

**Circles
Thrice**

This isn't perfect but this is the best way for me to play it.

(Verse)

Am
We talk to much. We talk in circles. Till we're all spinning
C **Dm** **F**
Round. Reaching for rings. From this merry go round.

Am
C
The scenery spins. We call it progress. We seen this all before.
 Dm **F**
All said and done. Leave cups on the floors.

(Chorus)

F **C**
We set sail.
 Am **C**
With no fixed star in sight.
 F **C**
We drive by.
Am **C**
Braille and candle light.

(Verse)

We're buildin' towers.
With no foundation.
Just stackin' stone on stone.
Whatever it takes
Mix our mortar with bones.

True progress means
Matching the world to
The vision in our heads
But we always change, the vision instead.

(Chorus)