

Siberian Breaks

MGMT

PARTE 1 (00:00)

Am Cmaj7 Am Cmaj7

Bbm Cm Bbm Cm

Ama j7

Am Cmaj7

Sleep as the goer

Am Cmaj7

the bridge that watches the light speed thru

Bbm Cm

and cries while the spirit stumbles

Bbm Cm Ama j7

and inside missile for the protection of you

Am Cmaj7

maybe it s silet n

Am Cmaj7

the voice can t bear anymore strain

Bbm Cm

but speak without even knowing

Bbm Cm

and streams outside in the direction of truth

Ama j7 Em

Ama j7 Em

E |-----|
B |-----|
G |-----2-----2---2-|
D |---2-----2---2---|
A |--4-----5-----|
E |-----|

PARTE 2 (01:26)

Gm C Dm

there s no reason there s no secret to decode

Gm C Dm G

if you can t save it, leave it dying on the road

Gm C Dm

wide open arms can feel so cold

C

so cold

Em F#

feel so cold

D C#m Bm E

PARTE 3 (02:10)

Asus4

balance the books, the ledges, the loons

Asus4 F#m

the disappointed look on the faces

E

that squint at the moon

C#m Bm

let s see it with shadows enhance

C#m D

and then vote to decide who ll advance

Asus4

silver jet plane, making a turn

F#m E

exciting the brain that expects it to crash and then burn

C#m Bm

it s not the life lesson I d ve guessed

C#m D

if you re conscious you must be depressed

Asus4 C#m

or at least cynical

Em

but someone might still eat the steaks

F#

even if they re tough

D

spending the day

C#m

chewing the fat

Bm E Asus4

floating away isn t roguh but it s not enough

Asus4

oh marianne, pass me the joint the sandpaper s tan

F#m E

go-getters are surfing the point

C#m Bm

and london s a cratch on the lens

C#m D

it s over before it begins

Asus4

silk round her neck falls down to her shoulders

Fm E

the older I get, the more I suspect there s a trick

C#m Bm

but really there s no trip at all

C#m D

that doesn t result in a fall

Asus4 C#m

or a faltering

Em

but something might spit out the bait

F#

even if it s real

D

rolling away

C#m

missing a spoke

Bm E Asus4 C#m

close to the ground like a wheel but it s not enough

D

holding the line

C#m

clutching the phone

Bm E Asus4

nobly wasting the night, but it isn t right

F#

it s not right

D

smelling for blood

C#m

praying for rain

Bm E Asus4

running away isn t rough, but it s not enough

A

PARTE 4 (04:56)

Eb Gm Cm Fm Cm

the low tide is telling me, when it s over,

Bb Dm Gm

to breathe in everything exposed

Eb Gm Cm Fm Cm

and comes back to cover me in a blanket

Bb Dm Gm

being here s always changing tunes

Cm Bb F F7

Dm G Am Gm

Em

PARTE 5 (06:08)

Dm G7 Am Am/G Em A7 x4

Dm G7 Am Am/G Em A7

the empty sky surrounds me but i can t see at all

Dm G7 Am Am/G Em A7

wide open arms can feel so cold

Dm G7 Am Am/G Em A7

and you can sit beside me and tell me what it s worth

Dm G7 Am Am/G Em A7

but I hope I die before i get sold

Dm G7 Am Am/G Em A7
I hope I die before I get sold
Dm G7 Am Am/G Em A7
I d rather die before I get sold

PARTE 6 (08:22)

Dm C G
if you find the soul that you lost
E Am
frozen in a starry void
Dm C G
take it within and hope the sight of blood
Cmaj7
can will signs of life to return
Dm C G
back to the way that it was
E Am
long before it made a noise
Dm C G
to keep on quietly reminding you
Cmaj7
what s never created or destroyed

Dm7 Cmaj7
Dm7

PARTE 7 (09:12)

Am Cmaj7
wake as the swell peaks
Am Cmaj7
the close-outs drowning the birds with roars
Bbm Cm
and howls scare the new unkindness
Bbm Cm Amaj7
that picks and laughs at the carrion scene

Am Cmaj7
forces you see breath can
Am Cmaj7
always go into hiding
Bbm Cm
and wait til it passes over
Bbm Cm
or stay far gone for all eternity

A G#m (repete até o final)