

Guts And Teeth  
Old Man Markley

C C7 F Fm C C7 F Fm (first part played up the neck)

I still see my actions ripple, Grinding hope stones into sand,

Losing too much kills the lion, Makes mice of many men

I watched you suffer too, Stuck steadfast to beliefs,

And I m apart from it, But woe is me

And after all underneath, Ain t we all just guts and teeth?,

Ain t we all just reflections?, Moving in separate directions

In our heads, out of our minds and out of time...

Chord progression repeats...