5/G **A5/F#** **F5**
whoâ€™s minding the store?

shake it up sell some beer

whatâ€™s your

G5
money maker for?

A5
pay day

weâ€™re packinâ€™ â€™em in

A5/G
six-gun annie

A5/F#
and buffalo jill

D5 **A5**
but whoâ€™s to say

G/G **F5** **C/G**
theyâ€™ll be back again

F5

for a refill?

C/G

F5

honey, you know the drill

C/G | F5 | C/G | F5 | A5

ainâ€™t no left turn
down sleepy time street
you gotta be fast
but you gotta stay loose
thinking
on your feet
slick as grass
through a goose
we gotta
rationalise
the payroll
is giving me chills
you and meâ€™s
getting organised
itâ€™s kill or be killed
honey, you know the drill

G5

well they can all look down

C/G

G5

on sucker row

C/G

but they all forget

G5

the tallest trees

C/G

from acorns grow

F5

G5

though they ainâ€™t yet

i never look down

C/G

G5

on a sucker stake

C/G

they all pay the bills

G5

i never gave a sucker

C/G

F5

an even break

G5

and i never will

A5

a beautiful vision
keeps coming to me
i see

a miracle mile
flying in
for free
service
with a smile
high rollers
fancy hotels
big time singers
topping the bill
you gotta have a feel
for the stuff that sells
call it a skill
honey, you know the drill
somebodyâ€™s gotta crack
a whip around here
whoâ€™s
minding the store?
shake it up
sell some beer
money walking
through the door
annieâ€™s arriving
at a dangerous age
donâ€™t you
go getting ill
get another woman
up in the cage
who ainâ€™t over the hill
honey, you know the drill

the trawlermanâ€™s song
Capo: 3

Chords:
G7addF [323001]

Intro: **Am**

weâ€™re taking on water
D
diesel and stores
G
laying up awhile
C
before iâ€™m back on board
Am

theyâ€™re patching her up

D G

to go fishing again

Am

theyâ€™re welding her rudder

D

scrubbing her keel

G

scars on her belly

C

need time to heal

Am

in the dock

B7

with the trawlermen

i know all the people

thereâ€™s nobody new

soon weâ€™ll be leaving

with the same old crew

on the green water

the tumbling sea

they ainâ€™t running

like the good old days

timeâ€™s just slipping

down the old slipways

in the dock

so dear to me

Am

D G

dark is the night

Em

i need a guiding light

G

to keep me

Em

from foundering

D Am

on the rocks

D G

my only prayer

Em

is just to see you there

G

at the end

D

of my wandering

G G7addF

back in the dock

C | Am | D | Bm | F
Em | B7 | F | Em

i could use a layoff
getting my strength back
but there's a loan to pay off
and a few skipjack
so it's a turnaround
back in the southerly wind
pirates coming in
to steal our gold
you can count yourself lucky
with a profit in the hold
in the dock
when we come in

dark is the night
i need a guiding light
to keep me
from foundering
on the rocks
my only prayer
is just to see you there
at the end
of my wandering
back in the dock

back to tupelo
Capo: 2

Chords:
C7M [x32000]

Am

around the time of "clambake"
movie number twenty-five
you and the lying dutchman
are still in overdrive
you're as strong as when you started
mississippi in your soul
you can still be marlon brando

G

Am

and the king of rock and roll

it isn't just the records
no, you must have hollywood
the songs alone are not enough
that much is understood
you'll soon be back in memphis
maybe then you'll know what to do
the storylines they're giving you

G **Am** **Am/G**
are just not ringing true

F **Dm/F** **G** **C**
oh, it's a ways to go

F **Dm/F** **G** **C7**
back to tupelo

F **Dm/F** **G** **C**
oh, it's a ways to go

F **Dm/F** **G**
back to tupelo

Dm | **G** | **C7M** | **F**
Dm | **G** | **C7M** | **F**
Dm | **G**

Am

when you're young and beautiful
your dreams are all ideals
later on it's not the same
lord, everything is real
sixteen hundred miles of highway
roll back to the truth
and a song to give your mother
in your first recording booth

around the time of "clambake"
that old dream's still rolling on
sometimes there'll be the feeling
things are going wrong
the morning star is fading
lord, the mississippi's cold
you can still be marlon brando
and the king of rock and roll

but it's a ways to go
back to tupelo

our shangri-la
Capo: No

Chords:
Esus2 [022200]

Intro:

E | Esus2 | E | F#m | A | E

it's the end of a perfect day
F#m
for surfer boys and girls
A
the sun's dropping down in the bay
E B
and falling off the world
E
there's a diamond in the sky
F#m
our evening star
A E B
in our shangri-la

get that fire burning strong
right here and right now
it's here and then it's gone
there's no secret, anyhow
we may never love again
to the music of guitars
in our shangri-la

A G#m
tonight your beauty burns
F# F#m
into my memory
A
the wheel of heaven turns

above us endlessly
E
this is all the heaven we've got
F#m
right here where we are
A E B
in our shangri-la

E | F#m | A | E | B

this is all the heaven we've got
right here where we are

in our shangri-la

everybody pays
Capo: No

Chords:
E7M [021100]
Asus2 [x02200]

Intro:

E E7M | C#m C#m7 | A |
E B | A | E | B | E A

E E7M
i got shot off my horse
A Asus2
so what? iâ€™m up again
A
and playing

in one of these
E E7M
big saloons on main
A
you can come up here
B
take a look
E E7M
around these sinnersâ€™ dens
A
youâ€™re only ever going to find
B B
one or two real games

F#m
F#m/E
nobodyâ€™s driving
B F#m
me underground
F#m/E B A B
not yet anyway
E E7M
but either on the strip
A Asus2
or on the edge of town

A **Asus2**

everybody pays

E

everybody pays to play

E E7M | C#m C#m7 | A |

E B | E

E7M

yeah, you ought to stay

right where you are

A **Asus2**

in sawdust land

A

itâ€™s probably the

E E7M

safest place to be

with your

A **B**

greasy little pork pies

E **E7M A**

and your shoestring hands

it makes

B F#m

no difference to me

F#m/E

all those directions

B **F#m**

which we never took

F#m/E **B A B**

to go our different ways

E

who went and wrote

E7M **A** **Asus2**

the oldest story in the book?

A **Asus2**

everybody pays

E

everybody pays to play

E E7M | C#m C#m7 | A |

E B |

Bm | C# | F#m | B

Em | A | D | F#

Bm | C# | F#m | B

Em | D | C | B

E
 curl up inside
 E7M **A**
 a boxcar dream
 Asus2 **A**
 and disappear

 with a couple
 E **E7M**
 low roller friends
 A
 you were never one
 B
 for trouble
 E **E7M**
 so get out of here
 A
 i knew the game
 B **F#m**
 was dangerous back then
 F#m/E
 but nobodyâ€™s breezing
 B **F#m**
 through these swinging doors
 F#m/E **B** **A B**
 just ups and walks away
E **E7M**
 everybody has to leave
 A **Asus2**
 some blood here on the floor
A **Asus2**
 everybody pays
 E **E7M** **C#m** **C#m7**
 everybody pays to play

A **Asus2**
 everybody pays
 E
 everybody pays to play

E E7M | C#m C#m7 | A |
E B | A | E | B | E A
E E7M | C#m C#m7 | A |
E B | A | E | B | E A

song for sonny liston

Capo: 4

Chords:

A5 [x022xx]

A7 [x05655]

Am6 [x04555]

A5

so many mouths
to feed on the farm
sonny was the second
to the last one born
his mamma ran away
and his daddy beat him bad
and he grew up wild
good love he never had

he had a left
like henry's hammer
a right like betty bamalam
rode with the muggers
in the dark and dread
and all them sluggers
went down like lead

well he hung with the hoods
he wouldn't stroke the fans
but he had dynamite
in both his hands
boom bam
like the slammer door
the bell and the can
and the bodies on the floor

beware the bear's in town
somebody's money says
the bear's going down
yeah, the bear never smiles

A5/G

sonny's going down

A5/F#

for miles and miles

A5/F

sonny's going down

A5

for miles and miles

the writers didn't like him
the fight game jocks
with his lowlife backers
and his hands like rocks
they didn't want to have

a bogey man
they didnâ€™t like him
and he didnâ€™t like them

D5

black cadillac
alligator boots

A5

money in the pockets
of his sharkskin suits

A7

some say the bear

Am6

took a flop

A7

they couldnâ€™t believe it
when they saw him drop

A5

he had a left
like henryâ€™s hammer
a right like betty bamalam
rode with the muggers
in the dark and dread
and all them sluggers
went down like lead

joe louis was his hero
he tried to be the same
but a criminal child
wears a ball and chain
so the civil rights people
didnâ€™t want him on the throne
and the hacks and the cops
wouldnâ€™t leave him alone

beware the bearâ€™s in town
somebodyâ€™s money says
the bearâ€™s going down
yeah, the bear never smiles
sonnyâ€™s going down
for miles and miles
sonnyâ€™s going down
for miles and miles

at the foot of his bed
with his feet on the floor
there was dope in his veins
and a pistol on the drawer
there was no investigation
as such
he hated needles
but he knew too much

criss-crossed
on his back
scars from his daddy
like slavery tracks
the second-last child
was the second-last king
never again was it the same
in the ring

he had a left
like henry's hammer
a right like betty bamalam
rode with the muggers
in the dark and dread
and all them sluggers
went down like lead

they never could be sure
about the day he was born
a motherless child
set to working on the farm
and they never could be sure
about the day he died
the bear was the king
they cast aside

beware the bear's in town
somebody's money says
the bear's going down
yeah, the bear never smiles
sonny's going down
for miles and miles
sonny's going down
for miles and miles

whoop de doo
Capo: No

Chords:
D9 [x5455x]
E9 [x7677x]

E G#7

if i'm over the moon
C#m
it's because i'm over you

D9 G#7

a day at a time

C#m E9

and iâ€™m tickety-boo

A(V) G#7

i donâ€™t carry on

C#m A7(V)

the way i used to

E/B B

whoop de doo

E

whoop de doo

E G#7

if iâ€™m doing great

C#m

itâ€™s because when i get home

D9 G#7

i donâ€™t go straight

C#m E9

to my answerphone

A(V) G#7

and the tears donâ€™t come

C#m A7(V)

the way they used to

E/B B

whoop de doo

E

whoop de doo

D7(V)

so many little things

E C

are so much better now

Am B

they were only the little things

anyhow

E G#7

if iâ€™m over the moon

C#m

itâ€™s because thatâ€™s what i am

D9 G#7

funny that once

C#m E9

i used to give a damn

A(V) G#7

and iâ€™d do anything

C#m A7(V)

in the whole wide world for you

E/B B
whoop de doo
C#m F#7
whoop de doo

E G#7
anything
C#m D7/C
anything youâ€™d want me to
E/B B
whoop de doo
E
whoop de doo

postcards from paraguay
Capo: 6

Chords:
Dsus2 [xx0230]
Em6 [34200x]

Intro:

Em G | B7/F# Em | Em G | B7/F#
Em G | B7/F# Em | Em G | B7/F# Em | B7/F# Em

G
G/F# Em Em/D C
one thing was leading to the next
G D Dsus2 D G
i bit off more than i could chew
G/F# Em Em/D Em6
i had the power to sign the cheques
D
it wasnâ€™t difficult to do
Dsus2/C Bm Em C
i couldnâ€™t stay and face the music
G D
so many reasons why
Dsus2/C B Em C
i wonâ€™t be sending postcards
G
from paraguay
D B7/F#
from paraguay

Em G B7/F# Em

from paraguay

Em G | B7/F# Em | Em G | B7/F# Em | B7/F# Em

i robbed a bank full of dinero
a great big mountain of dough
so it was goodbye companero
and cheerio
i couldn't stay and face the music
so many reasons why
i won't be sending postcards
from paraguay

Em G | B7/F# Em | Em G | B7/F# Em | B7/F# Em

C | C G | G | G C | C | C G | B7 | B7 Em | B7 Em |

i never meant to be a cheater
but there was blood on the wall
i had to steal from peter
to pay what i owed to paul
i couldn't stay and face the music
so many reasons why
i won't be sending postcards
from paraguay

all that matters
Capo: 1

Intro:

A | Em | A | A | A | Em | A | D

D

my darling girl

my darling girl

you're all that matters

D7 G

in this wicked world

A7

all that matters

G A7

all that matters

D
my darling boy

my darling boy

D7
all of my sunshine

G
and all of my joy

A7
youâ€™re all that matters

D
all that matters

D
well, i canâ€™t stop the pain

G
when it calls

A7
iâ€™m a man

F#
and i canâ€™t stop the rain

Bm G
when it falls, my darling

A7 Em A7
who can?

my darling girl
my darling girl
youâ€™re all that matters
in this wicked world
all that matters
all that matters
my darling friend
my darling friend
all weâ€™ve got going
is love in the end
itâ€™s all that matters
all that matters

stand up guy
Capo: 2

Intro:

D/A A D/A | A E | A

brew the coffee in a bucket
 A/C# **D**
 double straight man and banjo
 A
 if you donâ€™t got the snake oil
 D **E**
 buster, you donâ€™t got a show
 A **E**
 who puts the doh-re-me
 A
 in our pockets
 A/C# **D**
 keeps the party going on?

 itâ€™s the man
 A
 who sells the potions
 E **A**
 iâ€™m just one who plays the songs

 E
 now they generally buys

 the bigger size
 A
 they usually rub it in
C# **D** **A**
 i drank it once, it tasted
 D **E**
 like grease and paraffin
 A **E** **A**
 itâ€™s mostly alcohol, okay
 A/C# **D**
 you canâ€™t deny itâ€™s strong
 A
 we was going through the motions
 E **A**
 â€™til the doctor came along

 C#m **D**
 there stands the bottle
 A **D**
 ladies and gentlemen
 A **D**
 all these bottles
 E
 donâ€™t have to tell you, friends
 A **E** **A**
 these days miracles
 A/C# **D**
 donâ€™t come falling from the sky
 A **D**
 raise your glasses to the doctor

A E A

to a stand up guy

D/A A D/A | A E | A

when the monkeyshine is flying
and heâ€™s promising the cure
he says the french
for your lovesick blues
la maladie dâ€™amour
he gets the chumps all laughing
but he gets a few to buy
hereâ€™s to beefsteak
when youâ€™re hungry
and whiskey when youâ€™re dry
now the bandâ€™ll blow their moolah
like sailors gone ashore
now weâ€™re going to west helena
to gamble, drink and whore
letâ€™s you and me
all make whoopee
hereâ€™s mud in your eye
hereâ€™s to all the gals you ever want
and heaven when you die

there stands the bottle
ladies and gentlemen
all these bottles
donâ€™t have to tell you, friends
these days miracles
donâ€™t come falling from the sky
raise your glasses to the doctor
to a stand up guy

thereâ€™s a big cheese with a cigar
been sizing up the show
he wants to get the doctor
pitching on the radio
i will make a switch to guitar
but the rules all still apply
they want to trust somebody
yeah, they want a stand up guy

there stands the bottle
hereâ€™s to absent friends
all these bottles
dead soldiers in the end
these days miracles
donâ€™t come falling from the sky
raise your glasses to the doctor
to a stand up guy

to the doctor
a stand up guy

donegan's gone

Tuning: DADF#AD
(Open D tuning)

Licks:

Main Lick:

D
e | 0-----/4----- | 0-----/4----- |
B | ----0-----0-- | ----0-----0-- |
G | ----0----- | ----0----- |
D | ----0-----0-- | ----0-----0-- |
A | ----- | ----- |
E | 0-----0----- | 0-----0----- |

Chord **Bm**: Chord **Dsus4**:
e | -----0----- | -----0----- |
B | -----2----- | -----0----- |
G | -----0----- | -----1----- |
D | -----0----- | -----2----- |
A | -----2----- | -----0----- |
E | ----- | ----- |

Chord **D/A**: Chord **D/F#**: Chord **D/G**:
e | -----0----- | -----0-- | -----0----- |
B | -----0----- | -----0-- | -----0----- |
G | -----0----- | -----0-- | -----0----- |
D | -----0----- | -----0-- | -----0----- |
A | -----0----- | -----0-- | -----0----- |
E | ----- | -----4-- | -----5----- |

D **Dsus4**
Donegan s gone, Lonnie Donegan
 D Main Lick
Donegan s gone
D
Gone, Lonnie Donegan
 Main Lick
Donegan s gone
D **D/F#** **D/G**
Play that big grand coulee dam

D/A

Nobody loves like an irishman

Bm **Dsus4**

Gone, Lonnie Donegan

D

Donegan s gone

Main Lick

D **Dsus4**

Donegan s gone, Lonnie Donegan

D Main Lick

Donegan s gone

D

Gone, Lonnie Donegan

Main Lick

Donegan s gone

D **D/F#** **D/G**

Lord, I m just a rolling stone

D/A

Rock my soul I wanna go home

Bm **Dsus4**

Gone, Lonnie Donegan

D

Donegan s gone

Solo (I think it s not a problem to play that solo, and i didn t tab it)

D **Dsus4**

Donegan s gone, Lonnie Donegan

D Main Lick

Donegan s gone

Gone, Lonnie Donegan

Donegan s gone

D **D/F#** **D/G**

Stackalee and a gamblin man

D/A

Rock my soul in the bosom of abraham

Bm **Dsus4**

Gone, Lonnie Donegan

D

Donegan s gone

Main Lick

D Dsus4

Donegan s gone, Lonnie Donegan

D Main Lick

Donegan s gone

Gone, Lonnie Donegan

Donegan s gone

D D/F# D/G

Time just goes on rolling by

D/A

Lord, I feel like I could cry

Em Dsus4

Gone, Lonnie Donegan

D

Donegan s gone

Main Lick

End:

Slide from any fret ~~~

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e |-----/-12-----|
B |-----/-12-----|
G |-----/-12-----|
D |-----/-12-----|
A |-----/-12-----|
E |-----/-12-----|

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*****
*****
*****
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donâ€™t crash the ambulance

Capo: 2

Intro:

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Am F | E E/B | Am F | E E/B
Am F | E E/B | Am F | E E/B

```

Am

E

donâ€™t often open up this floor

since i handed in my gun

Am

what all these keys are for

Am/G F

now my tour of duty's done

F/E

you got to know the switches

Dm Dm/C Dm/B

now you got your turn

E

watch and learn, junior

Am

watch and learn

Am F | E E/B | Am F | E E/B

Am

now you will get your

E

trouble spots

here's one from

down voodoo way

bragged he had me

Am

by the you-know-whats

Am/G F

very funny, you don't say

F/E Dm

the big enchilada

Dm/C Dm/B

stealing elections

E

had to go down there

F

trash collection

got his cojones

E Am

on my desk in there

Am/G F

made into a souvenir

E

set of cufflinks, nice pair

Am

the rest of him's

Am/G F

someplace up here

F/E

sometimes you got to

Dm

put a shoulder to the door

C E

not so fast, junior

listen to your pa

F F/E

here, son

Dm

isn't handing over to you

C G E

don't crash the ambulance

Am

whatever you do

Am F | E E/B | Am F | E E/B

Am

what we have here's

E

a dung hole place

thought it was fly shit

on the map

Am

fat bastard, ugly face

Am/G F

and the personal crap

F/E

you can't move the barriers

Dm

Dm/C Dm/B

you can't mess with oil and gas

had to go down there

E

stick a couple

aircraft carriers

in his ass

F

fancy dress

E

medals chest

Am

it's all in here

Am/G F

for all the gigs

gas mask

E

Am

bullet-proof vest

Am/G F

all the usual rigs

F/E Dm

there'll be things they missed

Dm/C **Dm/B**
they didn't mention

you've even

E
got a whistle in there

Am
for attracting attention

Am F | E E/B | Am F | E E/B

Am
well, i think you're gonna

E
be okay, son

you've had the tour, i guess

these two buttons

by the way

Am
this one i hope

Am/G **F**
you never press

F/E
some holy fool, just watch

Dm **Dm/C** **Dm/B**
who's not like you or me

that one's the whole

shooting match

E
right there

it's the whole shitaree

Am
we don't forget

E
who put us here, jack

that's page one

we talk soft

Am
but carry a big stick

Am/G **F**
and pack the biggest gun

F/E **Dm**
we don't like accidents

major or minor

C

you don't want yourself

E

an incident

don't ever invade china

F

F/E

here, son

Dm

i'm handing over to you

C

G E

don't crash the ambulance

F

F/E

here, son

Dm

i'm handing over to you

C

G E

don't crash the ambulance

Am

whatever you do

Am F | E E/B | Am F | E E/B

Am F | E E/B | Am F | E E/B