

Running Out Of Places To Go  
The Swellers

CAPO ON 1ST FRET

G G F#m Bm

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This is for an audience of one at a time,  
G A G  
so I ll sing it straight, I ll sing it loud.  
G F#m  
Don t keep it a secret, keep it elite.  
Bm G A G  
If only all your friends could see me now.

Bm G  
How important are the words?  
D  
In one ear, already forgot em.  
Bm G D  
So many metaphors it could sink the fucking ship.  
A G F#m Bm G F#m Bm  
I ll see you all at the bottom.

G F#m  
If there was a shotgun blast from my bedroom  
Bm G  
and you were outside the window,  
A G  
would you see a flash, or hear the sound?  
G F#m  
Cause living out our dreams has been killing me.  
Bm G A G  
Did you hear it die, or is there no sound when no one else is around?

Bm G  
How important are the words?  
D  
In one ear, already forgot em.  
Bm G D  
So many metaphors it could sink the fucking ship.  
A G  
I ll see you all at the bottom.

F#m Bm G  
I was running out of places to go.  
F#m Bm  
I was running out

**F#m** **G** **F#m** **G**  
of reasons to stay away from here again, but it isn't over yet.

**F#m** **G**  
Was it worth it, then? Well, it sometimes can be.

**F#m** **Em** **G**  
It's hard to see, but I think you're still my friends.

**D** **A** **G**  
I'd miss my bed, but I can't remember how it feels compared to yours or any other but  
**Bm** **A** **G**  
thank you for letting me into your home.

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**Bm** **A** **G** **A** **G**  
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