

Indiana

Cymbals Eat Guitars

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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

B **D#m**
The tundra under us cracked and ruptured
G#m
To reveal palisades
C#m
Made of blades of gray, gray bristling grass
B
And papulose lichen
D#m
I was so frightened
G#m
As my grip on you tightened
E
Your skin got slicker

B **D#m**
I am a deserted bus depot
G#m
Though our approach suggested
C#m **B**
An American hazy sea
D#m
Like the one I found inside
G#m
After driving you home once
E
Still half high

(**B** **D#m** **G#m** **C#m**, **B** **D#m** **G#m** **E**)

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#m

I close my eyes and see cellar stairways

B D#m G#m E

Vermiculated with delicate animal bone

B D#m

Musty rooms house racks of fur jackets

G#m

Spattered with plasma

C#m

On a bus in Indiana

B

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.