Beautiful Game Squeeze

Ebmaj7 DmEbmaj7 Dm We watched the game like we always did Ebmaj7 Dm CmWe seemed to lose more than we d win G The ref would sweat as we d blame him Ebmaj7 And then the fights would start CmOut where the buses park Bb I dodged a few black eyes G# Believe me Вb CmEbmaj7 Dm It was good to be alive Ebmaj7 Dm Ebmaj7 Dm The tribal path led to the pub Dm Where we debated how we d won And I m outside the wayward son Ebmaj7 And then a glass is smashed CmSome fella s on his back Bb And it all kicks off again G# As ever Bb Cm Ebmaj7 There s no one to take the blame Bb CmAs time goes by I search with vigour BbEbmaj7 CmThe days we had seemed so much bigger G# Bb CmAnd everyone would point the finger G# So we would do the same G# Bb Cm Ebmaj7 Dm Ebmaj7 Dm To be mesmerised by the beautiful game Ebmaj7 Dm My old man passed on the flame of loss Ebmaj7 Dm The team we loved just gathered moss

Вb C+ G Gm On a rolling stone you wouldn t toss Ebmaj7 But if we win or lose CmWe re in each other s shoes With blood upon our shirts Believe me CmEbmaj7 You know how that hurts Cm $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{b}$ Ebmaj7 As time goes by I search with vigour ${\tt Bb}$ CmEbmaj7 The days we had seemed so much bigger G# Bb CmEbmaj7 And everyone would point the finger G# Gm So we would do the same

Ebmaj7 Dm

G# Bb F Bb F Bb
To be mesmerised by the beautiful game