

....C#m.....
The fragile keep secrets gathered in pockets

.....G#.....
and they ll sell them for nothing a cheap watch or locket

.....E.....C#m..
that kind of gold washes off

.....(C#m).....
and the sad act like lepers they stick to the shadows

.....G#.....
they long to ring bells of warning to tell of their coming

.....E.....C#m..
so that the pure can shut their doors

.....(C#m).....
and the angry are animals senseless and savage

.....G#.....
they act without order in logical lapses

.....E.....C#m..
they stain their mouths with blood

...F#m.....
so take my hand

.....C#m.....
this barren land is alive tonight

.....F#m.....
and the corn has grown

.....C#m.....
stalks that form a wall too high

.....F#m.....
but the wind carries sounds

.....C#m.....
that I can t see from beyond that line

.....C#m....A.....G#...
then the stalks begin to sway

....C#.....B...A....G#..
oh, stay with me Ar..ien..ette

.....C#m..
until the wolves are away

.....A..G# A...G#.....

YEP!!!!

The Second Verse has the same structure so the chords are the same.

well, the wicked are vultures and they bake in the canyons
they circle in sunlight and wait for their victims
to collapse and call to them
the desperate are water they ll run down forever
as they soak into silence, mend up together in a dark and distant place
so don t leave me here
with only mirrors watching me
this house it holds nothing but the memories
and the moon it leaves silver but never sleep
and then the silver turns to gray
until the wolves are away.