

Most Miserable Life
Polar Bear Club

Most Miserable Life-Polar Bear Club

Capo 2

This is the simple way that I play this song. You can add your own little riffs to it and whatnot if you please. This is just the bare bones of the song. If you know the song well enough I m sure you can figure out the strumming

Em7

e|-2---
B|-2---
G|-0---
D|-2---
A|-2---
E|-----

D **D**
We fucked our ears

Em7
We fucked our throats

G
Screaming for the sake of what we love most

D **Em7** **G**
These pretty scars aren t going anywhere

D **Em7**
The redder, the better

G
Lose your voice and make it hurt

D **Em7** **G**
Reluctance, and reserve, refuse these things
 G **Em7** **G**(strum once)
Cause it s time to sing! Woah!

Woah...

Woah...

D
Woah...

Em7
Woah...

G
Here we go!

D **Em7**

I pray and bleed with a frozen smile

G

Echoes of heartache are not with me

D **Em7**

Emotions shed in different times

G

Crashed at this opportunity

D **Em7**

I feel sorry for these walls

G

Cause if they could talk they surely would

D **Em7**

Hear em out, tear em down.

G

Hear em out, tear em down.

(You can throw in some muting and dead notes if you d like here)

D **Em7** **G**

What stops us from doing that which we love?

D **Em7** **G**

Social convention can take off

D **Em7** **G**

Fired hearts, and a little faith...

G **Em7** **G**

We are, We are, We are the fired hearts!

Same three chords until then end. Here are the lyrics

I can feel hopeless and bitter

As can anyone that I know

Not yet, here it s a waste of time

I ve got something inside, can t let it go

I scream until it hurts

I know somewhere someone s screaming it worse

And I smile knowing here is where it collides

Here we dont have to hide

What stops us from doing that which we love?

Social convention can take off

Fired hearts, and a little faith...

We are the fired hearts!

Woah...

Woah...

Woah...

Woah...

We fucked our ears

We fucked our throats
Screaming for the sake of what we love most
These pretty scars aren t going anywhere

The redder, the better!
Lose your voice and make it hurt
Reluctance, reserve, refuse these things

We fucked our ears
We fucked our throats
Screaming for the sake of what we love most
These pretty scars aren t going anywhere

The redder, the better
Lose your voice and make it hurt
Reluctance, reserve - refuse these things
Cause it s time to sing...