

**What Will Become Of Us**  
**Passenger**

Passenger - What Will Become Of Us

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This is my second set of chords I've put together.

The song is a song that works best when finger picked however I thought it would

be nice to have a simpler version, because that can be tricky to get your head around.

Plus if you want to create a similar sound you can always just pick the A string

with the G and B strings, but whatever floats your boat.

	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>Am</b>
e	-----3---	0---	1---	0-----
B	-----0---	1---	1---	1-----
G	-----0---	0---	2---	2-----
D	-----0---	2---	3---	2-----
A	-----2---	3---	0---	0-----
E	-----3---	0---	0---	0-----

Capo: 5

Enjoy :)

	<b>F</b>		<b>C</b>	
Well, wood burns, and metal rusts,				
	<b>G</b>		<b>C</b>	
So, darling, whatâ€™s to become of us,				
	<b>Am</b>		<b>C</b>	
When the weather turns, and they say it must,				
	<b>F</b>		<b>G</b>	
Well, weâ€™ll need coats for the both of us,			<b>C</b>	
	<b>F</b>		<b>C</b>	
But the wool is thin and itâ€™s full of holes,				
	<b>G</b>		<b>C</b>	
And thereâ€™s no heat in this abandoned bus,				
	<b>Am</b>		<b>C</b>	
So will we go alone, out on our own,				
	<b>F</b>		<b>G</b>	
Oh, darling, whatâ€™s to become of us			<b>C</b>	

**F** **C**  
Well, boats sink into the sea,  
**G** **C**  
And airplanes that crash like computer screens,  
**Am** **C**  
And signals fail, trains derail,  
**F** **G** **C**  
And car bonnets crumple like magazines,  
**F** **C**  
â€˜Til theyâ€™re put in piles like stacks of tiles,  
**G** **C**  
In a yard full of fridges and broken stuff,  
**Am** **C**  
Will we go alone out on our own,  
**F** **G** **C**  
Oh, darling, whatâ€™s to become of us

**C** **F**  
We will bite our noses off to spite our faces,  
**G** **C** **G**  
Both of us will rust like metal fences in the rain,  
**C** **F**  
You will pour the gasoline and I will spark the matches,  
**G** **C** **G**  
We will burn within our fire, we will burn within our flames

**F** **C**  
Well, yeast ferments and milk sours,  
**G** **C**  
When itâ€™s out of the fridge for too many hours,  
**Am** **C**  
Well, we lament in separate towers,  
**F** **G** **C**  
Never knowing if weâ€™re brave or if weâ€™re cowards,  
**F** **C**  
For they pour cement down this hole of ours,  
**G** **C**  
And weâ€™ll be stuck under stones and flowers,  
**Am** **C**  
Will we go alone out on our own,  
**F** **G** **C**  
Oh, darling, thatâ€™s what will become of us