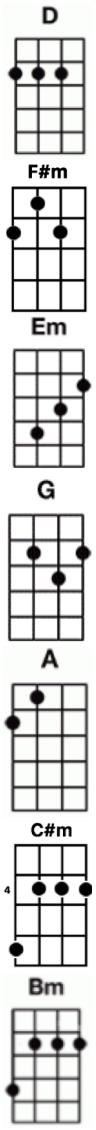
Town Called Malice



[D]///|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|
Better [F#m] stop dreaming of a quiet life,
Cause it´s the [Em] one we´ll never know
And [F#m] quit running for that runaway bus
Cause those [Em]rosy days are few
And [G] stop apologizing,
For the [F#m] things you´vre never done
Cause [A]time is short and life is cruel
But it´s up to us to change
This town called [D]Malice //|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|

[F#m]Rows and rows of disused milkfloats
Stand [Em] dying in the dairy yard
And a [F#m] hundred lonely house wifes
Clutch empty [Em]milk bottles to their hearts
[G] Hanging out their old love letters
[F#m] On the lines to dry
It´s e-[A]-nough to make you stop believing
When tears come fast and furious
In this town called [D]Malice //|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|

[F#m]Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba [Em] Ba ba ba ba ba
[F#m]Ba ba ba ba ba ba ba [Em] Ba ba ba ba ba

[G] Struggle after struggle
[F#m]Year after year
The [A]atmosphere´s a fine blend of ice
I´m almost stone cold dead
In this town called [D]Malice //|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|

A [C#m] whole street´s belief in [Bm] Sunday´s roast beef
Gets [C#m] dashed against the [Bm] Co-Op
To either [A] cut down on beer or the kid´s new gear
Its a big decision in a town called [D]Malice /|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|

[F#m]The ghost of a steam train
[Em]Echoes down my track
It´s at the [F#m] moment bound for nowhere
[Em] Just going round and round
[G]Playground kids and creaking swings
[F#m] Lost laughter in the breeze
I could go [A] on for hours and I probably will
But I´d sooner put some joy back in
this town called [D]Malice //|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|
this town called [D]Malice //|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|
this town called [D]Malice //|////|////|////|////|////|////|////|