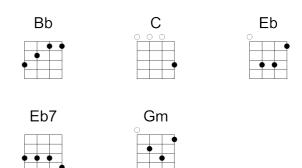
## **Coming Down Ball Park Music**

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
Eb Bb
You smack me in the eyes and take my sight  Eb  Bb
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  Eb  Bb
When I am coming down
When I am Eb Bb Eb Bb
coming down
Eb Bb
You amputate my hands and they grow back  Eb  Bb  There's phentoms to raplace the world I had
There's phantoms to replace the world I had  Gm  C
I'm too lazy to invent a brand-new myth  Bb  When Lem coming down
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
Gm C Eb Oh I am coming down
Eb Bb
You've got a soft–spot for hard stuff  Eb  Bb
You've got a soft–spot for hard stuff

You've got a soft–spot for hard stuff

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



You've got a soft-spot for hard stuff