

Fatalist Palmistry

Why?

Stanard Tuning.

Im pretty sure there are the right chords for the song and the chords are pretty simple.

is A without putting your 3rd finger down on the B string - A can be subistuted in this

but i think it sounds better with Asus2)

Enjoy.

Bm **Asus2**
i sleep on my back cause it s good for the spine
G
and coffin rehearsal
Bm **Asus2**
i know a psychic who reads her own palms
G
and her findings are personal
Bm **Asus2**
she keeps her fists shut tight and she sleeps on her side,
G
well maybe she knows something i don t know
D **G**
but i am still alive in love and
Bm **G**
wide eyed in my time
Bm **Asus2** **G**
not a mummy shrinking in its cloths
D **G**
your cat clawed out my eyes while i s
Asus2 **G**
distracted by your smile
Bm **Asus2** **G**
and now my sockets sit like empty catcher s mitts waiting
Bm **Asus2** **G**
and you ask me if there s anybody else that i m dating

D
Ah aah aaaaaah, ah aaah aaaah
G
Ah aah aaaaaah, ah aaah aaaah
Bm
Ah aah aaaaaah, ah aaah aaaah
Asus2
a little patience

D
but your painted pony is fading

G

lost like a snakeskin in high grass

Bm

Asus2

G

and out there thrashing like a pet bird caught in a jet stream, that s me

Bm

you count them blessings cause your net worth

Asus2

G

oughta be less cream in your best dreams

Bm

but god put a song on my palm

Asus2 **G**

that you can t read

[no actual chords in the song, but they are...]

Bm

i m lucky to be under

G

this same sky that held

Bm

the exhale from your first breath

G

like a ring on a pillow of clouds

Bm

by you my tongue may stutter

G

but my gift heart screams clear and swells

Bm

to burst between the wrapped lengths

G

of its bowed ribbon cell

[Chords are essentially the same from here on..]

but i am still alive in love and

wide eyed in my time

not a mummy shinking in its cloths

there s a moth flock in my gut growing

a tug at my groin like tides trying to

pull moon towards them, i can t ignore them

and when we say your name our tongues catch flame

and you wonder why we ain t got nothing to say

but your painted pony is fading

lost like a snakeskin in high grass

and out there thrashing like a pet bird caught in a jet stream, that s me

you count them blessings cause your net worth

oughta be less cream in your best dreams

but god put a song on my palm

that you can t read

i ll be embalmed with it long before you ll see

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