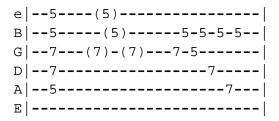
Acordesweb.com

So Says I The Shins



Bm E

An address to the golden door

Bm E

I was strumming on a stone again

Bm E F#

pulling teeth from the pimps of gore when hatched

a tragic opera in my mind...

Bm E

and it told of a new design

Bm E

in which every soul is duty bound

Bm E F#

to uphold all the statues of boredom therein lies

D

the fatal flaw of the red age

G

Because it was nothing like we d ever dreamt

G D

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

 ${\sf G}$

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

Bm E

So we burned all our uniforms

Bm E

and let nature take its course again

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Bm E F# and the big ones just eat all the little ones
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that send us back to the drawing board.

Bm E (3 Vezes)

Вm

D

In our darkest hours

Α

we have all asked for some

G

angel to come

)

sprinkle his dust all around

but all our crying voices they can t turn it around

you we had some crazy conversations of your own.

Bm E

We ve got rules and maps

Bm E

and guns in our backs but we still can t just

Bm E F‡

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

Bm E (3 vezes)

WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND.

G

F# D

D

Cuz this is nothing like we d ever dremt

G

D

Tell Sir Thomas More we ve got another failed attempt

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

Bm E (3 Vezes)

F#