

G **C**
 Took a call from an old, old friend
G **C**
 Out of money, in jail again
G **C**
 I posted bail and took him in
G **C**
 I m still bleedin
G **C**
 We re both bleedin

[Chorus 2]

Am **C**
 These thoughts of pain
G
 Don t make a sound
D
 They keep us hidden
Em
 In the lost and found
C **G**
 These colder months, wincing social graces
D **Em** **C**
 We keep with us, these fallen faces
 We keep with us, these fallen faces

[Bridge]

Am **F**
 These thoughts of pain
C
 They ll make a sound
G
 To keep us hidden
Am
 In the lost and found
F **C**
 In these colder months, wincing social graces
G **Am F C G**
 We keep with us, these fallen faces