



G#m C# Eb  
and the big ones just eat all the little ones

D|-----|  
A|--7--5-----|  
E|-----8--7-----|

that send us back to the drawing board.

G#m C# (3 Vezes)

G#m

B  
In our darkest hours  
F#  
we have all asked for some  
E  
angel to come  
B F#  
sprinkle his dust all around  
B F#  
but all our crying voices they can't turn it around  
E G#m C# G#m  
you've had some crazy conversations of your own.

e|--7-7-7-5----(5)-----|  
B|--9-9-9-5----(5)-----5-5-5-5--|  
G|--9-9-9-7---(7)-(7)---7-5-----|  
D|--9-9-9-7-----7-----|  
A|--7-7-7-5-----7-----|  
E|-----|

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|-----8--7-----|

G#m C# (3 vezes)  
WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND.

Eb B

E B

Cuz this is nothing like we d ever dremt

E

B

Tell Sir Thomas More we ve got another failed attempt

C#

E

F#

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

G#m C# (3 Vezes)

Eb

e	-----
B	-----
G	--9--7-----
D	--9--7--10--9--7--
A	--7--5--10--9--7--
E	-----8---7--5--