

Peachy

Laura Stevenson and the Cans

F Bb F A Bb Bbm F (2x)

C Bb F A
How else can I say I am not your hide-away,

Bb Bbm F
Get your face out from the crook in my arm.

C Bb F A
And not only just I can be what s keeping you alive,

Bb Bbm F
If I slip up, if I fall asleep you re gone.

Dm C Bb F
And god knows I ve tried,

Dm C Bb
But I am god damned tired.

F Bb F A Bb Bbm F

C Bb F A Bb
And I will build a fort around you, the bricks are drying in the sun,

Bbm F
Stay real still I ll soon be done.

C Bb F A
But I m not strong enough to hold you up,

Bb F Bb F
I ve got a hole inside my gut and it s tearing me apart.

Bb F Bb F
Yeah this hole inside my gut it is tearing me apart.

Bbm F
It is tearing me apart. (x4)

Dm F
I am small the television s falling from the second floor,

Gm **Bb** **F**
My sister s hand in mine as we watch it go.

Dm **F**
Another scene with sirens in the front yard

Gm **Bb**
For the neighbors to read by the lights of.