

Wp  
Matisyahu

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e |-----
B |-----
G |-----
D |-----
A |---3-3-3---1-----3-3-3---1-----
E |-----3-----3-----3-----

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4 x

Eb  
 Slap me Daft, we sat down in the back of the class  
 Gm  
 To seize knowledge we don't need, I forgot my late pass  
 Fm  
 But I'm early to a arival beatbox, you got raps?  
 Gm  
 Meet me on the football field, don't sleep on field, the quarterback  
 Eb  
 No one clapped when we locked in, it was removal of our class  
 Gm  
 But my flag got captured and I fell between the cracks  
 Fm  
 My tool for inspiration turned into a handicap  
 Gm  
 No matter how I tried, I just couldn't fill the gaps  
 Eb  
 Those whipper snappers, they got trapped old chap  
 Gm  
 They lost the way, they never had the right map  
 Fm  
 Needed a sneak attack to slap the demons off my back  
 Gm  
 So I packed for the schddle dreamed big I wouldn't settle  
 Eb  
 Put the pedal to the metal and returned to fundamentals  
 Gm  
 I'll never forget running through the hall with all y'all rebels  
 Fm  
 Roaming through the high land, young bucks invincible  
 Gm  
 Echoes in my brain, if kids report to the principle  
 Refrão -----  
 Ab  
 Substance dulls the mind  
 Fm  
 Traif\* wine clouds the heart  
 Cm  
 You can't sew a stitch with one hand

Bb

While you're taking it apart

Ab

Bright lights might look nice

Fm

But they sure won't make you sharp

Cm

You can't sew a stitch with one hand

Bb

While you're taking it apart -----

Eb

Yeah, misty morning and my mum's a mess

Gm

To make matters worse dog my pops is stressed

Fm

Life is a test, make the grade or catch an F

Gm

Now death is all that's left to ponder

I wander off hoping to catch my breath

Eb

And hold it, mold my memories from untold scripts

Gm

And roll up in a tornado twist, now I'm certain

Fm

There's a pertinent reason I'm on this earth

Gm

Seasons change in white plains, but we remain alert

Eb

When new school years appear, fools fear for a failure

Gm

And crawl away in tears

Fm

I play Popeye the Sailor and stay with spinach

We walk the halls with a grimace

Gm

Yeah they gossip in groups

I try to mind my business and tell the truth

Eb

Gm

For instance, I listen, see it all with basketball court vision

Ignoring ignorance in fields of fiction

Fm

We lean back in the calmest position

Gm

And embrace the honesty found within our tension

What's good?

Refrão

Introdução:

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e | -----  
B | -----  
G | -----  
D | -----  
A | ---3-3-3---1-----3-3-3---1-----  
E | -----3-----3-----3-----
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Trapped in the elevator of your mind  
Is it real, what will you find behind the door  
Your imaginations put you in a bind  
Around you there's a cloud of gloom  
Swallow the key, lock yourself in a room  
Can't see outside of your Universe

Eb

Gm

No more war, there won't be anymore hunger

No jealousy, not even competition

Fm

Let go, release, you hold the keys

Gm

Time we evaporate into the breeze

Eb

We are nothing, we are something

Gm

Let go, release, you hold the keys

Fm

It's time we evaporate into the breeze

Gm

We are nothing, we'll be something

Eb

Welcome to the desert of my soul

Gm

You can stay if you like

Fm

There's room for one more

Gm

There's room for one more