

Beautiful Game
Squeeze

Gmaj7 F#m Gmaj7 F#m
We watched the game like we always did
Gmaj7 F#m Am Em
We seemed to lose more than we d win
D C+ Bm B
The ref would sweat as we d blame him
Gmaj7
And then the fights would start
Em
Out where the buses park
D A
I dodged a few black eyes
C
Believe me
D Em Gmaj7 F#m
It was good to be alive
Gmaj7 F#m Gmaj7 F#m
The tribal path led to the pub
Gmaj7 F#m Am Em
Where we debated how we d won
D C+ Bm B
And I m outside the wayward son
Gmaj7
And then a glass is smashed
Em
Some fella s on his back
D A
And it all kicks off again
C
As ever
D Em Gmaj7
There s no one to take the blame
C D Em Gmaj7
As time goes by I search with vigour
C D Em Gmaj7
The days we had seemed so much bigger
C D Em Gmaj7
And everyone would point the finger
C Bm
So we would do the same
C D Em Gmaj7 F#m Gmaj7 F#m
To be mesmerised by the beautiful game
Gmaj7 F#m Gmaj7 F#m
My old man passed on the flame of loss
Gmaj7 F#m Am Em
The team we loved just gathered moss

D **C+** **Bm** **B**
 On a rolling stone you wouldn't toss
 Gmaj7
 But if we win or lose
 Em
 We're in each other's shoes
 D **A**
 With blood upon our shirts
 C
 Believe me
 D **Em** **Gmaj7**
 You know how that hurts
 C **D** **Em** **Gmaj7**
 As time goes by I search with vigour
 C **D** **Em** **Gmaj7**
 The days we had seemed so much bigger
 C **D** **Em** **Gmaj7**
 And everyone would point the finger
 C **Bm**
 So we would do the same
 C **D** **A** **D** **A** **D** **Gmaj7 F#m**
 To be mesmerised by the beautiful game