

Kid Gloves

Voxtro

Em **Bm**
Em **Bm**
Em **Bm**
Em **Bm**

Em
 Listen to the sounds of ringing out around you
Bm

these are the cries of a dying breed

Em
 Politics of hate you'd never get around to
Bm

blood over brains that we never need

Em
 I saw you in the back, studied and relaxed
Bm

fixed in the post like a silent stone

Em
 Serenity and tact, it's the feeling that I lack
Bm

Life in the floors of a stable home

G **D**
 I can trace you on paper like a sketch of a smell

G **D**
 You're a breath to the runner in contest

G **F#** **Bm**
 In close to the nerve, but you rest so far away

G **A**
 and I have to give it up someday

D **A** **G**
 Every time I close my eyes I see you in front of me

F#m **Em** **D**
 Pretending in a love like this

A **Em**
 I have no choice but to put you in back of me

G **A**
 Don't cover my footsteps

Bm **G**
 Dead weight all right, I know you're no good for me

Bm **G**
 Dead weight all right, I know you're no righteous leader

D **A** **Em**
 You're dead weight-all right, that's fine-but get your hands off me

G
 You have to touch me with kid gloves

Bm

You have to touch me with kid gloves

Em Bm

Em Bm

Em Bm

Em Bm

Bm

Body to the wind, you talk me out of standstill

Em

I never felt so alive at once

Bm

Finger to the quick, yes I can feel your hand still

Em

pressed to the drain of the coming months

Em

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I m a miserable f**k

C

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I m a tireless bore

G

F

Em

Cheer me up, cheer me up, I m invisibly stuck all in myself

Yes Iâ€™m a vanity whore

G

D

Because it s race and it s power at the center of life,

G

D

weâ€™re blind to the people who need us,

G

F#

Bm

but you re the kind of person who could understand that fault

G

A

and I hope to measure you someday.

D

A

G

Every time I close my eyes I see you in front of me

F#m

Em

D

Pretending in a love like this

A

Em

I have no choice but to put you in back of me

G

A

Don t cover my footsteps

Bm

G

Dead weight all right, I know you re no good for me

Bm

G

Dead weight all right, I know you re no righteous leader

D

A

Em

You re dead weight-all right, that s fine-but get your hands off me

G

You have to touch me with kid gloves

Bm

You have to touch me with kid gloves

Em C
G F

Em

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I m a miserable f**k

C

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I m a tireless bore

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F

Em

Cheer me up, cheer me up, I m invisibly stuck all in myself

Yes Iâ€™m a vanity whore

Em

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I m a miserable f**k

C

Cheer me up, cheer me, up I m a tireless bore

Bm

When you compromise yourself like that

A

It s a dedication

Bm

So even on friendship

Em

G

Dead weight all right, I know you re no good for me

Bm

G

Dead weight all right, I know you re no righteous leader

D

A

Em

Dead weight-all right, that s fine-but get your hands off me

G

You have to touch me with kid gloves

Bm

You have to touch me with kid gloves