

Nights Of The Living Dead
Tilly and the Wall

Very easy. Just play quickly. This is correct.

Into: **G**

C

Well the high school kids they re all fucked up

Am

Touching each other, oh my god.

C

Yeah and forty ounces was never enough.

Am

We want to pass out in your yard, we want to pass out.

C

Dressing in drag your best friend s clothes,

Am

while boys kissed boys in hotel rooms.

C

Oh and just when we thought we were no longer lost

Am

they kicked us out into the dirty streets of

G

Atlanta.

C

So it s Friday night down on North Avenue,

Am

where the gas station parking lot prostitutes

C

tried to fix their hair in our rearview mirrors.

Am

You know we re just trying to get to the club and shake our asses.

C

A caravan of kids, some big old mess,

Am

on an old wooden dock, oh we re bored to death.

C

We ve got a bottle of wine, a fresh pack of smokes.

Am

We re going to end up screaming about some midnight

G

garage sale.

CHORUS

C

G

Am

God, put down your gun can t you see we re dead?

C

G

Am

God, put down your hand we re not listening.

Dm

E

The microphone cut off so we re screaming at the top of our lungs.

next verse is the same chords

chorus

let Am ring
Oh we never were.

C,Am,C, Am

I want to fuck it up.

I feel so alive.

And I feel.

end on C