Why Dont You Find Out For Yourself
The Killers

The Killers - Why Don t You Find Out For Yourself (Morrissey Cover)

Tabbed on
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Tune half a step down from standard.

CHORD LIST

```
F#          D           B           Bm          A           E           C#m

e|--0--    e|--0--    e|--0--    e|--0--    e|--3--    e|--2--    e|--2--
B|--0--    B|--1--    B|--2--    B|--1--    B|--3--    B|--3--    B|--3--
G|--0--    G|--0--    G|--2--    G|--2--    G|--0--    G|--2--    G|--4--
D|--2--    D|--2--    D|--2--    D|--2--    D|--0--    D|--0--    D|--4--
A|--2--    A|--3--    A|--0--    A|--0--    A|--x--    A|--0--    A|--2--
E|--0--    E|--x--    E|--x--    E|--x--    E|--3--    E|--x--    E|--x--
```

INTRO
F# - D - B

F# - D - B - D

```
A                         E
    The sanest days are mad.

                                  Bm
Why don t you find out for yourself?

                      D
Then you ll see the price, very closely.
```

BREAK
F# - D - B

F# - D - B - D

```
C#m       F#          D
    Some men here,
```

```
            A                C#m       F#
they have a special interest in your career.

            D          E
They wanna help you to grow,

    A                     E
and then syphon all your dough.

                                Bm
Why don t you find out for yourself?

                  D                       A
Then you see the glass, hidden in the grass.

                           E
You ll never believe me, so

                                 Bm
why don t you find out for yourself?

                 D
Sick down to my heart,


well that s just the way it goes.


BREAK
F# - D - B

F# - D - B - D


C#m        F#           D
     Some men here,

               A              C#m    F#
they know the full extent of your distress.

     D         E             A
They kneel and pray and they say:

                E
Long may it last.

                                 Bm
Why don t you find out for yourself?

                     D                     A
Then you ll see the glass, hidden in the grass.

                     E
```

Bad scenes come and go,

Bm
for which you must allow.

D
Sick down to my heart,

well that s just the way it goes.

BREAK
F# - D - B

F# - D - B - D

F# - B - D - E

A **E**
Don t rake up my mistakes.

Bm
I know exactly what they are.

D
And what do you do?

A
Well, you just sit there.

E
I ve been stabbed in the back

Bm
so many, many times.

D
I don t have any skin,

but that s just the way it goes.

F# - D - B
F# - D - B - D - F# - A

```
A                          E
    The sanest days are mad.
                                   Bm
Why don t you find out for yourself?
                      D
Then you ll see the price, very closely.

C#m       F#         D
    Some men here,
             A                C#m       F#
they have a special interest in your career.
            D          E
They wanna help you to grow,
    A                     E
and then syphon all your dough.
                                  Bm
Why don t you find out for yourself?
                 D                      A
Then you see the glass, hidden in the grass.
                           E
You ll never believe me, so
                                   Bm
why don t you find out for yourself?
                D
Sick down to my heart,

well that s just the way it goes.
C#m        F#          D
     Some men here,
               A             C#m    F#
they know the full extent of your distress.
     D         E             A
They kneel and pray and they say:
               E
Long may it last.
                                   Bm
Why don t you find out for yourself?
                    D                     A
Then you ll see the glass, hidden in the grass.
                    E
Bad scenes come and go,
                   Bm
for which you must allow.
                D
Sick down to my heart,

well that s just the way it goes.
A                          E
     Don t rake up my mistakes.
                           Bm
I know exactly what they are.
                   D
And what do you do?
```

```
                A
Well, you just sit there.
                          E
I ve been stabbed in the back
                Bm
so many, many times.
                 D
I don t have any skin,

but that s just the way it goes.
F# - D - B
F# - D - B - D - F# - A
```