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Key: D
                    Notes:
         Capo:
                                                                                             D to Dsus4 (hammer 8th fret for sus4)
[Intro]
                                                                                                 D3 F#m/C# Em/B G/D(triad)
                                                                                             e--10--9----7---7---
D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D
                                                                                             B--7---10-----8----8---
                                                                                             G--7h--11----9----7--
                                                                                             D--0---11-----9----x--
[Verse 1]
F#m
stop dreaming of the quiet life 'cos it's the one we'll never know, and
                                                                                             The rest of the chords in the song (A, C#m, Bm) are
                                                                                             correct as they are played in open position.
quit running for that runaway bus 'cos those rosey days are few,well
stop apologizing for the things you've never done
                                                                       [Instrumental]
                                                                       D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4
'Cos time is short and life is cruel
But it's up to us to change this town called malice
                                                                       [Bridge]
                                                                       C#m
                                                                      A whole street's belief in Sunday's roast beef
[Instrumental]
                                                                       Gets dashed against the co-op
D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4
                                                                      To either cut down on beer or the kids' new gear
[Verse 2]
                                                                      It's a big decision in a town called Malice oo oo yeah
F#m/C#
Rows and rows of disused milk floats stand dying in the dairy yard
And a hundred lonely housewives clutch empty milk bottles to their hearts
                                                                       [Instrumental]
                                 F#m/C#
                                                                       D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D
Hanging out their old love letters on the line to dry
It's enough to make you stop believing
                                                                       [Verse 4]
                                                                           F#m/C#
                                                                                                Em/B
When tears come fast and furious in a town called malice, yeah, yeah, yeah
                                                                      The ghost of a steam train echoes down my track
                                                                      It's at the moment bound for nowhere just going 'round and 'round
                                                                                                            F#m/C#
[Instrumental]
                                                                      Playground kids and creaking swings lost laughter in the breeze
D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4
                                                                      I could go on for hours and I probably will
[Verse 3]
                                                                       But I'd sooner put some joy back in this town called malice yeah
                     Em/B
Ba ba ba ba ba da ba, ba ba ba da ba whoo
F#m/C#
                                                                       [Outro] (Repeat to fade)
Ba ba ba ba ba da ba, ba ba ba da ba
                                                                       D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D Dsus4 - D
                        F#m/C#
Struggle after struggle, year after year
The atmosphere's a fine blend of ice I'm almost stone cold dead
In a town called malice ooo yeah
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