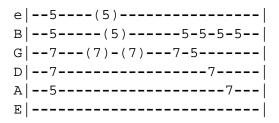
## Acordesweb.com

## So Says I The Shins



Am D

An address to the golden door

Am I

I was strumming on a stone again

Am D E

pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched

a tragic opera in my mind...

Am D

and it told of a new design

Am D

in which every soul is duty bound

Am D

to uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies

С

the fatal flaw of the red age

F

Because it was nothing like we d ever dreamt

F

our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated

D F

and because it made no money nobody saved no one s life this time

Am D

So we burned all our uniforms

Am D

and let nature take its course again

```
and the big ones just eat all the little ones
D | -----|
A | --7--5----|
E | -----|
       that send us back to the drawing board.
             (3 Vezes)
Am
      D
Am
      C
In our darkest hours
          G
we have all asked for some
        F
angel to come
sprinkle his dust all around
but all our crying voices they can t turn it around
you ve had some crazy conversations of your own.
e | --7-7-7-5---- (5) ------|
B|--9-9-5----(5)-----5-5-5-5--|
G | --9-9-9-7---(7)-(7)---7-5-----
D|--9-9-7-----|
A | --7-7-7-5-----|
Am
             D
       We ve got rules and maps
and guns in our backs but we still can t just
                 D
behave ourselves even if to save our own lives so, says I,
D | -----|
A | --7--5----|
E | ----|
                       (3 vezes)
              Αm
                     D
WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND.
```

Ε

D

Αm

F C

C

Ε

Cuz this is nothing like we dever dremt  $F \qquad \qquad C$  Tell Sir Thomas More we ve got another failed attempt  $D \qquad \qquad F \qquad \qquad G$  Cuz if it makes them money they might just give you life this time.

Am D (3 Vezes)

Ε

