

Sore Subject

P.S. Eliot

P.S. Eliot // Sore Subject

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1ziAM4FGGIO>

Listen along to hear and play

I haven't figured out the second guitar yet.

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|-----|-----|-----|
|-----|-----|-----|
|-----|-----|-----|
|-----|-----|---4---|
|-----|-----|---3---|
|---1---|-----|-----|
```

Keep your power chords like this, it's easier.

The chords you will use are **Cm, Em, A, G**. And **F, G, Cm, A**.

INTRO

```
| Cm Cm, Cm Cm. Em Em, Em Em. A A, A A. G G, G G. | x2
| Cm, Em, A, G | strum | x2
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```
Cm                      Em
like a helpless captive, a distraught midwife
A                      G
like a libran husband and a capricorn wife
Cm                      Em
i turn to wine and whiskey and these cryptic songs
A                      G
maybe i m passive aggressive or maybe i m wrong
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| Cm, Em, A, G | strum | x2
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```
F                      G
but don't go yet, old lipstick, old cassettes
C                      A
clutter the carpet where my futile head rests
F                      G
and i'd explain it, but i've long-since dismissed
C                      A
the thought of vitality, you'll get nothing out of me
F G
but don't go yet
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```
Cm                      Em
and like a sore subject, objective pursuit
A                      G
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like a fearful me or an asinine you

Cm **Em**
and we avoid eye contact as i m just dragged along
A **G**
maybe i should just grow up or maybe i m wrong

| **Cm, Em, A, G** | strum | x2
maybe i m wrong maybe i m wrong

F **G**
but don t go yet, old lipstick, old cassettes
C **A**
clutter the carpet where my futile head rests
F **G**
and i d explain it, but i ve long-since dismissed
C **A**
the thought of vitality, you ll get nothing out of me
F **G**
but don t go yet

Cm **Em**
as soon as my eyes avert, more skin of alabaster
A **G**
you don t warn me before, you just devastate me after
Cm **Em**
and like a dangling noose or like an endless sea
A **G**
we both know how to love and i think you owe more to me

F **G**
but don t go yet, old lipstick, old cassettes
C **A**
clutter the carpet where my futile head rests
F **G**
and i d explain it, but i ve long-since dismissed
C **A**
the thought of vitality, you ll get nothing out of me
F **G**
but don t go yet

That s what i came up with. Find what sounds best to you.