

**Born In Babylon**

**Soja**

E |-----13-11-10-6--13-11-10-5-5/10-----|  
B |-8-11--8-11-10--8-11-8-11--6--8-11-8-11-----|  
D |-----|  
G |-----|  
A |-----|  
E |-----|

Gm F  
I came from nothing but not nothing like nothing  
Gm F  
Nothing , like nobody thought I was something ...  
Gm F  
Nothing , like called every name in the book ,  
Eb  
But for every second guess  
F  
I never gave a second look  
Gm  
Look, I fell myself  
F  
Don t let it get to me.  
Gm F  
cuz if the best the got is not impressing me,  
Gm F  
then there s no reason they should get the best of me,  
Eb  
While they were aiming at my words  
F  
They missed the rest of me

[Chorus]

Eb F Gm  
How can I stop all these critics from their talking  
Eb F Gm  
the more I do, the more they say  
Eb F  
But there s no way I m stopping  
Gm  
so they just keep on talking  
Eb F Gm  
Who do you think I think I am?

Gm F  
I got the felling that there s more like me  
Gm F

Born in Babylon but you just got to be free  
Gm F  
Shackles on your feet that you and me can't see,  
Eb  
but you can feel them and they're heavy,  
F  
so you need that key  
Gm F  
and now you're looking at your hand, saying  
Gm F  
Man, if I ditch the system, these could be mine  
Gm F  
but then you hear a voice come up from behind,  
Eb F  
Don't even think about stepping out of line...

[Chorus]

solo

Gm F  
My friends are deep and they're all I got,  
Gm F  
and they stand up behind me if you like it or not  
Gm F  
and I'm telling you that the Fire's Hot,  
Eb  
did you see that smoke  
F  
and did you hear that shot...  
Gm F  
Cuz it's a war and in the middle I am  
Gm F  
So judge now with your pen in hand  
Gm F  
Cuz I'm too busy to judge another man,  
Eb  
I'm trying to write the blueprint  
F  
for all the world to understand

[Chorus x2]

this part of the song is sang whit the chorus.

The want stop talk, and I regret me giving you any little voice at all  
But saving this world just come with a cost...  
... maybe they were right from the start...  
Maybe I should be myself, cuz I'm just giving  
these critics help...  
And it makes me twist my stomach in half,

that my pen and his pen are put into the same breath.

If I never tried to do this at all,

Then I think he d be out of a jov.

... and maybe I just should ve stayed in bed,  
stay out of the booth and put all these guitars in the closet...

... maybe I should go back to school,  
buy any more education just make me feel like a  
fool...

so I guess I Goot let critics talk, cuz I WONT  
STOP!.