

New Slang
The Shins

[Intro] Bbm C# F# C# G# C# Bbm G#
Bbm C# F# C# G# C# Bbm G#
Bbm C# F# C# G# C# Bbm G#
Bbm C# F# C# G# C# Bbm G#
C#

Bbm C# F# C# G#
Gold teeth and a curse for this town were all in my mouth

C# F# Bbm G#
Only, i don t know how they got out, dear
Bbm C# F# C# G#

Turn me back into the pet that i was when we met
C# F# Bbm G#

I was happier then with no mind-set
G# C#

And if you d a took to me like
F# C# G#

A gull takes to the wind
G# C#

Well, i d a jumped from my tree
F# C# F# C#
And i d a danced like the king of the eyesores
F# C# G#

And the rest of our lives would a fared well

Bbm C# F# C# G#
New slang when you notice the stripes, the dirt in your fries

C# F# Bbm G#
Hope it s right when you die, old and bony

Bbm C# F#
Dawn breaks like a bull through the hall

C# G#
Never should have called
C# F# Bbm G#

But my head s to the wall and i m lonely

G# C#
And if you d a took to me like
F# C# G#

A gull takes to the wind
G# C#

Well, i d a jumped from my tree
F# C# F# C#
And i d a danced like the king of the eyesores
F# C# G#

And the rest of our lives would a fared well

[Solo]

Bbm **C#** **F#** **C#** **G#**
God speed all the bakers at dawn may they all cut their thumbs
C# **F#** **Bbm** **G#**
And bleed into their buns till they melt away
G# **C#** **F#** **C#** **G#**
I m looking in on the good life i might be doomed never to find
G# **C#** **F#** **C#** **G#**
Without a trust or flaming fields am i too dumb to refine?
G# **C#**
And if you d a took to me like
F# **C#** **F#** **C#**
Well i d a danced like the queen of the eyesores
F# **C#** **G#**
And the rest of our lives would a fared well

[Solo]