

Little bombs

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Capotraste na 2ª casa

intro: **F Am**

(**F**)From the 22nd (**Am**)floor
(**F**)Walking down the (**Am**)corridor
(**Dm**)Looking out the (**Bb**)picture window (**F**)down
On Syca(**C**)more

(**F**)While perspective lines (**Am**)converge
(**F**)Rows of cars and buses (**Am**)merge
(**Dm**)All the sweet green (**Bb**)trees of Atlanta (**F**)burst
Like little (**C**)bombs
Or little (**Dm**)pom-poms
Shaken (**Bb**)by a careless (**F**)hand
That drives them (**C**)off
And leaves (**Dm**)again

Bb F C

(**Dm**)Life just(**Bb**)kind of (**Dm**)empties (**C**)out
(**Dm**)Less a (**Bb**)deluge (**Dm**)than a (**C**)drought
(**Dm**)Less a (**Bb**)giant (**Dm**)mushroom (**C**)cloud
(**Dm**)Than an unex(**Bb**)ploded (**F**)shell
Inside a (**C**)cell
Of the Lennox(**Dm**) Hotel

Bb F C

On the 22nd floor
Found a notice on my door
While outside, the sun is shining on
Those little bombs
Those little pom-poms

Life just kind of empties out
Less a deluge than a drought
Less a giant mushroom cloud
Than an unexploded shell
Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel

Bb F C

Inside a cell
Of the Lennox Hotel

Inside a cell
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Inside a cell
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