

Came Out Swinging
The Wonder Years

Moved all my shit into my parent s basement

D

And out of our old apartment

G

And I know things changed but I m not sure when

Em

G

I guess you d call this regression

D

I left a real job and a girlfriend

G

I convinced myself that I m brave enough for all of this

Em

G

Well, I spent a whole year in airports

Em

G

D

And the floor feels like home

A

Em

Oh,

G

at least we re never alone

D

A

Em

I lost track of the time zones and I d call but you know

G

D

A

Em

Oh,

G D A

I m running on empty

G

The late nights and the long drives start to get to me

D

Em

G

I m just so tired

D

A

I spent this year as a ghost and I m not sure what I m looking for

G

D

A voice on a phone that you rarely answer anymore

G

D

I came in here alone

G

Came in here alone

But that doesn t scare me like it did seven months ago

D

I spent this year as a ghost and I m not sure where home is anymore

G

D

A

Instrumental: **D G Em G**

Been on a steady fast food diet

D

Like we're this generation's Morgan Spurlock

G

Em

But we don't admit defeat

G

My body feels rejected, I can't say that I blame it

D

G

My heart keeps saying stay young

Em

My lower back seems to disagree

G

I unrolled a cheap cotton blanket on an old dirty couch

Em

G

D

A

Oh,

Em G D

I felt the year start to wind down

A

Em

I can't stand any dead space

G

D

Empty beds bum me out

A

Oh,

Em G D

I spent this year as a ghost and I'm not sure what I'm looking for

G

D

A voice on a phone that you rarely answer anymore

G

D

I came in here alone

G

Came in here alone

But that doesn't scare me like it did seven months ago

D

I spent this year as a ghost and I'm not sure where home is anymore

G

D

A

Instrumental: **D G D A** x2

I came out swinging from a South Philly basement

D

G

Caked in stale beer and sweat under half-lit fluorescents

D

A

And I spent the winter writing songs about getting better

D

G

Well if I'm being honest, I'm getting there

D

A

B

G

I came out swinging from a South Philly basement

D

G

Caked in stale beer and sweat under half-lit fluorescents

D

A

I spent the winter writing songs about getting better

D

G

And if I'm being honest, I'm getting there

D

A

B

G

I came out swinging from a South Philly basement

D **G**
Caked in stale beer and sweat under half-lit fluorescents

D **A**
I spent the winter writing songs about getting better

D **G**
And if I m being honest, I m getting there

D **A** **B** **G**