

My Kind Of Guy

Kaiser Chiefs

A As A As

- A**
1. Well it starts as a joke
B
Like a stick in your spokes
A
Or removing the bolt of the brakes
A
Then the bicycle flips
B
Crushing ribs smashing hips
A
And he broke every bone in his face

A As A As

2. Then you're out of control
And you can't fill the hole
That was left by the thrill of the chase

You're a right piece of work
All the flakes go berserk
Have you forgotten how good they taste

- F**
R: You're my kind of guy
C
Cos I like your style
E **Ami**
And you sound as horrible as me
F **C**
And I don't mind if you're unkind
E
You're reminding me of me

3. As the bicycle race
Gathers speed, gathers pace
And you feel that you're going too fast

There's a word to the wise
You should take some advice
Cos the nice guys always finish last

R: You're my kind of guy... (2x)