Dragons Lair Sunset Rubdown

Dragon s Lair by Sunset Rubdown tabbed by hendo Surprisingly simple song. Great on keyboard Intro (main riff throughout) B-----1-| D-2---0-2---2-0-----0-2-3-2-----2-0 A-----3-2----3-1 E-----3-0--| D I'm sorry that I'm late I went blind F#m I got confetti in my eyes I was held up at yesterday's parties I was needed on the congo line But my dear, oh my dear F#m I'd like to fight the good fight for another couple of years â€ $^{\sim}$ cause to say the war is over is to say you are a widow You're not a widow yet! You're not a widow yet! You're not a widow yet! You're not a widow yet!

So this one's for the critics and their disappointed mothers

For the cupid and the hunter shooting arrows at each other

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Ain't no such thing as a saint,
                                   Bm
Ain't no such thing as a sinner, oh
Bm
There's a swan among the pigeons of Barcelona's floor
There's a Samson with Delilahs lining up outside the door
If you are sharpening your scissors
I am sharpening my scissors,
Bm
And I am sharpening my sword
So you can take me to the dragon's lair
Or you can take me to Rapunzel's windowsill
Either way it is time for a bigger kind of kill…
A bigger kind of kill.
Oh I see your face when I close my eyes
Oh I see the muscles in your legs from the way you always rise
To the occasion of catching things that fall
Like the statuettes on pedestals I tend to build too tall.
But I have navigated Iceland
I've laid my claim on Portugal
I have seen into the wasteland
Oh the future
                     Rm
Oh the future of us all.
(bridge, i think it s am, learn the guitar solo instead though, it s way cooler)
I kicked at a whole country
Of dead, dead leaves last fall
I kicked at a whole country
Of dead, dead leaves last fall
 G
            D
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Dead leaves
 G
            D
Dead leaves
Dead leaves
Dead leaves
Seen from the back of a train
Seen from the back of a train
I rode away from your station
I rode away from your station
They drifted in the air
They drifted in the air
Like memoirs of old conversations
Like memoirs of old conversations
Sprung from a leather case
Sprung from a leather case
You opened in the wind
You opened in the wind
To watch the papers chase each other
To watch the papers chase each other
Into oblivion
 G
(You're such a champion
You're such a champion
I hide behind your sun
You are the champion) x3
 Em
                                                    D
So you can take me to the dragon's lair
You can take me to Rapunzel's windowsill
                   Bm
Either way it is time, oh it is time
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For a bigger kind of killâ€|

ח

A bigger kind of kill

G

A bigger kind of kill

D

A bigger kind of kill

C

A bigger kind of kill (repeat between C and F till ending)