

Come On  
The Films

The Films - Come On

Oh Baby pick up the phone  
because I m drunk and alone  
and I need someone to take me home  
and I wish it was you

Well get me out of this place  
Cause I ve got blood on my face  
And I m gettin tired of the taste  
Of my own shoe

But how in the devil  
I get into trouble  
I don t think I ll ever be sure  
But the one thing I m sure of  
is there s no love like your love  
So come on

Well it was a God-awful scene  
At the bar down on King s  
In fact this whole night s been  
troubling to say the least

Phony friends, phony names

**Bm** **F#m**  
Exchanging numbers, playing games  
**G** **Gm**  
Well I guess I should do the same  
**D**  
But it s just not me

**G**  
But how in the devil  
**A**  
I get into trouble  
**F#m** **G**  
I don t think I ll ever be sure  
**G**  
But the one thing I m sure of  
**A**  
is there s no love like your love  
**D**  
So come on

**D**  
So come on  
**A**  
Quit draggin me down  
**Bm**  
Come on  
**F#m**  
I m waiting around  
**G** **Gm** **D**  
for you to come and get me out of here

**D** **A**  
Come on, stop thinking about it  
**Bm** **F#m**  
Come on, you know I m working it out  
**G** **Gm** **D**  
And I don t think I can wait another year