

Green Screens
Sleeping at Last

Intro:

If only worry could make it change, then suddenly our world would take new shape

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E |-----3-----2-----|
B |-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----|
G |-----0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----|
D |--0-----2-----|
A |-----|
E |-----|

```

C
G
D
C
G
D
on miles and miles of green screens love hangs on invisible strings.

G
Em
Bm
So roll up your sleeves, this could take some time.
G
Em
Bm
Everything waits on assembly lines - but not here.
G
Em
Bm
G
Em
Bm
In the emergence of plan, we ll be surrounded by hands.

C
G
D
C
G
D
The storyboard outlines our escape and second guesses will be erased;
C
G
D
Em
D/F#
G
on the cutting room floor everything falls into place.

Intro

If only our futures could be tamed, then suddenly our past would have no say.

G
Em
Bm
G
Em
Bm
And in the emergence of film, pouring overhead, our bodies relearn how to feel.

C
D
Em
D
C
D
Em
D
And somehow the screen embodies every ideal as the orchestra so sweetly reveals,
C
D
Em
D
C
D
Em
D
and the background artist carries us there, all the conflict compliments repair.

C
G
D
And we re all on the edge of our seats,
C
G
D
and we re all on the edge of our seats

Strings

C G D

Intro

...until the end.