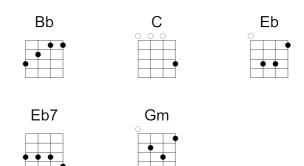
Coming Down Ball Park Music

Intro
EbBbEbBb Gm C EbBb
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
Eb Bb Eb Bb coming down
You amputate my hands and they grow back Eb Bb Bb
There's phantoms to replace the world I had Gm C
I'm too lazy to invent a brand–new myth Eb Bb
When I am coming down
The scenery of saints in stained–glass walls Eb Bb Bb
You get a little badge and you stand tall
You're knee-deep in this shit of suburban sprawl
When you are coming down Eb Bb
Oh you are coming down
Oh you are
Eb Bb Eb Bb coming down Gm C Eb7 Bb
So suck the monophonic noise of golden hits Eb Bb Bb Bb
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 Eb Bb
Yeah I am coming down
Oh I am coming down

You've got a soft–spot for hard stuff

When you are coming down Eb Yeah you are coming down Eb Bb Oh you are coming down



You've got a soft–spot for hard stuff Bb
You've got a soft–spot for hard stuff