

Blackball

The Offspring

notation:

/ slide up (first note picked)

slide down

g grace note. Held for a split second, is not counted in the timing.

(crappy explanation, I know, but I haven t taken music lessons in about five years)

h hammer on (first note picked)

p pull off (first note picked)

t tap (don t pick it, just tap the string real hard)

regular tuning

1: intro and rhythm section

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E |-----|-----|
B |-----|-----2g/32-----2g/32-
G |-----5-5-5--2-----|4-4-4-4-4-2g/32--4-4-4-4-4-2g/32-
D |-2-2-2--5-5-5--3-3-3--2-----|4-4-4-4-4-1g/21--4-4-4-4-4-1g/21-
A |-2-2-2--5-5-5--3-3-3--0-----|2-2-2-2-2-----2-2-2-2-2-----
E |-0-0-0--3-3-3-----|-----|

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2: chorus (Win the battle lose the war...)

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E |-----|-----|
B |-----5-5-5-5-5-5-5-5-----7-----|
G |-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-6-----|
D |-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-----|
A |-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-----2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-----|
E |-----|-----|

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chorus part 2 (I don t want this anymore...)

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E |-----|-----|
B |-----5-5-5-5-5-5-5-----|
G |-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-----|
D |-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-----|
A |-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-----2-2-2-2-2-2-2-4-----|
E |-----2-----|

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3: guitar solo (played by guitar 1 with accompanying chords from guitar 2)

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E |-----E5-----F5-----E5-----|
B |-----|-----|-----|
G |-----|-----|-----|
D |-2-2h3-2--2h3--2p0--2h3-5-3-2p0-2h3-2p0-----|

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Win the battle lose the war
I know I ve played this game before
When people were still real
I don t want this anymore
It s time for me to close the door
There s nothing left to feel

Reflect on all our yesterdays
My own words choke me
Why were they spoken
Regret for the things I ve said and done
Just can t compare with
Regret for those that I have never tried
So blame this world or blame yourself
It s really all the same
When you are standing on the precipice
>From which you just can t return

Win the battle lose the war
I know I ve played this game before
When people were still real
I don t want this anymore
It s time for me to close the door
There s nothing left to feel

In the style of forgotten men
I look to my horizon
I see nothing
While thoughts of guns and desecration
Sweep through my mind
But only coffins and bones remain
As I look to you
The emptiness behind your eyes
Seals my decision
Can t carry on in this world of juggling
Where all this thoughtlessness and bludgeoning
Your key to success
What kind of tradition to carry on

Have found their way inside me

In this high tech dog eat dog existence

(Chorus)