Beautiful Game
Squeeze

```
F#maj7          Fm                    F#maj7 Fm
We watched the game like we always did
F#maj7         Fm                 G#m    Ebm
We seemed to lose more than we d win
C#              C+                 Bbm     Bb
The ref would sweat as we d blame him
              F#maj7
And then the fights would start
               Ebm
Out where the buses park
   C#                 G#
I dodged a few black eyes
   B
Believe me
        C#          Ebm     F#maj7 Fm
It was good to be alive
F#maj7      Fm              F#maj7 Fm
The tribal path led to the pub
F#maj7      Fm             G#m    Ebm
Where we debated how we d won
C#          C+                  Bbm     Bb
And I m outside the wayward son
              F#maj7
And then a glass is smashed
             Ebm
Some fella s on his back
        C#             G#
And it all kicks off again
   B
As ever
         C#                 Ebm      F#maj7
There s no one to take the blame
    B        C#    Ebm         F#maj7
As time goes by I search with vigour
    B      C#          Ebm      F#maj7
The days we had seemed so much bigger
     B  C#         Ebm        F#maj7
And everyone would point the finger
    B             Bbm
So we would do the same
      B    C#                       Ebm  F#maj7 Fm F#maj7 Fm
To be mesmerised by the beautiful game
F#maj7       Fm                     F#maj7 Fm
My old man passed on the flame of loss
F#maj7       Fm                   G#m    Ebm
The team we loved just gathered moss
```

C# C+ **Bbm** **Bb**
On a rolling stone you wouldn t toss
F#maj7
But if we win or lose
Ebm
We re in each other s shoes
C# **G#**
With blood upon our shirts
B
Believe me
C# **Ebm** **F#maj7**
You know how that hurts
B **C#** **Ebm** **F#maj7**
As time goes by I search with vigour
B **C#** **Ebm** **F#maj7**
The days we had seemed so much bigger
B **C#** **Ebm** **F#maj7**
And everyone would point the finger
B **Bbm**
So we would do the same
B **C#** **G#** **C#** **G#** **C#** **F#maj7** **Fm**
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