

Bulimic Beats
Catatonia

Em

I thought we d escape

B Em

I packed a fishing line and counted on it
I thought we d escape

B Em G

I packed a fishing line and counted on it

Em G

But dreaming is for moonrise

Em F#

And moonlight ails his tired eyes

Bm

I treat him like a lady

F#

I treat him as I would he unto me

Bm

Give Rose rose-seller a run for her money

Bb

With silicone and poetry

A

But it s the end of me

Em

I thought it could change

B Em A

I d wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange

Em

I couldn t get there behind his wall of Sunday papers
I thought it could change

B Em

I d wake up one morning and find nothing to rearrange

But dreaming is for moonrise
And moonlight ails his tired eyes

Bm

I treat him like a lady

F#

I treat him as I would he unto me

Bm

Give Rose rose-seller a run for her money

Bb

With silicone and poetry

A

But it s the end of me

Bm E G F# E F#

Bm E G F#m Em F# A

Em

Here I am

Bm Em

Here I am

And here I stand

B

Em

Here in my kitchen where I m familiar with every brand

Here I am

B

Em

A front line with labels where I witnessed custard s last stand

Here I am