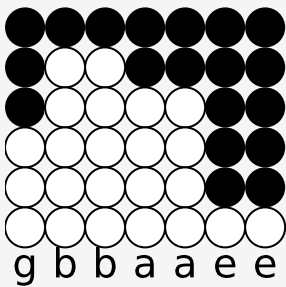
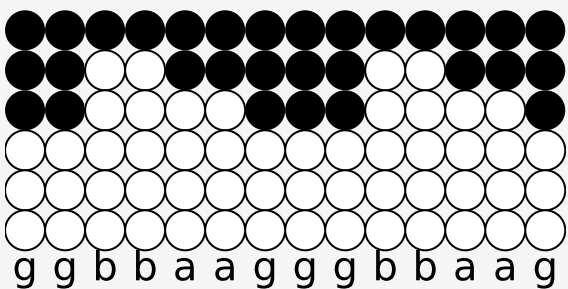


Tin whistle tabs for: Gives you hell

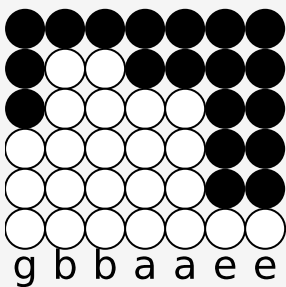
Author/Performer: The All-American Rejects



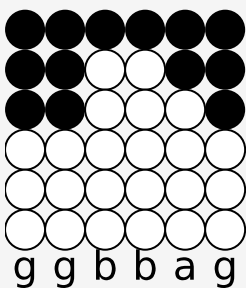
I wake up every evenin'



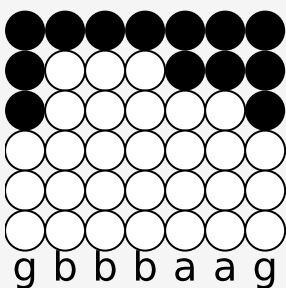
with a big smile on my face, and it never feels out of place



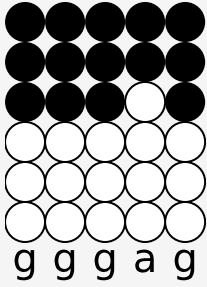
and you're still probably workin'



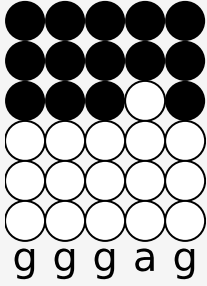
at a 9 to 5 pace



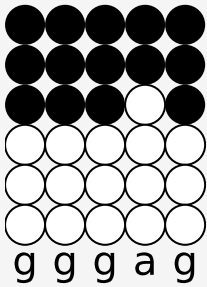
i wonder how bad that tastes



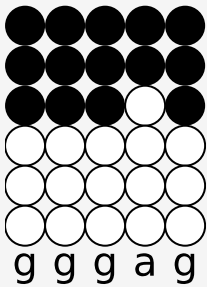
when you see my face



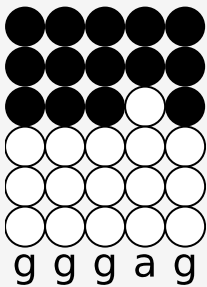
hope it gives you hell



when you walk my way

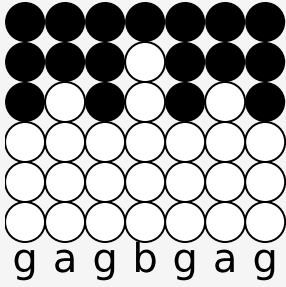


hope it gives you hell

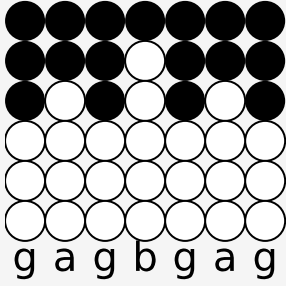


hope it gives you hell

Now wheres you picket fence love
And wheres that shiny car,
And did it ever get you far
You've never seem so tense love
I've never seen you fall so hard,
Do you know where you are



and truth be told i miss you



and truth be told i'm lying