

Cm G#Maj
Wouldn't you say that the world has spit on you enough.
D#Maj **A#m**
Unanswered prayers, sleeping under streetlights
Cm G#Maj **D#Maj** **A#m**
And I don't understand the danger of talking them up, Talking them up
Cm
Every night,
G#Maj
You salvage every skyline,
D#Maj **A#m** **Cm**
Only enough so that you might have the chance to feel fine.
G#Maj **D#Maj**
Noooooooooaaahhhooooooooo.
A#m **Cm**
The chance to feel fine.