

Slipped
The National

This is just a first stab, but its ok to play along with.

Capo 4

Am G C F
I m in the city you hated, my eyes are fallen
Counting the clicks with the living dead, my eyes are red
I m in the crush and I hate it, my eyes are fallen

G C F
I m having trouble inside my skin
I try to keep my skeletons in

Am G C F
Is it weird to be back in the south? And can they even tell
That the city girl was ever there Or anywhere?

G C F
I m having trouble inside my skin
I try to keep my skeletons in

G C F Am G
I ll be a friend and a fuck-up And everything

Am G
But I ll never be anything you ever want me to be

And for the Chorus:

C G F Am G
I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out... I
I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out

Am G C F
I don t need any help to be breakable, believe me
I know nobody else who can laugh along to any kind of joke
I won t need any help to be lonely when you leave me

G C F
It ll be easy to cover
Gather my skeletons far inside

G C F G
It ll be summer in Dallas Before I realize

Am G C F

I don t want you to grieve But I want you to sympathize (alright)
I can t blame you for losing Your mind for a little while (so did I)
I don t want you to change But I want you to recognize (that I)

G C F

It ll be easy to cover
Gather my skeletons far inside

G C F G

It ll be summer in Dallas Before you realize

C G

But I ll never be anything you ever want me to be

C G F Am G

I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out... I

C G F Am G

I keep coming back here where everything slipped
But I will not spill my guts out