

Coming Down

Ball Park Music

Intro

Eb Bb Eb Bb
Gm C Eb Bb

The chefs are in the alleyway throwing down
They're high on PCP when I'm around
They don't recall a thing or their favourite meal
'Til they are coming down

You smack me in the eyes and take my sight
You cut my world in half, baby - you're my knife
I bag a lazy spine I can take my life
When I am coming down
When I am coming down
When I am
coming down

You amputate my hands and they grow back
There's phantoms to replace the world I had
I'm too lazy to invent a brand-new myth
When I am coming down

The scenery of saints in stained-glass walls
You get a little badge and you stand tall
You're knee-deep in this shit of suburban sprawl
When you are coming down
Oh you are coming down
Oh you are
coming down
Gm C Eb7 Bb

So suck the monophonic noise of golden hits
They write them in two seconds, it's a piece of piss
I let a little love slip from my lips
When I am coming down
Yeah I am coming down
Oh I am coming down

You've got a soft-spot for hard stuff

You've got a soft-spot for hard stuff
You've got a soft-spot for hard stuff

When you are coming down
Yeah you are coming down
Oh you are coming down

