Siberian Nights The Kills

Αm I could whip you up like cream I could drink your seven seas G EmIs that too close for comfort? Am I could make you come in threes Em I'm half way to my knees F Αm G Em Am I too close for comfort? Am For the tyrants in a rut, I got a love For the gutless dogs, I got a love Em For the doomed youth, I got a love Won't you tell me please Why they got no love for me Am Won't you tell me please F Why they show no love for me Am I'll be charging through your dreams Riding bare chest silver steed Am I too close to the bone? Shake a little hup two three I'm Jesus, rip my jeans Am I too close for comfort? For the millionth time, I got a love

For the blue eyed boys, I got a love

G $\mathbf{E}\mathbf{m}$ Αm For the cruel youth, I got a love Am G Won't you tell me please Why they got no love for me Won't you tell me please Em Why they show no love for me Am Em Won't you help me get through these Siberian nights? G Won't you help me get through these Siberian nights? Am F You know it's hard for me to be alone G Em Tomorrow we'll go back to our sides

G

But tonight I need some warmth

F

Em

Am