

A Maker Of My Time
The Paper Kites

Refer **Dadd9** as x57755

Intro:

A E x3
A D

Verse 1:

A **F#m**
Held up here, it s a silent fear
C#m **E**
And this space don t take my mind
A **F#m**
A cloudy wake, it s a young mistake
C#m **Dadd9**
That I m clothed in

A **F#m**
I can t see when I m filled with sleep
C#m **E**
It s a golden dream of mine
A **F#m**
But when I rise with my morning eyes
C#m **Dadd9**
It s all spoken

A **F#m** **C#m**
Wait, don t drown it in the waterhole
A **F#m** **C#m**
Taste, the feeling of a fever soul
F#m **E** **B**
All in all I need to get me through

Verse 2:

A **F#m**
I still stir, such a war of words
C#m **E**
I m a maker of my time
A **F#m**
I feeble man with a broken plan
C#m **Dadd9**
Oh I m loathing

A **F#m**
Make my bed on the great unsaid

C#m **E**
And my meekness sends me low

A **F#m**
I stood fair, but you still weren't there

C#m **Dadd9**
So you've chosen

A **F#m** **C#m**
Wait, don't drown it in the waterhole

A **F#m** **C#m**
Taste, the feeling of a fever soul

F#m **E** **B**
All in all I need to get me through

A **F#m** **C#m**
Wait, don't drown it in the waterhole

A **F#m** **C#m**
Taste, the feeling of a fever soul