Forest twenty one pilots (**Bb** F Dm C) 8xBb F Dm C I don t know why I feed on emotion вb F Dm C There s a stomach inside my brain вb F I don t want to be heard Dm С I want to be listened to F Dm вb Does it bother anyone else C Bb F That someone else has your name? C Вb Dm Oh, does it bother anyone else F С Dm That someone else has your name, your name F С I scream, you scream Dm Bb Gm We all scream cause we re terrified Вb C Of what s around the corner F C We stay in place Bb Gm Dm ?Cause we don t want to lose our lives Bb C

вb F Dm C Down in the forest we ll sing a chorus Вb F Dm C One that everybody knows Вb F Dm C Hands held higher, we ll be on fire F Dm C вb Singing songs that nobody wrote.

So let s think of something better.

BbFMy brain has given upDmCWhite flags are hoistedBbFI took some food for thought

Dm С It might be poisoned вb F The stomach in my brain Dm С Throws up on to the page F Bb Dm Does it bother anyone else C Bb Dm \mathbf{F} That someone else has your name? C вb Does it bother anyone else F Dm C That someone else has your name?

С F I scream, you scream Dm вb Gm We all scream cause we re terrified C Bb Of what s around the corner F С We stay in place вb Dm Gm ?Cause we don t want to lose our lives вb C So let s think of something better.

вb Dm F C Down in the forest we ll sing a chorus вb F Dm C One that everybody knows вb F Dm C Hands held higher, we ll be on fire вb F Dm C Singing songs that nobody wrote.

Ponte: Dm C F Bb

\mathtt{Dm}

Quickly moving towards a storm Moving forward, torn In to pieces over reasons Of what these storms are for C I don t understand why everything I adore Takes a different form when I squint my eyes F Have you ever done that When you squint your eyes And your eyelashes make it look a little not right And then when just enough light Comes from just the right side And you find you re not who you re suppose to be? Dm This is not what you re suppose to see Please, remember me? I am suppose to be C King of a kingdom or swinging on a swing Something happened to my imagination F This situation s becoming dire My treehouse is on fire And for some reason I smell gas on my hands вb This is not what I had planned This is not what I had planned.

F вb Dm C Down in the forest F вb Dm C We ll sing a chorus F вb Dm C Hands held higher, we ll be on fire вb F Dm C Singing songs that nobody wrote.

вb F Dm C Down in the forest we ll sing a chorus Вb F Dm C One that everybody knows Вb F Dm C Hands held higher, we ll be on fire вb F Dm C Singing songs that nobody wrote.

вb Dm C F Hands held higher вb F Dm C We ll be on fire вb F Dm C Hands held higher Dm C вb F We ll be on fire