

Sounds Like Balloons  
Biffy Clyro

**Em**

Ancient Rome

**Em**

We built that fucker stone by stone

**Am**

Our fingers bled, our feet were worn

**D**

But we stayed strong and carried on

**Em**

Come on in

**Em**

Do you want to touch my bulbous head?

**Am**

With features wrapped and stretched to death

**D**

A tiny nose is all that s left

**Em**

**Am D**

This is not

**Em**

**Am D**

For your entertainment

**G**

The land at the end of our toes

**C**

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

**D**

The sand at the core of our bones

**Em**

It blows on, and on, and on, and on

**G**

The land at the end of our toes

**C**

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

**D**

The sand at the core of our bones

**Em**

Continues on

**Em**

The basement s gone

**Em**

It seems they ve dug up all our land

**Am**

The world was lowered man by man

**D**

Let s move the sky and not join hands

**Em**

Ancient Rome

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Goes on, and on, and on, and on

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The sand at the core of our bones

**Em**

Continues on

**Am**

**Em**

Life still sounds like balloons

**G**

You chew and you chew and chew

**C**

Your teeth crumble to the floor

**Am**

It s where they lay, it s where they lay

**Em**

The past never really dies

**G**

I don t think we even try

**C**

There s no difference from

**Am**

Where we wake or where we die

**G**

**Em**

Balloons

**G**

**Em**

Balloons

**G**

**Em**

Balloons

**C**

**Em**

Balloons

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The sand at the core of our bones

**Em**

Continues on