

Sands

The Microphones

This is my first tab. So don't expect it to be perfect.

C

C **G**
I'd like to believe

F **G**
In one thing that you say to me

C **G**
Would you like to leave?

F
When I try to talk it off

G **C**
Just turns out to be

C **G**
Turn on the stove

F **G**
In the little tiny rooms that our friend calls a home

C **G**
My head fills with heat

F **G** **F**
From the knife in your hand to mine

C **G**
I'd like to understand

F **G**
What you think about, why it seems so bad

C **G**
It's only escape

F
From everything, I know I'm weak

G
I know that I'm sad

C **G**

Turn on the stove

F

G

C

From the little tiny rooms that our friend calls a home

C

G

My head fills with heat

F

G F

From the knife in your hand to mine

C

Sand

G F G C G F