

Whirlwind

Dime Store Prophets

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| Whirlwind | |
| by: Dime Store Prophets | |

F Bb x4

Verse 1:

| | | | |
|------------------|---------------|---------------|-------------------------------|
| F | Bb | F | Bb |
| Seems like the | good old days | have come | and gone. |
| F | C | G | Bb |
| Seems like you | can t sell | nothing on tv | with your clothes on. |
| F | Bb | F | Bb |
| Well listen up | here mister | I didn t come | to preach. |
| F | C | G | Bb |
| I m just sitting | here looking | out my window | thinking about songs to sing. |

Verse 2:

Now where s all the preachers have they lost their way.
You know they say the road to hell is paved with good intentions,
what can I say...
They re just like you and me, we re one in the same.
Everytime we try to do good, something gets in the way.

Chorus:

| | | |
|------------------|---------------|----------------|
| F | C | Bb |
| Looks like we re | heading for a | big spin. |
| Looks like the | tide is about | to roll on in. |
| Take my hand, | I ll help | you if I can. |
| C | Bb Bb | |
| Time is coming | down like | a whirlwind. |

Verse 3:

Where s all my heroes, have they all gone away.
If I ever needed a savior, today s the day.
I think about my children, what will I leave for them,
just old beaten down war torn streets in a dead and barren land.

Chorus

Solo (sorry, I m not going to take the time to tab it)

F Bb x2

Verse 4:

Now every time I look at you, I end up looking at myself,

for everything you hide in your closet, I've hidden somewhere else,
and sometimes when you see me, you're going to point and laugh,
saying there goes a man with high ideals, and a burden on his back.

Chorus x2

C **Bb Bb** **C C F**
Time is coming down like a whirlwind