

So Says I
The Shins

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

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

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

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		-----	
A		--7--5-----	
E		-----8--7----	

the fatal flaw of the red age

G
D
 Because it was nothing like we d ever dreamt
G
D
 our lust for life had gone away with the rent we hated
E
G
A
 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

Bm E F#
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.

Bm E (3 Vezes)

Bm

D
In our darkest hours
A
we have all asked for some
G
angel to come
D A
sprinkle his dust all around
D A
but all our crying voices they can't turn it around
G Bm E Bm
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|-----|

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,

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

Bm E (3 vezes)
WE ARE A BRUTAL KIND.

F# D

G D

Cuz this is nothing like we d ever dremt

D

Tell Sir Thomas More we ve got another failed attempt

A

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

Bm E (3 Vezes)

F#

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