

**Little bombs**  
**Aimee Mann**

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

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