

Cliche

Support Lesbiens

Support Lesbiens official website: <http://www.supportlesbiens.cz/?page=4>

This is great song to play and a classic, if you find any mistakes, feel free to comment. Nobody s perfect ;)

Listen to the song for correct rythm, it s pretty obvious and nothing difficult.

Capo on 4 or 1 (4 is used in original)

Chords used:

Em7 - x22033
Gsus4 - 330033
A7sus4 - x02233
Cadd9 - x32033
G - 230033

G **Em7**
This is waterfall of human tales.

G
Just a piece of good luck,
Em7
is all that we claim.

G
But I m told by a friend,
Em7
it s more than sure.

G
Just as clear as the sky,
Em7
there is no fortune for all.

Gsus4
And this is nobody s fault,
A7sus4
and this is nobody s share.
And I Say:

G **Em7**
Somebody s soaked,
Cadd9 **A7sus4**
somebody s clichÃ©.

G **Em7**
Am I caught in the storm.

Cadd9 **A7sus4**
The sleeping creature.

G **Em7**
For I beg high and hope,

G A7sus4

For I beg high and hold.

G A7sus4

Till I fall in the storm.

Cadd9

The storm of cliché.

This is whore that prays in church,
torn her soul.

This is countess on the ball,
but the title is stolen.

This is a cripple from the war,
the guy you know.

But the answer s in the end,
something cannot be changed.

And this is nobody s fault,
and this is nobody s share.

And I Say:

Somebody s soaked,
somebody s cliché.

Am I caught in the storm.

The sleeping creature.

For I beg high and hope,

for I beg high and hold.

Till I fall in the storm.

I did not reach it,

I did not reach it.

Somebody s soaked,
somebody s cliché.

Am I caught in the storm.

The sleeping creature.

For I beg high and hope,

for I beg high and hold.

Till I fall in the storm.

The storm of cliché.

G Em7

Somebody, everybody.

Cadd9 A7sus4

High or low, or hiding.

G Em7 A7sus4

Nobody s born as a creature.

A7sus4

You better be,

G

not mad at me,

Em7

cause body falls,

A7sus4

vanishes souls.

Cadd9

Me better fear,

G **Em7** **A7sus4**
nobody s born as a creature.

Cadd9

Nobody s creature,

A7sus4

and nobody fears.

Somebody s soaked,
somebody s cliche.

Am I caught in the storm.

The sleeping creature.

For I beg high and hope,

for I beg high and hold.

Till I fall in the storm.

I did not reach it,

I did not reach it.

Somebody s soaked,
somebody s cliche.

Am I caught in the storm.

Da sleeping creature.

For I beg high and hope,

for I beg high and hold.

Till I fall in the storm.

The storm of cliche.