

Flowers For My Brain
Dear and the Headlights

Flowers For My Brain By Dear And The Headlights

on the album they are tuned down a half step.
Tabbed By Stanley

A **E**
We re just whistling past the graveyard
A
Laughing in backseats and restaurants
E
Don t know ourselves well but so what

We know each other
Bm
Floating down from all my mixed up meditations
E
Trying to straighten out my spine
F#min
It s been folding in the moments that I need it
D
I m obsessing over finish lines
Bm
Asked you why you re smiling every time you see me
E
Said I remind you of a joke
F#min
I think you might actually me on to something
D **E**
There s no point in trying to take ourselves so seriously

A, E x2

A **E**
We re swaying in subconscious subways so insane
A
But your thoughts still bring flowers for my brain
E
And I still pull my hands past your ribcage
Bm **E**
Hoping my movements might find their place at your side
Bm **E**
For as long as you d like
A
And we will weave in and out of sanity unnoticed
E **A**
Swirling in blissfully restless visions of all our bleary progress
E

Glowing in radiant madness

Bm

Certain of all we re become

Bm, E x4

Bm

E

Now we re sneaking out the backdoor of our American minds

F#min

D

Gonna leave a couple hundred years of bad tradition behind

Bm

E

Done with swimming in the sea of agitated animal doubt

F#min

D

Gonna make up out own meanings till the final blackout (x2)

A

E

We re just whistling past the graveyard

donezo.