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Dogtown
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The Fratellis

B5 C#5

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Intro: C#5 E B5 F# | B5 / C#5 C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5
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C#5 E В5

There s a snakeskin bedroom bang in the middle

Of a fun' 'ny little place called Hell. (Oh well.)

C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5

E В5

Everybody there s got trouble by the dozen

B5 C#5 C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5

It s a lone-ly little place to dwell . .

. Hope I don t make the trip through the floor

You told me once, I want it but you wanted it more

|: C#5 E B5 F# | B5 C#5 C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5 :|

E В5

I know kung fu, you know nothing

C#5 B5 C#5 B5 C#5 E5

But toge''-ther we can make it real. (Good deal.)

E B5 F#

Kicking our own way out of every prison

B5 C#5 C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5

With my brains and your high heels . .

. Love your myth coupled with your vast ocean . .

G#

Take my eyes as the prize for your devotion . .

| Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb | Eb7 | Eb7 | Bb | Bb |

Bb

- . Oh take me to El Rey I got this real need to pray
- . Come find me where the vampires all keep their heads on display
- . I m a new man living in a old skin
- . I ve been dead to you ever since Berlin Bb

. Oh teacher, I m restless, just say the word and I ll be blameless C

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Make me a saint I ll be the voice of restraint
              Bb
                                                 A G#
I ll take their bullwhips and stones without a hint of complaint
||: C#5 E B5 F# | B5 C#5 C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5 :||
C#5
               F#
   E
           В5
I met God in Dogtown isn t it
B5 C#5 C#5 B5 C#5 E5
A fun'-ny thing to know you ve died? (Doves cried.)
                B5
                      F#
Angels wept just as if I was a brother
              C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5
   B5 C#5
And sang the blues for my bride . .
C#5
                                F#
                E
                        B5
I ve been keeping time in a skeleton soul band
    C#5
         C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5
Don t it make your heart just bleed? (In-deed.)
     E
                   В5
                                F#
Keeping my nose clean, hoping I can crash land
B5 C#5
                C#5 B5 C#5 E5 C#5
Back where I ve got mouths to feed . \, .
                                          G# G
. I ll be home once I ve paid for my confusion . .
                               G#
                                    G# A Bb
You ll see me in the fires of your own disillusion . . .
| Bb | Bb | Bb | Bb | Eb7 | Eb7 | Bb | Bb |
Bb Bb Bb F G A Bb Bb F G A
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