

Dire Straits
Mads Langer

capo 2nd fret

Am F G C

tearing pages out of my diary
try to change the story of my life
collapse as a falling statue
and turn into dust
headed off to a different planet
running through the streets
i m in a state of war
surrounded by embracing arms
but who can i trust

waking up in places i don t know
silver screens showing lies
in slow motion
and i realize

i i m in dire straits in dire straits
because of you
and you you re in dire straits
and you ve blocked the gates
because of me

we are weightless
we are hanging in the air
and the dark clouds
just won t disappear
we try and we try
but it seems like we ve lost

we have burned our house
to the ground
we are rattling through the night
without a sound
and i realize that

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