Fairy Tales And Castles Lifehouse

Е F#m He says he looks in the mirror Cm# Α And he can t tell anymore E F#m C#m Α Who he really is and who they believed him to be E F#m And he says he walks a thin line Cm# Α Between what is and what could be E F#m and he s getting closer C#m Α to something he can t understand в5 Ε Cause there s a crack in his plastic crown в5 E and his throne of ice is melting в5 He climbed his ladder Е There was nothing there A5 Now it s a long way down F#m C#m E Cause on and on and on he goes E Α Dancing on the grave F#m C#m Α of what he thought was still alive (Hey) Е F#m C#m and on and on and on he goes Α \mathbf{E} Dancing in mansions made of twigs F#m Α and castles made of sand Е F#m He says his head is filled up with C#m Α Cartoons and fairy tales F#m E and he s trapped inside a dungeon of dolls C#m Α With smiles on their faces

EF#mHe s builta pretty cageC#mAHis show son a beautiful stageEF#mWith candycoated prison barsC#mAand chainsthat look like jewelry

B5 E
Cause there s a crack in his plastic crown
B5 E
and his throne of ice is melting
B5
He climbed his ladder
E
There was nothing there
A5
Now it s a long way down

F#m C#m \mathbf{E} Cause on and on and on he goes Α Е Dancing on the grave F#m C#m Α of what he thought was still alive (Hey) F#m E C#m and on and on and on he goes Е Α Dancing in mansions made of twigs F#m Α and castles made of sand

C#mACause he lives insideEF#mof fairy tales and castles nowC#mAand there s no room insideEF#mA5Afor false expectations and illusions

B5 E There s a crack in his plastic crown B5 E and his throne of ice is melting B5 He climbed his ladder E There was nothing there A5 Now it s a long way down A It s along way down

F#m C#m E Cause on and on and on he goes A Ε Dancing on the grave F#m C#m Α of what he thought was still alive (Hey) Е F#m C#m and on and on and on he goes Α E Dancing in mansions made of twigs F#m Α and castles made of sand F#m C#m E Cause on and on and on he goes А E Dancing on the grave F#m C#m А of what he thought was still alive (Hey) Е F#m C#m and on and on and on he goes Α E Dancing in mansions made of twigs F#m Α and castles made of sand Е F#m C#m Cause on and on and on he goes Α E Dancing on the grave F#m C#m Α (Cause on and on and on he goes) of what he thought was still alive (Hey) Е F#m C#m and on and on and on he goes А E Dancing in mansions made of twigs F#m Α and castles made of sand