

Absolem's Treasure Chest



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Tim Minchin

1 Inflation You

1. Your love for me is not de-batable ^{E^b6}
Your sexual appetite's in-satiable ^{Fm7}
You never ever make me waitable ^{Fm7}
De-lectable, inflatable you. ^{B^b7} ^{E^b6} ^{B^b7}

2. You don't have problems with your weight at all
You never steal food off my plate at all
I never have to masturbate at all
Unstoppable, inflatable you.

3. You never seem to menstruate at all
So you're not angry when I'm late at all
I feel permanently felatable
Unpoppable, inflatable you. ^{E^b6}

With you in my arms I feel ^{Ej7} we could just fly a-way ^{G#m7}
With the right kind of gas I might ^A even try it some ^{F#m7}
^{G#m7} ^{C#7} ^{F#m7} ^{B7}
day
In this ocean of life I'm never ^{Ej7} afraid we might drown ^{G#m7}
We could just float forever what-ever ^A the weather ^{F#m7}
^{G#m7} ^{C#7} ^{F#m7} ^{B7} ^{B^b7}
When-ever my in-flatable lover's a-round.

4. Your thighs and buttocks are so holdable
You always do what you are toldable
And if we argue you just foldable
Controllable consolable you.

5. My mates all reckon you are suitable
I took you 'round to watch the foodtable
And Steve and Gary said you're rootable
Commutable, refutable you.

6. You're never sensitive or tickley
When I rub you my skin goes prickerly
It's know an static electricity
Felicity when I'm kissing you.

Your skin is so smooth, I couldn't afford you with hair
You have all the holes real girls have got plus one for the air
Your problems are simple, I don't need my Masters in Psych
To know if you get down I just perk you right up
With a couple of squirts from the pump off my bike.

7. You never wake up when I snore at all
A trait which I find quite adorable
You have a box and you are storable
Ignorable, back-doorable you.

8. Any sexual position's feasible
Although you don't bend at the knees at all
Your hooters are so firm and squeezable
Inceasable, un-creasable you.

9. You don't complain about my hairy back
Or 'bout the inches that downstairs I lack
You're not disgusted by my furry crack
Burt Bacharach, Jack Kerouac ooo.

10. Now birth control is not an issue
I clean it all up with a tissue
I bet my jealous friend all wish you
Were insatiably inflatably theirs.

Don't let me down.

Don't let me down.

Don't let me down.

And I won't let you down.

William Morningwood

1 *I placed my hand upon her toe*

Capo IIIrd fret

1. *Am*
I placed my hand upon her toe
G
Yo-ho, yo-ho
Am
I placed my hand upon her toe
C
Yo-ho, yo-ho
C placed my hand u-pon *G/B* her toe
Am She said "Phi Psi you're way too low"
C Shove it in shove it out *G/B* quit fuckin' a-bout *C* *G/B*
Am Yo-ho, *G* yo-ho, *Am* yo-ho
2. I placed my hand upon her thigh
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her thigh
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her thigh
She said "Phi Psi you're way too sly"
Get in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
3. I placed my hand upon her tit
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her tit
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her tit
She said "Phi Psi go for the clit"
Get in, get out quit fucking' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

4. I placed my hand upon her snatch
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my hand upon her snatch
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I place my hand upon her snatch
She said "Phi Psi go for the hatch"
get it in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
5. I placed my cock inside her mouth
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my cock inside her mouth
Yo-ho, yo-ho
I placed my cock inside her mouth
She said "Phi Psi AGH-AAAAAA!!!"
Get in get out quit fuckin' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho
6. And now shes in a wooden box
Yo-ho, yo-ho
And now shes in a wooden box
Yo-ho, yo-ho
We laid her out in a wooden box
She died from sucking a Phi Psi cock
Get in get out quit fucking' about
Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

7. We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

Yo-ho, yo-ho

We dig her up every now and then

We fucked her once we'll fuck her again

Get in get out quit fuckin' about

Yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

8. And for my sins i'll go to hell

Yo-ho, yo-ho

And for my sins i'll go to hell

yo-ho, yo-ho

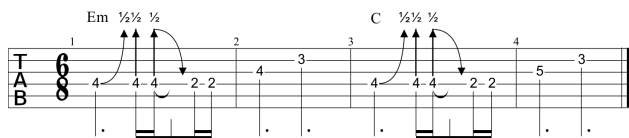
and for my sins i'll go to hell

But hey i'll fuck the devil aswell

Get in get out quit fucking about

yo-ho, yo-ho, yo-ho

Pain of Salvation

1 *Meaningless*

1. *B/D#* *Em* *Cm*
I still smell of sweat
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Still the scent of my giving in
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Try to feel re-gret
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
But I want it to stay on my skin
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
I still fanta-size
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Close my eyes to be wrong again
B/D# *Em* *Cm*
Still those fuck-me eyes
B/D# *Em* *Db*
As I'm licking the palm of my hand

Em
How the hell am I supposed to
C
keep myself when you are so damn
Em
far away, and everything feels
C
meaningless, and I am not mine(×2)

2. I still smell of sex
Still her taste on my fingertips
Try to feel remorse
But it's hard with her wet on my lips

How the hell am I supposed to
keep myself, when you are so damn
far away, and everything feels
meaningless, and I am not mine
How the hell am I supposed to
keep myself, when you are so damn
far away, and all I do seems
meaningless, and I am not mine

I need something of my own

Something with a locked door

A room just for me alone

Something that I can control

Em I need something of my own

C I need something cutting to the

Am bone, I need something that is

Am mine - *Bm* *C* If that must be *D* guilt, then

Em fine! I wanted something nice, but

C fine, this guilt is a hole but it's

Am mine, I wanted something

Am *Bm* *C* *D*
nice, this guilt is a hole but it's

mine!

2 Undertow

Drop D

1. Let me go, let me go
Let me seek the answer that I need to know
Let me find a way, let me walk away
Through the Undertow
Please let me go
2. Let me fly, let me fly
Let me rise against that blood-red velvet sky
Let me chase it all, break my wings and fall
Probably survive
So let me fly
Let me fly
3. Let me run, let me run
Let me ride the crest of chance into the sun
You were always there, but you may lose me here
Now love me if you dare
And let me run

Interlude: *G Dm C B^bsus2*

Vm V/I9 Vm IV
I'm a-live and I am true to my

II9
heart now, I am

VIm V/I9 VIm
I, but why must truth always

IV9
make me die?

4. Let me *D* break! Let me bleed!
Let me tear *G (V)* myself apart I need to breathe! *B^b*
Let me lose my way! Let me walk a-stray! *E^b*
Maybe to pro-ceed... *Dm*
Just let me bleed! *E^b*

5. Let me drain! Let me die!
Let me break the things I love I need to cry!
Let me burn it all! Let me take my fall!
Through the cleansing fire!
Now let me die!
Let me die

Let me out
Let me fade into that pitch-black velvet night
-

Periphery

1 The Way the News Goes

C
Wake up as I stumble into a

D
blinding light

C
Deeper breaths enough to

Em *G*
kill the highest highs

C
Take one good look I'm

at the lowest *D* low again

C *Em* *G*
Down at the bottom, but I'm fine

Am Tears march to lullabies and

beat *Dsus2* *F* me like a drum

Am *C* *F*
It's not your a-verage fucking mi-sery

Am This heart has chords, but not a

Dsus2 *F*
single one sounds new or fun

Am *C*
Hit strings in dissonance

F
Pick on, and on, and on

Am *C*
Show them how to fly away

Em *D*
when this world is torn

Am *C*
If you feel like dying, lose that

G *D*
fore-ver, you're shining and it shows

C *D*
You're shining and it

C *Em* *D*
shows, living through the highest highs

C *D*
You're shining and it

C *Em* *G*
shows, down at the bottom, but I'm fine

Am I try to feed it, but it still wants more

Give me that feeling that I'm

C *G*
looking for

Chorus

C
Wake up

As I stumble into a

D
blinding light

C
Deeper breaths enough to

Em *D*
kill the highest highs

C
Take one look and I'm

at the lowest *D* *C* low a-gain

Em *G*
At the bottom, but I'm

Em *G*
fine, at the bottom, but it's

Am *G/B*
all so wrong

C *D*
Wake up, at the bottom, but it's

Am
all so wrong

E5 Tears march to lullabies and

beat me like a drum *F#5* *C5*

A5 It's not your average fucking misery

B5 *F#-A*

C5 This heart as chords, but not a

single one sounds new or fun

A5 - G5 - A5
So long to sanity

For now that's how it goes *B5* *D5* (×2)

Rage

1 *Straight to Hell*

Drop D

- Hear me, what I've got to say
I know you and get you anyway
See me walking by your side
I'm with you forever day and night

I look like the easy way

The truth to be found

I seem to be innocent

I'm coming around, I'm coming around

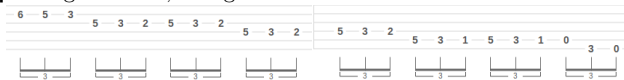
Chorus

Dm
Hey man, I'm your *C/D* worst choice
Dmsus4 don't *D* know, I want *Csus4* *C* it so

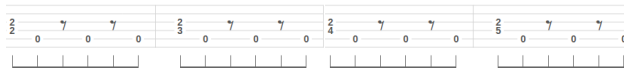
Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell



- Listen, listen what you say
I've taught you and you have learned your lesson
Feel me, when you feel the pain
I want you and I am going to get you.. anyway



C I look like the *A^b/C* easy way
F5 (III) The truth to be *G (V)* found
C I seem to be *A^b/C* innocent
A^b (VI) I'm coming a-round, *B^b (VIII)* I'm coming around

I'm your worst choice

You don't know, I want it so

Hey man, I'm your dark voice

You don't know where we will go

You don't know where we will go

Straight to hell, straight to hell

Subway to Sally

1 *Kleid aus Rosen*

Chorus

1. Ein gutes Mädchen lief einst fort,
Verließ der Kindheit schönen Ort;
Verließ die Eltern und sogar
Den Mann, dem sie versprochen war.
Vor einem Haus da blieb sie steh'n,
Darinnen war ein Mann zu sehn
Der Bilder stach in nackte Haut,
Da rief das gute Mädchen laut:

Meister, Meister gib mir Rosen,
Rosen auf mein weißes Kleid,
Stech die Blumen in den bloßen
Unberührten Mädchenleib

2. "Diese Rosen kosten Blut",
So sprach der Meister sanft und gut,
"Enden früh dein junges Leben,
Will dir lieber keine geben."
Doch das Mädchen war vernarrt,
Hat auf Knien ausgeharrt
Bis er nicht mehr widerstand
Und die Nadeln nahm zur Hand.

Chorus

Und aus seinen tiefen Stichen
Wuchsen Blätter, wuchsen Blüten,
Wuchsen unbekannte Schmerzen
In dem jungen Mädchenherzen
Später hat man sie gesehen
Einsam an den Wassern stehen
Niemand hat man je erfahren
welchen Preis der Meister nahm

Tangerine Kitty

1 Dumb Ways to Die

1. *Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7*
Cj7 Fj7 Set fire to your hair *Cj7 Fj7*
Cj7 Fj7 Poke a stick at a grizzly bear *Cj7 Fj7*
Cj7 Fj7 Eat medi-cine that's out of date *Cj7 Fj7*
Cj7 Fj7 Use your private parts as pi-ranha bait *Cj7 Fj7*

Cj7 G/B Am7 Gm7 C9
 Dumb ways to die, so
F7 D7 G7/13-13-5
 many dumb ways to die
Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7sus4 C9
 Dumb ways to di - ie - ie, so
F7 G7
 many dumb ways to die
Cj7 Fj7 Cj7 Fj7

2. Get your toast out with a fork
 Do your own electrical work
 Teach yourself how to fly
 Eat a two-week-old un-refrigerated pie

Chorus

3. Invite a psycho-killer inside
 Scratch a drug dealer's brand new ride
 Take your helmet off in outer space
 Use a clothes dryer as a hiding place

Chorus

4. Keep a rattlesnake as a pet
 Sell both your kidneys on the Internet
 Eat a tube of superglue
 I wonder, what's this red button do?

Chorus

Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7
 Dress up like a moose during hunting
Fj7 G7
 season

Am7 G/B Cj9 Em7
 Dis-turb a nest of wasps for no good
Fj7
 reason

G7 Am7
 Stand on the edge of a train station platform

Em7 Fj7
 Drive around the boom gates at a level crossing

G7 Am7 Em7
 Run across the tracks between the platforms

Fj7 G7
 They may not rhyme but they're quite possibly

Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7
 The dumbest ways to die

Cj7 G/B Am7 D9 G7
 The dumbest ways to die

Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7sus4 Em7
 The dumbest ways to di - ie - ie - ie

F7
 So many dumb

G7
 So many dumb ways to

Cj7 G/B Am7 A^b7 G7 C9 F7 G7 Cj9
 die

Tenacious D

1 Fuck Her Gently

D You don't always have *F#m* to fuck her hard,
Em In fact, sometimes that's not *A* right to do
D Sometimes you gotta make *F#m* some love
Em And fucking give her some *A* smooches too

Bm Sometimes you got to *G* squeeze
Bm Sometimes you got to say *G* please
D Sometimes you got to say *A* hey:

D I'm gonna fuck you... *F#m* softly
Em I'm gonna screw you *A* gently
D I'm gonna hump you... *F#m* sweetly
Em I'm gonna ball you... *A* dis-cretely

Bm And then you say, *G* Hey I brought you flowers
D And then you say, *A* Wait a minute sally!
Bm I think I got something in my teeth,
Em could you get it out for me? *A* That's fuckin' Teamwork!

D What's your favorite *F#m* po-sish'?
Em That's cool with me it's not my *A* favorite but I'll do it for
D you - What's your favorite *F#m* dish?
Em I'm not gonna cook it but I'll order it from *A* Zanzibar!

Bm And then I'm gonna love you *G* com-pletely
D And then I'll fuckin' fuck you *A* dis-cretely
Bm And then I'll fuckin bone you *G* com-pletely
D But then... I'm gonna *Em* fuuck *A* yooou
C *G* *D*
 ha-aaaa-aaaa-aard
Bb7 *C* *D*
 haaa-aaaa-aard