Vampirism Is For Poseurs Song For The Living Ramshackle Glory

I don t believe in heaven, I do believe in hell It s down the street from here, And we both lived there for years We burned the calendars for warmth, And the alarm clocks just for fun We closed the blinds to make goddamn sure That we could never see the sun You could set a watch by the bottle returns F# D And the ashtrays overflowing on the floor A... Nothing s free but time when you re so damn poor BmBut the past was death row, And the future s a battlefield I hope we choose the right war BmBecause I ve been fist fighting gravity, Since the day I learned how to breathe And I still wake up On the same cold floor i fell asleep on G So I won t, but we shall overcome someday I can t do it alone, but I shall be free someday BmI don t know how to live But I m sick of learning how to die BmVampirism is for poseurs in junior high [Trumpet] x2 D Bm F#m G D We made our own postal system, To cross the continent As long as freight trains run And loners pick up dreamers with thumbs Who needs governments to get a letter to you Or a mixtape to me, or a postcard to Johnstown? What s a thousand miles between friends?

What s a friend that s not worth crossing a country? But I owe money and broken hearts From Philly to Sydney and back to Vermont (yeeeah) I regret a million things Α... And that s only what I haven t forgot But the past was a mine field, And right now is a prison break I hope we make it alive BmWhen who we are doesn t stop where the law begins Then we ll storm their court houses to survive Α G So I won t, but we shall overcome someday Α G I can t do it alone, but we shall be free someday BmI don t know how to live But I m sick of learning how to die

Vampirism is for poseurs in junior high