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Yellowed By The Sun The Low Anthem

C
The color of your bones it was yellowed by the sun
C
F
C
Ain t no reason why the drummer keeps on drumming on his drum
Am
G
C
On his drum, we are only for awhile

And the truth is like an onion you can skin it layer by layer When you come upon the center you might find thereâ \in ^{MS} nothing there And we are only for awhile

The sun is like the truth it $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{N}$ ll burn the mortal man If he tries to look upon it if he tries to understand He might learn that we are only for awhile

Even my guitar listen while she gently weeps Now I will not play forever so why would I play for keeps $Donâ \in \mathbb{T}$ t play for keeps we are only for awhile