

The Last Great Star In Hollywood

Meg & Dia

e
-----9---9---2-----9---9---4-----9---9---4-----12---12---5-----12---
12---4-- |

B

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G

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D

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A

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E

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e
-----4---0---0---2-----9---9---9---9---4---9---9---4-----4---5---5---
--5---5---4-- |

B

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G

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D

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A

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E

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F#m

Iâ€™ve got my same old nose and no cheekbones.

A

D

Iâ€™ve got my stomach rolls, rather bare wardrobe.

F#m

Theyâ€™ve got seven floors, one on the east coast.

A

Bm

E

Why they grin so wide, theyâ€™ve got their visions no one knows.

e

-----9--9--9--9--9--7--7--12-----7--7--7-----9--9--9--9-----

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B

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G

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D

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A

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E

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F#m

I think Iâ€™m on the bright side.

D A E

Got my hair cut short, I do my class report on time.

F#m

I hope Iâ€™m on the bright side.

D A E

What beauty is today is a fake from whatâ€™s inside.

F#m A D Bm

My teeth are yellow stars sleeping in my jaws, while their lips enlarged in a constant pout.

F#m D A E

Theyâ€™re the types of girls who hide their wedding rings, if it doesnâ€™t match their clothes.

F#m

Theyâ€™ve got their visions no one knows.

Bm E

And why weâ€™re patient no one knows.

F#m

I think Iâ€™m on the bright side.

D A E

Got my hair cut short, I do my class report on time.

F#m

I hope Iâ€™m on the bright side.

D A E

What beauty is today is a fake from whatâ€™s inside.

F#m A

Learn to let go of tired skin.

Bm D

Itâ€™s just a fence to hold me in.

A E

I ask for a closing statement.

F#m Bm

I ask for just one prayer that I can put me into.

F#m

Weâ€™re the most modern man machines.

E

Under our masks not what we seem.

F#m E A Bm

We must not sleep underneath the slow and steady descent of the fools upstairs.

F#m â€" **E** â€" **A** â€" **E** â€" **F#m** â€" **E** â€"
â€" **Bm** â€" **A** â€" **D** â€" **E** â€" **Bm**

F#m

I think Iâ€™m on the bright side.

D A E

Got my hair cut short, I do my class report on time.

F#m

I hope Iâ€™m on the bright side.

D A E

What beauty is today is a fake from whatâ€™s inside.

(repeat)

F#m

Iâ€™ve got my same old nose and no cheekbones

F#m A

My teeth are yellow stars sleeping in my jaws

F#m

Theyâ€™ve got seven floors, one on the east coast.

F#m D

Theyâ€™re the types of girls who hide their wedding rings

F#m

I think Iâ€™m on the bright side