

Youth
The Crookes

Youth by The Crookes.

Standard tuning, no capo. Enjoy.

E **Abm**
With split lips, oh a smile can be hard.
E **A**
Dirt, blood, grit, a catalogue of youthful scars.
E **Abm**
They made it clear from the very start,
E **A**
That pain lies beyond the cries of damned young hearts.

B **Dbm** **F#m** **E** **B**
Does it show in my sunken eyes that these concrete skies move too slow?
E **Abm**
Tarmaced seas; a breeze from lonely nights.
E **A**
Blood drips downs my knees...I m sick of worthless fights.
B **Dbm** **F#m**
Does it show in my sullied smile that it s not my style?
E **B**
Time slows, let me go.

E **Abm**
But I just let things slide,
Dbm
In the glow of pale lights,
A
As our laughter splits the night.
E **Abm**
In time, I ll grow to find,
Dbm
That all we ll ever have,
A
Are blissful moments quickly passed.
F#m
It s obscene,
B **E**
They re so few and far between.

E **Abm**
I ll take solitude and I ll take calm.
E **A**
All my hopes were chewed and spat out (with charm).
B **Dbm**

Faith entwined all my deepest fears,

F#m

And my strange ideas,

E

Youth might be kind.

E

Abm

But I just let things slide,

Dbm

In the glow of pale lights,

A

As our laughter splits the night.

E

Abm

In time, I ll grow to find,

Dbm

That all we ll ever have,

A

Are blissful moments quickly passed.

F#m

It s obscene,

B

E

They re so few and far between.