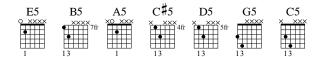
## **Shattered**

Words and Music by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards





**A5** 

Chorus 1 Spoken: Love and bope and sex and dreams

B5 E5 Are still survivin' on the streets. Look at me!

A5 E5 B5 E5 B5

I'm in tatters. I been shattered. (Shattered.)

E5 B

Verse 1 Spoken: Friends are so alarming and my lover's never charming.

Life's just a cocktail party on the street.

E5 B5

Big Apple people dressed in plastic bags directing traffic.

E5 B5

Some kinda fashion. (Shattered.)

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| Chorus 2    | A5<br>Spoken: Lai                                | ughter, je | y and lonel      | iness              |                       |  |
|-------------|--|------------|------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--|
|             | B5<br>And sex, an                                | d sex, ai  | nd sex, and s    | E5<br>sex and look | k at me!              |  |
|             | A5<br>I'm in ta                                  |            | B5<br>I'm a sh   | E5<br>pattered.    | B5 (Shattered.)       |  |
| Verse 2     | E5<br>Spoken: All                                | this chit  | ter chatter,     | B5<br>chitter chat | ter, chitter chatter, |  |
|             | E5<br>'Bout shmatter, shmatter.                  |            |                  |                    |                       |  |
|             | B5 E5 I can't give it away on Seventh Avenue.    |            |                  |                    |                       |  |
|             | B5<br>This town's been wearin' tatters. Uh, huh. |            |                  |                    |                       |  |
|             | E5<br>(Sha-doo                                   | Bo-bee.)   | 5<br>(Shattered. | )                  |                       |  |
| Chorus 3    | A5<br>Spoken: Work and work for love and sex.    |            |                  |                    |                       |  |
|             | B5 Ain't you bungry for success?                 |            |                  |                    |                       |  |
|             | E5<br>Suc - cess, s                              | success,   | A5<br>success! L | Does it matt       | E5<br>er?             |  |
|             | B5<br>I'm shatt                                  |            | B5<br>Does it    | matter?            |                       |  |
| Guitar Solo | C#5  | E5         | A5               | <b>D5</b>          |                       |  |
|             | <b>G5</b>  | C5         | A5               |                    |                       |  |
|             | C#5  | E5         | A5               | <b>D5</b>          |                       |  |
|             | <b>G5</b>  | C5         | E5               | <b>B5</b>          |                       |  |

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| erse 3   | Spoken: Oh, look at me! I'm in tatters.  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|--|--|---|--|--|--|--|--|
|  | B5 E5 B5 I'm in tatters. Look at me!   |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | E5 B5<br>I been shattered. Yeah! (Shattered.)  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| Outro-Chorus   | A5 Pride and joy and greed and sex,  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | B5 That's what makes our town the best. E5 Pride and joy and dirty dreams A5 E5 Are still survivin' on the streets and look at me! |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |   |  |  |  |  | B5 E5 B5 I'm in tatters. Yeah!                 |
|  |  |   |  |  |  |  | E5 B5 E5 I been battered. What does it matter? |
|  | B5 E5 B5 Does it matter? Uh, huh. Does it matter?  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | E5 B5 E5 B5<br>Uh, huh. I'm uh, shattered. Mm. I'm shattered.  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | E5 B5 E5 B5   |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Huh! Sha-doo-bee. Shattered. Huh! Sha-doo-bee. Shattered. |  |  |  |  |  |
| E5 B5  |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| Sha-doo-bee. Shattered. Shattered.                       |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| E5 B5 E5   |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| Don't you know the crime rates goin' up, up, up, up, up? |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| (Sha-doo-bee.)   |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| B5 E5  |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| To live in this town you must be tough, tough, tough,    |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| B5   |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
| Tough, tough, tough! (Shattered. Shattered.) E5 B5       |  |   |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | We got rats on the West Side, bedbugs uptown.  |   |  |  |  |  |  |

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Outro-
                  E5
Chorus (cont.) What a mess! This town's in tatters. I been shattered.
                    My brain's been battered, splattered all over Manhattan.
                                                                                B5
                    Sha-doo-bee. (Shattered, shattered.) What say? Sha-doo-bee.
                           E5
                  Shattered. (Sha-doo-bee.)
                  B5
                                              B5
                                                                 E5
                    Shattered. Sha-doo-bee. (Shattered.) Uh, buh.
                  This town's full of money grabbers. Go a - head!
                  Bite the Big Apple.
                                           E5
                  Don't mind the maggots! ____ (Sha-doo-bee.) Uh, buh.
                     (Shattered.) Sha-doo-bee.
                                                  My brain's been battered!
                  E5
                    My fam'ly come around 'n' flatter, flatter, flatter, flatter,
                  Flatter, flatter, flatter. Pile it up! (Shattered.)
                  Pile it up! Pile it high ____ on the platter!
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