

Snow On Dead Neighborhoods
Electric President

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Electric President S/T [2006]
Transcribed by Matthew Brown (mnb92@mail.com)

Bb **Fm** **Bb** **Fm**
Pluck all the wires from your skin, and toss them to the wind.

Bb **Fm** **Bb** **Fm**
Open your chest and let me in. Iâ€™ll help you mend.

Bb **G#** **Eb** **G#**
While you carve our names in the ice on the sidewalk,

Bb **G#** **Eb** **G#**
And I do the same on the face of a cinderblock.

Bb **Fm** **Bb** **Fm**
Thousands of houses hug this road, but no oneâ€™s home.

Bb **Fm** **Bb** **Fm**
All the picket fences look like bones, â€™cause nothing grows.

Bb **Fm** **Bb** **Fm**
Snow covers everything in sight a ghostly white.

Bb **Fm** **Bb** **Fm**
Under that blanket thereâ€™s no life, just blinking lights.

Bb **G#** **Eb** **G#**
And we peer through the glass of those empty households.

Bb **G#** **Eb** **G#** **Bb**
The TVs are all still on. Theyâ€™re flashing images against the walls

G# **Eb** **G#**