

Livin' La Vida Loca

Ricky Martin - *Ricky Martin* (1999)

Intro		C#m x 8
A1	She's into superstitions – black cats and voodoo dolls I feel a premonition that girl's gonna make me fall	C#m x 4 C#m x 4 C#m x 4
	She's into new sensations – new kicks in the candle light She's got a new addiction for every day and night	C#m x 4 C#m x 4
Bridge 1	She'll make you take your clothes off and go dancing in the rain She'll make you live her crazy life but she'll take away your pain Like a bullet to your brain – come on!	F#m % G#m % A % H % G#7 %
B1	Upside, inside out she's livin la vida loca She'll push and pull you down , livin la vida loca Her lips are devil red and her skin's the color of mocha She will wear you out livin la vida loca, come on! Livin la vida loca, come on! She's livin la vida loca	C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m H C#m H C#m
Intro 2	Woo! <i>All right!</i>	C#m x 8
A2	Woke up in New York City in a funky cheap hotel She took my heart and she took my money She must've slipped me a sleeping pill	C#m x 4 C#m % C#m %
A'2	She never drinks the water and makes you order French Champagne Once you've had a taste of her you'll never be the same Yeah, she'll make you go insane – come on!	F#m % G#m % A % H % G#7 %
B2	Upside, inside out she's livin la vida loca She'll push and pull you down , livin la vida loca Her lips are devil red and her skin's the color of mocha She will wear you out livin la vida loca, come on! Livin la vida loca – She's livin la vida loca	C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m H C#m H C#m
Solo		: C#m % H C#m :
Bridge 2	She'll make you take your clothes off and go dancing in the rain She'll make you live her crazy life but she'll take away your pain Like a bullet to your brain – come on!	F#m % G#m % A % H % G#7 %
B3	Upside, inside out she's livin la vida loca She'll push and pull you down , livin la vida loca Her lips are devil red and her skin's the color of mocha She will wear you out livin la vida loca, come on!	C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m
B4	Upside, inside out she's livin la vida loca She'll push and pull you down , livin la vida loca Her lips are devil red and her skin's the color of mocha She will wear you out livin la vida loca, come on! Livin la vida loca, come on! She's livin la vida loca	C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m H C#m H C#m
Coda	(guitar)	C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m
	(trumpet)	C#m % H C#m C#m % H C#m
	Come on! Gadda la vida loca Gadda gadda gadda la vida loca Gadda gadda gadda la vi	C#m % H C#m H C#m H C#m (break)