

# Jacqueline

Franz Ferdinand

**Cm As B**

Jacqueline was seventeen,  
working on a desk  
when Ivor  
peered above a spectacle  
Forgot that he had wrecked a girl,  
sometimes these eyes  
forget the face they're peering from  
When the face they peer upon  
well you know  
that face as I do  
And how in the return of the gaze  
she can return you the face  
that you are staring from

**Cm B As Cm Eb B**

R: It's always better on holiday,  
so much better on holiday  
That's why we only work when  
we need the money

R: It's always better...

Gregor was down again,  
said come on kick me again,  
I'm so drunk  
I don't mind if you kill me  
Come on you gutless  
I'm alive  
and how I know it  
but for chips and for freedom  
I could die

R: It's always better... (4x)