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New Slang
The Shins
[Intro] Gm Bb Eb
                   Bb F
                          Вb
                               Gm F
            \mathbf{B}\mathbf{b}
               Eb
                    Bb
                           Вb
        Gm
        Gm
            Вb
               Eb
                    Bb
                       F
                           Вb
                               Gm
        Gm
            Вb
               Eb
                    Bb
                       F
                           Bb
                               Gm F
        Bb
Gm
                 Вb
                                Eb
                                           Bb
Gold teeth and a curse for this town were all in my mouth
           Eb
                                 Gm
Only, i don t know how they got out, dear
             {\tt Bb}
                      Eb
Turn me back into the pet that i was when we met
                      Gm F
               Eb
I was happier then with no mind-set
And if you d a took to me like
  Eb
         \mathbf{B}\mathbf{b}
A gull takes to the wind
Well, i d a jumped from my tree
                Вb
                           Eb
And i d a danced like the king of the eyesores
                      Вb
And the rest of our lives would a fared well
Gm
                  Вb
                                  Eb
                                               Вb
New slang when you notice the stripes, the dirt in your fries
            Eb Gm F
Hope it s right when you die, old and bony
Dawn breaks like a bull through the hall
Never should have called
         Rb
                       Eb
                                    Gm
But my head s to the wall and i m lonely
                        Bb
And if you d a took to me like
  \mathbf{E}\mathbf{b}
         \mathbf{B}\mathbf{b}
                    F
A gull takes to the wind
Well, i d a jumped from my tree
               Вb
                      Eb
And i d a danced like the king of the eyesores
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And the rest of our lives would a fared well

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

[Solo]