Beetle In The Box Admiral Fallow

Admiral Fallow // Tree Bursts In Snow // Beetle In The Box

Palm Mute all the D(3) and G(3) chords.

D(3): x54030

Em: 022000

F: 133211

F*: x33210

G: 320001 G(3): x55430

A: x02220

Bm: x24430

(P.M): - Palm Mute

Intro: D(3) G(3)

D(3) G(3) D(3)

Hold your tongue the unwilling and the safe

G(3) D(3)

Make your mark in your own tiny way

G(3)

Your own miniature firework display for one

D(3) G(3) D(3)

Fear of facing the shadow on the shore

G(3) D(3)

Tied in knots and hung out on the backdoor

G(3) D(3) Bm

The boy-done-good thoughts of valour and the all for one

A D

It s the beetle in the box that shakes in your hands

Bm G D

And it s formed out of feelings I don t understand

Em Bm

They re mapped in the gaps and the spaces between

G A D(3) G(3) D(3)

The worry of bearing the ghost in the machine

D(3) D(3)

I eat your words and you mark my mistakes

G(3) D(3)

We set the dictionary up to fail

G(3) D(3) Bm G(3)

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D(3)
                      G(3)
Fleeting fondness is a flicker in your frown
                G(3)
Spilling out in adjectives and nouns
                                                               Bm
A mess of letters once it s chewed and swallowed down all gone
It s the beetle in the box that shakes in your hands
                                 G
And it s formed out of feelings I don t understand
They re mapped in the gaps and the spaces between
                                              G(3) D(3)
                                     D(3)
                        Α
The worry of bearing the ghost in the machine
How do you feel pain?
(Tremors through the floor)
How do you hear sound?
(Tapping on the walls)
I wish I could feel it all
                            F (P.M)
(I wish I could feel it all)
It s the beetle in the box that shakes in your hands
                                F
And it s formed out of feelings I don t understand
They re mapped in the gaps and the spaces between
The worry of bearing the ghost
The worry of bearing the ghost
                  C (P.M)
               F*
In the machine
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Music by Admiral Fallow.

The work of poets is a vapour we exhale it s gone