Na Na Na My Chemical Romance

(intro) **G# D# C# F# E D#**

E				
В				
				 -66-4-66-5-
				8-8-8-8-8-8-8-
Α	-44	6		6-6-6-6-6-6-6-
E	77-			

Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

G#

Drugs, gimme drugs, gimme drugs

D#

I don t need them but I ll sell what you got \mathbf{r}

C#m

Take the cash and I ll keep it eight legs to the wall

F#

Hit the gas, kill em all

G#

D#

And we crawl, and we crawl, and we crawl

You be my detonator

G#

Love, gimme love, gimme love

D#m

I don t need it but I ll take what I want

C#m

From your heart and I ll keep it in a bag

타표

In a box, put an X on the floor

G#

Gimme more, gimme more, gimme more

D#

Shut up and sing it with me

(refrão)

В

Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na

F#

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From mall security to every enemy
G#m
                          Ε
 We re on your property standing in V formation
 let s blow an artery, eat plastic surgery
Keep your apology give us more detonation
( G#m )
(More! Gimme more! Gimme more!)
                              G#
Oh, let me tell ya bout the sad man
                                       D#
Shut up and let me see your jazz hands
Remember when you were a madman
Thought you was Batman
Hit the party with a gas can
 D#
Kiss me you animal
Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na
You run the company.
F*** like a Kennedy
I think we d rather be burning your information
Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na
                 F#
Lets blow and artery
               G#m
Eat plastic surgery
Keep your apology give us more detonation
G#m
And right here right now
All the way in Battery City
Little children, raise their open filthy palms
Like tiny daggers up to heaven
And all the juvee halls and Ritalin rats
Ask angels made from neon and f**cking garbage
            G#m
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D# Everybody wants to change the world Everybody wants to change the world But no one, no one wants to die Wanna try, wanna try, wanna try G#m Wanna try, wanna try, oh G# I ll be your detonator (B F# G#m E G) Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na F# Make no apologies G#m It s death or victory On my authority Crash and burn Young and loaded Na na-na-na, na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na Drop like a bullet shell Dress like a sleeper cell I d rather go to hell than be in purgatory Cut my hair gag and bore me Pull this pin let this world explode

Scream out What will save us?

And the sky opened up