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Living The Dream
Million Dead

This isn t the whole thing, and it isn t perfect, buts a starting point. Feel free
to send me corrections! - benjamin@jamindesigns.co.uk

Em* in the chorus is 022010 I believe. The C* s that pop up are either 032033 or a
variation I haven t quite figured.

Tabbed from a fairly bad quality youtube video. Corrections will be needed, it might not even be in album tuning.

Capo 2 for album version.

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F#m              E                       D
 You , another tired second-person address,
                Bm              A
Words written hastily and under duress
                Bm                      D
Im cold and holed up in the back of the van,
          Bm                    F#m
devoid of eloquence or elegant plan
        E       D      Bm             A
And Im paranoid, and I can t help but think,
        Bm      D         Bm      F#m
That somewhere someone is listening in
           E           D
But all the words that I kept in my pockets,
Bm                 A           Bm
jotted down on supermarket receipts,
        D       D*     D      D*     F#m
At base turned out to be solid masonry
        E       D              Bm             A
And Im scared of the kids who come to our shows,
        Bm              D      Bm     F#m
And scared of the words that they seem to know,
        E                       D
Because in truth all my high ideals are in ruins,
    Bm                 A
in truth I don t really know what Im doing
                      Bm                D*
Growing out of these clothes turned out to mean losing certainty

So sing,  your  voices level the land,

My Jericho,
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My rock and sure foundation!

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A       D      F#m*    D      A
Every love that made me lose my reasoning,
        D       F#m*    D      A
Every line that made my conscience ache,
        D       F#m*    A*     A                       D
Every day spent counting hours well, none of them come close
        Bm      A               D
To singing back a song inside my head
        Bm                       D
I always had a song inside my head
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And yes, there are times when I am tired and stressed,

When I am hasty and Im under duress

Im a narcissist and Im not at my best I have to say Im not impressed

Of all the things that I believed in my teens, Im left with unread books and badly made zines

Some might-have-beens that somehow even yet

Bring a spring to my step

I remember calloused hands and paint-stained jeans,

And I remember safe-as-houses self-belief

So sing your voices are sure destruction,

My rock and sure foundation

And every line that made me lose my reasoning,

Every chord that made my conscience ache,

Every sound a memory that s all I ever need

I always have a song inside my head