

**The World Was Made For Men**  
**The Ghost of a Saber Tooth Tiger**

Here is a nice song from Sean Lennon and Charlotte Kemp Muhl  
This is my first tab, hope you ll enjoy it  
GB power

INTRO :

<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>
<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>

VERSE 1 :

<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
When the world gets dizzy, from spinning around			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
gravity gets tired of holding everything down.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
When the foul prick of time s unraveling like twine.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
And all roads lead to Rome and there re no words left to rhyme.			

CHORUS :

<b>A</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
We ll make kites from our bones and make shoes from our skin,			
<b>F</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>Bb A</b>
And we ll try to pretend that this world was made for			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
men.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>

<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
Every tree s pressed into money, and everything tastes the same.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
And everyone agrees and everything has a name.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
When the fish have turned to frogs, and the ocean is our clouds.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
I ll remember how you looked walking barefoot through the crowd.			

<b>A</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
We ll make kites from our bones and make shoes from our skin,			
<b>F</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>Bb A</b>
And we ll try to pretend that this world was made for			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
men.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>

<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
Now nothing s left between us, besides blood and air,			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
and every last circle has been turned into a square.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
There are no cigarettes in the pockets of your vest.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
No more hellos or goodbyes, no more secrets to confess.			

<b>A</b>	<b>Dm</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>
We ll make kites from our bones and make shoes from our skin,			
<b>F</b>	<b>Bb</b>	<b>Em</b>	<b>Bb A</b>
And we ll try to pretend that this world was made for			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>	<b>Bbm</b>	<b>Dm/A</b>
men.			
<b>Bbm</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>