

Sounds Like Balloons
Biffy Clyro

F#m

Ancient Rome

F#m

We built that fucker stone by stone

Bm

Our fingers bled, our feet were worn

E

But we stayed strong and carried on

F#m

Come on in

F#m

Do you want to touch my bulbous head?

Bm

With features wrapped and stretched to death

E

A tiny nose is all that s left

F#m

Bm E

This is not

F#m

Bm E

For your entertainment

A

The land at the end of our toes

D

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

E

The sand at the core of our bones

F#m

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

A

The land at the end of our toes

D

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

E

The sand at the core of our bones

F#m

Continues on

F#m

The basement s gone

F#m

It seems they ve dug up all our land

Bm

The world was lowered man by man

E

Let s move the sky and not join hands

F#m

Ancient Rome

F#m

We built that fucker stone by stone

Bm

Our fingers bled, our feet were worn

E

But we stayed strong and carried on

F#m

Bm E

This is not

F#m

Bm E

For your entertainment

A

The land at the end of our toes

D

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

E

The sand at the core of our bones

F#m

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

A

The land at the end of our toes

D

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

E

The sand at the core of our bones

F#m

Continues on

Bm

F#m

Life still sounds like balloons

A

You chew and you chew and chew

D

Your teeth crumble to the floor

Bm

It s where they lay, it s where they lay

F#m

The past never really dies

A

I don t think we even try

D

There s no difference from

Bm

Where we wake or where we die

A

F#m

Balloons

A

F#m

Balloons

A

F#m

Balloons

D

F#m

Balloons

A

The land at the end of our toes

D

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

E

The sand at the core of our bones

F#m

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

A

The land at the end of our toes

D

Goes on, and on, and on, and on

E

The sand at the core of our bones

F#m

Continues on