

Sounds Like Balloons

Biffy Clyro

Fm

Ancient Rome

Fm

We built that fucker stone by stone

Bbm

Our fingers bled, our feet were worn

Eb

But we stayed strong and carried on

Fm

Come on in

Fm

Do you want to touch my bulbous head?

Bbm

With features wrapped and stretched to death

Eb

A tiny nose is all that s left

Fm

Bbm Eb

This is not

Fm

Bbm Eb

For your entertainment

G#

The land at the end of our toes

C#

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

Eb

The sand at the core of our bones

Fm

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

Eb

The sand at the core of our bones

Fm

Continues on

Fm

The basement s gone

Fm

It seems they ve dug up all our land

Bbm

The world was lowered man by man

Eb

Let s move the sky and not join hands

Fm

Ancient Rome

Fm

We built that fucker stone by stone

Bbm

Our fingers bled, our feet were worn

Eb

But we stayed strong and carried on

Fm

Bbm Eb

This is not

Fm

Bbm Eb

For your entertainment

G#

The land at the end of our toes

C#

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

Eb

The sand at the core of our bones

Fm

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

Eb

The sand at the core of our bones

Fm

Continues on

Bbm

Fm

Life still sounds like balloons

G#

You chew and you chew and chew

C#

Your teeth crumble to the floor

Bbm

It s where they lay, it s where they lay

Fm

The past never really dies

G#

I don t think we even try

C#

There s no difference from

Bbm

Where we wake or where we die

G#

Fm

Balloons

G#

Fm

Balloons

G#

Fm

Balloons

C#

Fm

Balloons

G#

The land at the end of our toes

C#

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

Eb

The sand at the core of our bones

Fm

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

Eb

The sand at the core of our bones

Fm

Continues on