

New Slang – The Shins

Intro: / Am - - - / - - - - /
/ Am - C - / F - C - / G - C - / Am - G - / (x4)
/ C - - - / - - walkdown - /

[Am]Gold teeth and a [C]curse for this [F]town [F]
were [C]all in my [G]mouth. [G]
Only, [C]I don't know [F]how [F]
they got [Am]out, [G]dear.
[Am]Turn me back [C]into the [F]pet that [F]
I [C]was when we [G]met. [G]
I was [C]happier [F]then with no [Am]mind-[G]set. [G][G][G]

Chorus:

And if you'd [G]took to [C]me like a
[F]Gull [C]takes to the [G]wind.
Well, I'd 'a [G]jumped from [C]my tree
And [F]I'd a [C]danced like the [F]king of the [C]eyesores
And the [F]rest of our [C]lives would 'a [G]fared well.

[Am]New slang when you [C]notice the [F]stripes, [F]
the [C]dirt in your [G]fries. [G]
Hope it's [C]right when you [F]die, [F]
old and [Am]bony. [G]

[Am]Dawn breaks like a [C]bull through the [F]hall,
[C]Never should have [G]called
But my [C]head's to the [F]wall and I'm [Am]lonely. [G]

Chorus

Solo

[Am]God speed all the [C]bakers at [F]dawn
may they [C]all cut their [G]thumbs,
And bleed [C]into their [F]buns 'till they [Am]melt a[G]way.

Chorus 2:

I'm looking [G]in on the [C]good life I might
[F]be doomed [C]never to find. [G]
Without a [G]trust or flaming [C]fields am I
[F]too [C]dumb to re[G]fine?
And if you'd [G]took to [C]me like
Well [F]I'd a [C]danced like the [F]queen of the [C]eyesores
And the [F]rest of our [C]lives would 'a [G]fared well.

Solo

/ Am - C - / F - C - / G - C - / Am - G - / (x2)
/ C (hold) /