This is fully transcribed in the first issue of *Guitar Edge*.

Chord Fingerings:  *tune Down 1/2 step:  Eb Ab Db Gb Bb Eb]*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chord</th>
<th>Fingering</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F#m7sus</td>
<td>[1 9 7 9 0 0] B = [7 9 9 8 x x]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A9</td>
<td>[5 7 7 6 0 0] E = [0 7 9 9 0 0]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EM7</td>
<td>[0 6 9 9 0 0] B5 = [x 2 4 4 0 x]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C#m</td>
<td>[x 4 6 6 5 x] AM7/9 = [x 0 2 2 0 2]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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**INTRO:** Fig1 [2x]

Fig1

Shakedown 1979. Cool kids never have the time.

F#m7sus   B   Fig1
On a live wire right up off the street, you and I should meet.

Junebug skipping like a stone with the headlights pointed at the dawn.

We were sure we'd never see an end to it all.

F#msus   B
And I don't even care to shake these zipper blues.

F#m7sus   B   Fig1
And we don't know just where our bones will rest to dust, I guess.

Forgotten and absorbed into the earth below, double-cross the vacant and the bored.

They're not sure just what we have in store; morphine city slippin' dues down to see.

That we don't even care as restless as we are; we feel the pull in the land of a thousand guilts

And poured cement, lamented and assured to the lights and towns below.

Faster than the speed of sound, faster than we thought we'd go, beneath the sound of hope.

Justine never knew the rules, hung down with the freaks and the ghouls.

No apologies ever need be made, I know you better than you fake it.

To see that we don't even care to shake these zipper blues.

And we don't know just where our bones will rest, to dust, I guess.

Forgotten and absorbed into earth below, the street heats the urgency of now.

As you see there's no one around.