

Sour Little Sweetie
The View

E

Always in the bad books,

A

It s not how it looks,

E

born to be a pawn, end up being rooks,

A

We weren t given we just took

Good people can end up being crooks

E

C#m

Wooooah ooh! Wooooah oh!

E

I danced the heel off my black boots

C#m

The feather out my hat

E

Looked the devil in the eye

C#m

said there s no turning back...

E

A

Eternal torture, I quite fancy some of that...

Eternal torture, I quite fancy some of that...

I danced the heel off my black boots

The feather out my hat

Looked the devil in the eye

Said there s no turning back no...

E

C#m

Sour little sweetie, so much sweeter than the rest.

E

B

Like my father pissed, my hairs always a mess.

E

B

A

So, darling , sweetheart, don t stress.

A(one strum)

My heads a mess and don t you know...

Never into good looks

I know the mighty river, started with a Babylon

I stomp my foot, the whole world shook,

firmly with knowledge that this is not a fluke, oh no!

I danced the heel of my black boot, the feather off my hat

And looked the devil in the eye and said, thereâ€™s no turning back no

Oh Sour little sweetie, rather sweeter than the rest,

Like my father figured my hairs always a mess

Darling, sweet heart donâ€™t stress
My heads a mess and donâ€™t you know!

E B C#m A

And so before you have to go

E B C#m A

Can you tell me yes or no?

E B

Where did all the love go?

A E

Where did all the love go?

Oh Sour little sweetie, rather sweeter than the rest,
Like my father said my hairs always a mess
Darling, sweetheart donâ€™t stress
My heads a mess and donâ€™t you know!