

**Born Losers**  
**Matthew Good**

Tuning: Half-step down

<b>Gsus4:</b>	-3-	<b>Am:</b>	-0-	<b>C:</b>	-0-	<b>Fmaj7:</b>	-0-	<b>G:</b>	-3-
	-1-		-1-		-1-		-1-		-3-
	-0-		-2-		-0-		-2-		-0-
	-0-		-2-		-2-		-3-		-0-
	-2-		-0-		-3-		-3-		-2-
	-3-		-x-		-x-		-x-		-3-

The verse s and the chorus use the same chords through all of them so I only tabbed it once. ITs a little messy because the chord names are so long, but it is almost 100% correct.

Intro: **Gsus4 - Am - C - Fmaj7** x2

Verse:

<b>Gsus4</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>
Well there ain t nothing to this but your daughter,			
<b>Gsus4</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>
and the life you would not give her, break your plans.			
<b>Gsus4</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>
Traipsed across the continent, a squatter,			
<b>Gsus4</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>
for your lies at night to sleep between my hands.			

**Gsus4 - Am - C - Fmaj7** x2

Chorus:

<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Gs4</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>
We re back where we belong.			
<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Gs4</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>
Straight back where we belong.			
<b>C</b>	<b>Gs4</b>	<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>
<b>Gs4</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>		
No days for nights, no cocaine cons,			
<b>Am</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>Gs4</b>	<b>Fmaj7</b>
just back where we belong.			

Breakdown:

**Am - Fmaj7** x2

**G** **Fmaj7** **C**

Go put it in the ground.

**G** **Fmaj7** **C**  
Go bury it somewhere it can t be found.  
**G** **Fmaj7 C Gs4 Am C Fmaj7**  
Go put it in the ground.

Outro:

**Gsus4** **Am** **C** **Fmaj7**  
Well there ain t nothing to this but your daughter,  
**Gsus4** **Am** **C** **Fmaj7**  
and the life you would not give her, break your plans.  
**Gsus4** **Am** **C** **Fmaj7**  
Traipsed across the continent, a squatter,  
**Gsus4** **Am** **C** **Fmaj7** **C - Gsus4 - Am**  
for your lies at night to sleep between my hands.

Well there ain t nothing to this but your daughter,  
and the life you would not give her, break your plans.  
Traipsed across the continent, a squatter,  
for your lies at night to sleep between my hands.

When the lights come on this whole place gets ugly,  
but when they re out strangers fall in love.  
She could never say that flat out she don t want me,  
cause I could never say that halfway ain t enough.

New Order s on the turn table, we re dancing,  
cause what else do you do when you don t talk?  
Crucified to crawl into your mansion,  
yeah, that s why I learned to crawl before I walked.

We re back where we belong.  
Straight back where we belong.  
No days for nights, no cocaine cons,  
just back where we belong.

Take me out back to your piranhas,  
and beat me until I can t even stand.  
Your whole life, a plane without no landing gear,  
so if this is it, then come on let me land.

That trailer trash pedigree is calling,  
it rats you out when you re down on all fours.  
Me, I like to cast my death on yesterday,  
cause what doesn t kill us now just makes us better whores.

We re back where we belong.  
Straight back where we belong.  
No days for nights, no cocaine cons,  
just back where we belong.

Go put it in the ground.  
Go bury it somewhere it can t be found.  
Go put it in the ground.

Well there ain t nothing to this but your daughter,  
and the life you would not give her, break your plans.  
Traipsed across the continent, a squatter,  
for your lies at night to sleep between my hands.