

# The Temperature Is Dropping

## Defiance, Ohio

This song is pretty simple, and has Four chords.

	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Am</b>
e	---3-----	0-----	0-----	0-----
B	---0-----	1-----	1-----	1-----
G	---0-----	0-----	2-----	2-----
D	---0-----	2-----	3-----	2-----
A	---2-----	3-----	3-----	0-----
E	---3-----	x-----	x-----	0-----

Intro: In the intro you strum the C chord and play a little fill, it s easy.

e	----0-----	----0-----	
B	----1-----	----1-----	
G	----0-0h2-2p0--	----0-0h2-2-----	x2
D	----2-----	----2-----	
A	--3-3-----	--3-3-----	
E	----x-----	----x-----	

The verse is mainly strumming the chord shown once and letting it ring.

<b>C</b>		<b>Am</b>		<b>C</b>
	Would it help to write a letter, as puddles turn to icy lakes? The			
		<b>Am</b>		
	temperature is dropping; the temperature is dropping with every breath or			
<b>C</b>		<b>Am</b>		
	life it takes. And baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, I guess it wouldn t be			
<b>F</b>		<b>G</b>		
	bad - if street lights and the cold nights in between - were all we ever had.			

((Intro) If you don t want to do the fill you can just play C for 3 beats and F twice on the fourth. Listen to the song for clarity.)

<b>C</b>		<b>Am</b>		<b>C</b>
	Simultaneous maps of cities, states of heart, or the heart of states. And			
		<b>Am</b>		<b>C</b>
	I keep on hoping, and I keep on asking to stay awake or hibernate. And maybe,			
		<b>Am</b>		
	maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe, maybe, our marks can make it through the snow.			
<b>F</b>		<b>G</b>		<b>Am</b>
	But even words can wither in the frost, if all we ever know is this beating			
<b>C</b>		<b>G</b>		<b>F</b>
	pulse that slows to less than one beat per minute before the spring thaw. Do			

**Am**

**C**

**G**

we measure days or years? Or are we tired of waiting? And is it a luxury, or  
**F**  
survival, or all that we have?

Play the intro Fill for a few measure to end it.

Good luck, thanks.