

Fumblin With The Blues

Tom Waits

I play most 7-chord like they are diplayd 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 **Cm7-Bb7-G#7---F#7**.

[Chords]

	Cm	G7	Cm7	Bb7	G#7	G7*	Cm7*	F7
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-----

Cm **G7** **Cm G7 Cm**
 Friday left me fumblin with the blues

Cm7 **Bb7** **G#7** **G7***
 And it s hard to win when you always lose

Cm7 **Bb7** **G#7**
 Because the nightspots spend your spirit

Cm7* **F7**
 beat your head against the wall

Cm **G7** **Cm G7 Cm**
 two dead-ends you still got to choose

Cm **G7** **Cm G7 Cm**
 You know the bartenders they all know my name

Cm7 **Bb7** **G#7** **G7***
 and they catch me when I m pulling up lame

Cm7 **Bb7** **G#7** **G7*** **Cm7*** **F7**
 and I m a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyester shaking my head

Cm **G7** **Cm G7 Cm**
 when I should be living clean in stead

Cm **G7** **Cm G7 Cm**
 You know the ladies I ve been seeing off and on

Cm7 **Bb7** **G#7** **G7***
 well they spend your love then they re gone

Cm7 **Bb7** **G#7** **G7*** **Cm7*** **F7**
 you can t be loving someone who is savage and cruel

Cm **G7** **Cm** **G7** **Cm**
 Take your love and then they leave on out of town... No they do...

[Solo]

Cm-----**G7**-----**Cm**---**G7**---**Cm**
Cm7---**Bb7**---**G#7**-----**G7***
Cm7---**Bb7**---**G#7**---**G7***---**Cm7***-----**F7**

Cm-----G7-----Cm---G7---Cm

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

Cm G7 Cm Cm G7 Cm
You know the bartenders they all know my name
Cm7 Bb7 G#7 G7*
and they catch me when I m pulling up lame
Cm7 Bb7 G#7 G7* Cm7* F7
and I m a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyester shaking my head
Cm G7 Cm
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