

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 **C#m7-B7-A7---G7**.

[Chords]

	C#m	G#7	C#m7	B7	A7	G#7*	C#m7*	F#7
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-----

C#m **G#7** **C#m G#7 C#m**
 Friday left me fumblin with the blues

C#m7 **B7** **A7** **G#7***
 And it s hard to win when you always lose

C#m7 **B7** **A7**
 Because the nightspots spend your spirit

C#m7* **F#7**
 beat your head against the wall

C#m **G#7** **C#m G#7 C#m**
 two dead-ends you still got to choose

C#m **G#7** **C#m G#7 C#m**
 You know the bartenders they all know my name

C#m7 **B7** **A7** **G#7***
 and they catch me when I m pulling up lame

C#m7 **B7** **A7** **G#7*** **C#m7*** **F#7**
 and I m a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyester shaking my head

C#m **G#7** **C#m G#7 C#m**
 when I should be living clean in stead

C#m **G#7** **C#m G#7 C#m**
 You know the ladies I ve been seeing off and on

C#m7 **B7** **A7** **G#7***
 well they spend your love then they re gone

C#m7 **B7** **A7** **G#7*** **C#m7*** **F#7**
 you can t be loving someone who is savage and cruel

C#m **G#7** **C#m** **G#7** **C#m**
 Take your love and then they leave on out of town... No they do...

[Solo]

C#m-----**G#7**-----**C#m**---**G#7**---**C#m**
C#m7---**B7**---**A7**-----**G#7***
C#m7---**B7**---**A7**---**G#7***---**C#m7***-----**F#7**

C#m-----G#7-----C#m---G#7---C#m

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

 C#m G#7 C#m G#7 C#m
You know the bartenders they all know my name
 C#m7 B7 A7 G#7*
and they catch me when I m pulling up lame
 C#m7 B7 A7 G#7* C#m7* F#7
and I m a pool-shooting-shimmy-shyester shaking my head
C#m G#7 C#m G#7 C#m
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