Sandi Thom

I wish I was a punk rocker

Guitar akkorder

D Em7 G Asus Bm A
  E m7*

```
|--2--|--0--|--3--|--0--|--2--|--0--|--0--|
|--3--|--3--|--0--|--3--|--3--|--2--|--3--|
|--2--|--0--|--0--|--2--|--4--|--2--|--0--|
|--0--|--2--|--0--|--0--|--4--|--2--|--0--|
|--x--|--2--|--2--|--0--|--2--|--0--|--2--|
|--x--|--0--|--3--|--0--|--2--|--0--|--0--|
```

CHORUS

```
  D Em7 G D
Oh I  wish I was a  punk rocker with f lowers in my  hair
  D G Asus
In 77 and  69 revol ution was in the  air
  D Em7 Bm G
I was  born too  late to a  world that doesn't  care
  D Em7 G D
Oh I  wish I was a  punk rocker with f lowers in my  hair

  D
  When the head of state didn't play guitar,
  Em7
Not  everybody drove a car,
A Em7* D
When music really mattered and radio was king,
  D
  When accountants didn't have control
  Em7
And the  media couldn't buy your soul
A Em7* D
And computers were still scary and we didn't know everything
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Chorus

When popstars still remained a myth
And ignorance could still be bliss
And when God saved the Queen she turned a whiter shade of pale
When my mom and dad were in their teen

and anarchy was still a dream
and the only way to stay in touch was a letter in the mail

Chorus

When record shops were on top
and vinyl was all that they stocked
and the super-info highway was still drifting out in space
kids were wearing hand me downs,
and playing games meant kick arounds
and footballers still had long hair and dirt across their face

Chorus

```
  D Em7 Bm G
I was  born too  late to a  world that doesn't  care
  D Em7 G D
Oh I  wish I was a  punk rocker with f lowers in my  hair
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venlig hilsen dirty-guitar