(**B**

D#m G#m

C#m, B D#m

G#m

E)

```
Indiana
Cymbals Eat Guitars
Cymbals Eat Guitars
Why Are There Mountins
Indiana
Enjoy!
Intro ( No chords played, but you can play a B major chord )
As the descent began I got the distinct impression
Lake Michigan had been frozen for decades
I conducted the warmth from my metronome sternum
To our massive jetting vessel billowing plumes of spent fuel
    В
                                D#m
The tundra under us cracked and ruptured
             G#m
To reveal palisades
                  C#m
Made of blades of gray, gray bristling grass
And papulose lichen
D#m
I was so frightened
      G#m
As my grip on you tightened
Your skin got slicker
В
                    D#m
I am a deserted bus depot
           G#m
Though our approach suggested
   C#m
An American hazy sea
               D#m
Like the one I found inside
      G#m
After driving you home once
Still half high
```

B D#m G#m C#m

I-90 through utter desolation

B D#m G#m E

I sense evil at the heart of each far flung well lighted home

B D#m G#m C#n

I close my eyes and see cellar stairways

B D#m G#m E

Vermiculated with delicate animal bone

B D#n

Musty rooms house racks of fur jackets

G#m

Spattered with plasma

C#m

On a bus in Indiana

В

I called you and screamed

D#m G#m E B

Under ceaseless patterns of weeping light

I figured it out by ear, and it sounds right, but please put any corrections if it needs any.