

The War

Sofia Talvik

Em Em C G

I ve been at so many crossroads
that I ve forgotten all the turns
and I ve spent all my money
on ways to wipe out my concerns

C D

But the therapy in a tall glass of gin
is not something that leaves you blissful within

Em Em C G

in the morning
the daylight is broken
just like the night before
and we keep sending a mayday
that never reaches the shore

C D

The more that you sleep the more tired you get
I try to forgive but it s hard

Em C G D

When you turn me over
to the war
turn me over
to the war

C D

the therapy in a tall glass of gin
is not something that leaves you blissful within

Em Em C G

I ve seen so many faces
with masks made out of clay
so stiff and immobile
just like the games they play

C D

The more that you sleep the more tired you get
I try to forgive but it s hard to forget
How good it would feel to be senseless and numb
to not really care at all

Em C G D

When you turn me over
to the war
turn me over

to the war