Misery

Přidáno: 08. 11. 2026 Důležitost: 3

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       Bbmi
(1) Virginia was a lot lizard from F.L.A.
                                          F
    She had a compound fracture in the trunk
       Bbmi
    It started when she ran away
    Ebmi               F#
    Thumbs out on the interstate
        F                        Bbmi
    She hitched a ride to misery

        Bbmi
(2) Mr. Whirly had a catastrophic incident
                                     F
    He fell into the city by the bay
       Bbmi
    He liquidated his estate
    Ebmi                    F#
    Now he sleeps upon the Haight
    F                 Bbmi
    Panhandling misery

                        F
(R1)And he's gonna get high, high, high
              Bbmi
    When he's low, low, low
        F                          Bbmi
    The fire burns from better days
                       F
    And she screams, «Why, oh why ?»
             Bbmi
    I said, «I don't know»
        Ebmi          F#                F
    The catastrophic hymns from yesterday
           Bbmi
    Of misery

    Bbmi
(3) Vinnie was a hustler out of Amsterdam
                                        F
    He ran the drug cartel in Tinsel town
         Bbmi
    They found him in a cadillac
    Ebmi               F#
    Bludgeoned with a baseball bat
    F                   Bbmi
    In the name of misery

    Bbmi
(4) Gina hit the road to New York City
                                    F
    Mysteriously the night Vinnie croaked
        Bbmi
    She stopped in Vegas to elope
    Ebmi           F#
    With Virginia and the dope
        F                          Bbmi
    And kissed the bride eternally
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                          F
(R2)And they're gonna get high, high, high
                 Bbmi
    When they're low, low, low
        F                        Bbmi
    The fire burns from better days
                       F
    And she screams, «Why, oh why ?»
              Bbmi
    I said, «I don't know»
        Ebmi          F#                F
    The catastrophic hymns from yesterday
            Bbmi
    Of misery

    F#                    F                Bbmi
(I) Hell hounds on your trail now once again boy
         F#                F             Bbmi
    It's groping on your leg until it sleeps
        F#                  F                    Bbmi
    The emptiness will fill your soul with sorrow
            F#                                          F
    'Cause it's not what you make, it's what you leave

                          F
(R3)And we're gonna get high, high, high
                Bbmi
    When we're low, low, low
        F                        Bbmi
    The fire burns from better days
                       F
    And she screams, «Why, oh why ?»
              Bbmi
    I said, «I don't know»
        Ebmi          F#                F
    The catastrophic hymns from yesterday
            Bbmi
    Of misery
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