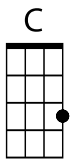
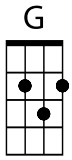
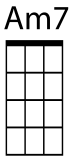
Seventeen Going Under - Sam Fender (capo on first fret)
Intro: (Riff) [C] [Am7] [G] [Am7] [Fadd9] [C]



(Quiet 1st verse) [Am7] I remem[G]ber the sickness was forever
[Am7] I remem[Fadd9]ber snuff videos [C]
[Am7] Cold Sep[G]tembers, the distances we covered
The fist fights [Am7] on the [Fadd9] beach, the bizzies round us [C] up

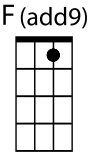


Do it all [Am7] again next [G] week, an embryonic love
The first time [Am7] that it [Fadd9] scarred
Embarrass yourself for [C] someone, crying [Am7] like a [G] child
And the boy who kicked Tom's head in, still [Am7] bugs me [Fadd9] now
That's the thing it [C] lingers



(Louder) **And claws you when you're [G] down**
[Am7] [Fadd9] [C] [Am7] [G]

I was far too scared to hit him
But I would hit him in a [Am7] heartbeat [Fadd9] now
That's the thing with [C] anger, it begs to [Am7] stick a[G]round
So it can fleece you of your beauty
And leave you spent with [Am7] nowt to [Fadd9] offer
Makes you hurt the ones who [C] love you



(Louder) You hurt them [Am7] like they're [G] nothing
[Am7] woho oh oh [Fadd9] oh oho, oh [C] oh (x3)

[G] See I spent my teens enraged, spiral[Am7]ling in [Fadd9] silence
And arm myself with a [C] grin, 'cos I was always the [Am7] fuckin' [G] joker
Buried in the humour, amongst the white[Am7] noise and [Fadd9]boys' boys
Locker room talkin' [C] lads' lads
Drenched in [Am7] cheap drink and [G] snide fags
A mirrored picture of my old man, oh god the [Am7] kid's a [Fadd9]dab hand
Canny chanter but he looks sad [C]
(Louder) God, the [Am7] kid looks [G] so sad [Am7] [Fadd9] [C] x2

[Am7] She said the [G] debt, the debt, the debt
So I thought about shifting gear [Am7]
And how she [Fadd9] wept and wept and wept
Luck [C] came and died round here
I [Am7] see my [G] mother, DWP see a number
She cries on the [Am7] floor [Fadd9] encumbered
I'm seventeen going [C] under
I'm seven[Am7]teen going [G] under
[Am7] woho oh oh [Fadd9] oh oho, oh [C] oh x3 [G] /