

Disintegration
The Cure

The song basically moves around this simple progression: **C#-Eb-Fm**
However, it might change into **C#add9 Ebadd9 Fm7**, especially somewhere in the middle of a song, where we have this lick:

E		--8-7-----5-3-----2----		----0----0-----0----0-----0-----0-----0-----
B		-----3--		--3--3--3--3--3--3--3--3--3-----
G		-----		-----0-----2-----0-----
D		-----		-----2-----0-----2-----
A		-----		-----3-----2-----
E		-----		-----0-----
				C#add9 Ebadd9 Fm7

C#	Eb	Fm
oh i miss the kiss of treachery	the shameless kiss of vanity	
the soft and the black and the velvety	up tight against the side of me	
and mouth and eyes and heart	all bleed	
and run in thickening streams	of greed	
as bit by bit it starts the need	to just let go my party piece	

oh i miss the kiss of treachery the aching kiss before i feed
the stench of a love for a younger meat
and the sound that it makes when it cuts in deep
the holding up on bended knees the addiction of duplicities
as bit by bit it starts the need to just let go my party piece
but i never said i would stay to the end
so i leave you with babies and hoping for frequency
screaming like this in the hope of the secrecy
screaming me over and over and over
i leave you with photographs pictures of trickery
stains on the carpet and stains on the scenery
songs about happiness murmured in dreams
when we both of us knew how the ending would be . . .

so it s all come back round to breaking apart again
breaking apart like i m made up of glass again
making it up behind my back again
holding my breath for the fear of sleep again
holding it up behind my head again
cut in deep to the heart of the bone again
round and round and round and it s coming apart again
over and over and over

now that i know that i m breaking to pieces
i ll pull out my heart and i ll feed it to anyone
crying for sympathy crocodiles cry
for the love of the crowd and the three cheers from everyone

dropping through sky through the glass of the roof
through the roof of your mouth through the mouth of your eye
through the eye of the needle it s easier for me
to get closer to heaven than ever feel whole again

i never said i would stay to the end
i knew i would leave you with babies and everything
screaming like this in the hole of sincerity
screaming me over and over and over
i leave you with photographs pictures of trickery
stains on the carpet stains on the memory
songs about happiness murmured in dreams
when we both of us knew how the end always is . . .

how the end always is . . .