

**Springterror**  
**Frontier Ruckus**

Frontier Ruckus: Springterror; Deadmalls and Nightfalls

Capo 2/Key of G without capo/Key of A with capo

\*Listen to the song to follow where the hammer ons and little walk downs are used.

\*Matthew sometimes plays the D chord with the root on the 5th fret A string in a C shape.

Intro: Strum the G chord hammer on the G note a few times.

**G**

Look at all the steam off the snow

**Em C Am**

We listen to the Top 40 country radio blow

**G**

Listen to the singer

**Em C**

Trying to put my finger on who killed who

**G**

When it does linger

**Em C**

The sweet nostril-stinger of the springs mildew

**G**

Was it your will to take his pill orally?

**C**

**Am**

Or did you act perfunctorily?

**G**

The lamp-shadow dampness

The safe world of campus

**Em**

The water of your high school eyes

**C**

Some stadium

**Am**

Some old college tries

**G**

There in my stomach the liquor heated

With every place I ever trick-or-treated and

**Em**

We used to message through the ink of night

**C**

**Am**

With skin still young and pink and tight  
**D** **Em**  
 Back when the tongue thrust with all of our young lust  
**Am** **Bm** **C** **Am**  
 The dimple-chin brunettes who make simpleton pets of me  
**G**  
 And yes, Im a heel  
**G7**  
 But with Peters keel  
**Em** **C**  
 I will cut through the lily-pads  
**Am** **D**  
 The moping mothers and hillbilly dads  
**Em** **G**  
 And the billboard dentist from White Lake to East Lansing  
**Am** **D**  
 With his day-glo halo sentence entrancing  
**G** **Em**  
 The moon makes lake-water out to be a filmy skin  
**C** **Am** **Em** **C**  
 But who can begin to tell what skin holds far within  
**G**  
 Oh, the bathers  
**G7**  
 Oh, the toweling  
**Em** **C**  
 Your cells are saviors that ring wet bells growling and  
**G**  
 You have the black eyes  
**G7**  
 Just holes filled with night skies  
**Em** **C**  
 A saddening sweetness through your kid-sister sighs  
**G** **Em**  
 Where the Sylvan Lake corner is flickering with childhood  
**C** **Am**  
 And the mourner within me feels older than wildwood  
**G** **Em**  
 And if I knew what part of me was wax  
**C** **Am** **G**  
 Id try to truncate it with a black sopping night axe

Tabbed by: kylevndr