

Disintegration

The Cure

The song basically moves around this simple progression: **D-E-F#m**
 However, it might change into **Dadd9 Eadd9 F#m7**, 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-----	
				Dadd9	Eadd9 F#m7

D	E	F#m
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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 . . .