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## So Says I The Shins

e	5(5)
В	5(5)5-5-5-5
G	7(7)-(7)7-5
D	7
Α	57
E	

G#m C#

An address to the golden door

G#m C#

I was strumming on a stone again

G#m C# Eb

pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched

a tragic opera in my mind...

G#m C#

and it told of a new design

G#m C#

in which every soul is duty bound

G#m C# Eb

to uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies

В

the fatal flaw of the red age

E

Because it was nothing like we d ever dreamt

E B

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

C# E F#

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

G#m C#

So we burned all our uniforms

G#m C#

and let nature take its course again

```
C#
G#m
                                          Eb
       and the big ones just eat all the little ones
D | -----|
A | --7--5----|
E | -----|
       that send us back to the drawing board.
G#m
       C#
               (3 Vezes)
G#m
      В
In our darkest hours
          F#
we have all asked for some
        Ε
angel to come
sprinkle his dust all around
                                 F#
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-----|
G#m
              C#
       We ve got rules and maps
```

G#m C#

and guns in our backs but we still can t just

G#m C# Eb

behave ourselves even if to save our own lives so, says I,

D | ----- | A | --7--5----- | E | ------ |

G#m C# (3 vezes)

WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND.

Ε

Eb B

В

Cuz this is nothing like we d ever dremt

Ε

Tell Sir Thomas More we ve got another failed attempt

C#

F.

F#

Cuz if it makes them money they might just give you life this time.

G#m C#

(3 Vezes)

Eb