

## Fumblin With The Blues

Tom Waits

I play most 7-chord like they are displayed below. Kind of blues-chords as I was taught some time ago.

You can get it grooving really good this way, as you are almost sliding down

**Bm7-A7-G7---F7.**

[Chords]

	<b>Bm</b>	<b>F#7</b>	<b>Bm7</b>	<b>A7</b>	<b>G7</b>	<b>F#7*</b>	<b>Bm7*</b>	<b>E7</b>	
e	-x-----	-x-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-2-----	0-----	
B	-2-3---	-2-----	-7-----	-5-----	-3-----	-2-----	---3---	0-----	
G	-2---4-	-2-3---	-7-----	---6---	---4---	---3---	-2-----	--1----	
D	-2---4-	-2-----	-7-----	-5-----	-3-----	-2-----	----(4)	0-----	
A	-2-----	-2---4-	----(9)	----(7)	----(6)	----(4)	-2-----	----2--	
E	-x-----	-2-----	-7-----	-5-----	-3-----	-2-----	-2-----	0-----	

**Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm**

Friday left me fumblin with the blues

**Bm7 A7 G7 F#7\***

And it s hard to win when you always lose

**Bm7 A7 G7**

Because the nightspots spend your spirit

**Bm7\* E7**

beat your head against the wall

**Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm**

two dead-ends you still got to choose

**Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm**

You know the bartenders they all know my name

**Bm7 A7 G7 F#7\***

and they catch me when I m pulling up lame

**Bm7 A7 G7 F#7\* Bm7\* E7**

and I m a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyester shaking my head

**Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm**

when I should be living clean in stead

**Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm**

You know the ladies I ve been seeing off and on

**Bm7 A7 G7 F#7\***

well they spend your love then they re gone

**Bm7 A7 G7 F#7\* Bm7\* E7**

you can t be loving someone who is savage and cruel

**Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm**

Take your love and then they leave on out of town... No they do...

[Solo]

**Bm-----F#7-----Bm---F#7---Bm**

**Bm7---A7---G7-----F#7\***

**Bm7---A7---G7---F#7\*---Bm7\*-----E7**

**Bm-----F#7-----Bm---F#7---Bm**

When I m falling in love, It s such a breeze  
but it s standing up that s so hard for me  
I wanna squeeze you but I m scared to death I ll break your back instead  
You know your perfume, well it won t let me be

**Bm F#7 Bm**  
You know the bartenders they all know my name  
**Bm7 A7 G7 F#7\***  
and they catch me when I m pulling up lame  
**Bm7 A7 G7 F#7\* Bm7\* E7**  
and I m a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyester shaking my head  
**Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm**  
when I should be living clean in stead

so come on baby, let your love light shine  
gotta bury me inside of your fire  
cause your eyes are enough to blind me  
you re like a-looking at the sun  
you gotta whisper tell me I m the one  
come on and whisper tell me I m the one  
gotta whisper tell me I m the one  
come on and whisper tell me I m the one