

D E D A

Death and hell are never full

D E A

And neither are the eyes of men

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Cats can fly from nine stories high

E D

And pigs can see the wind

Verse 3:

	A		F#m	
She	let	me	make	my pallet in the moonlight on the floor
	D		E	
Just	outside	of	paradise but right in hell s back door	
	A		F#m	
The	image	of	her nibbled at the eye of my soul	
	D		E	A
My	dreams	were	a hurricane and quite out of control	

Verse 4:

	F#		B	
Then	her	voice	came through the storm it s more than flesh i deal	
	E		A	
You	will	have	to pay for any wisdom that you steal	
	F#		B	
I	awoke	to	tinted windows and lavender and red	
	E		A	
The	first	station	of the cross is just above my head	
	F#		B	
I	awoke	to	gargoyles and a hard bench for my bed	
	E		A	
Jesus	Christ	and	Pontias Pilate were just above my head	

Chorus.

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