

**Stitches**

**Young Guns**

Intro: **G#m E** (x2)

Verse 1:

**G#m**  
Every hour is a season  
**E**  
Every minute lasts a day  
**G#m**  
So I sit here picking stitches  
**E**  
I find comfort in decay  
**F# E**  
How I long to fill my lungs

Chorus (no words):

**G#m E B F#** (x2)

Verse 2:

**G#m**  
So tell me how does it feel to,  
**E**  
Breathe air cold and clean  
**G#m E**  
Cause I ve been living on my knees since I was seventeen  
**F# E**  
Thought I was safe beneath the smoke,  
**F# E**  
But even under cover I still choke

Chorus:

**G#m E B**  
Well my wings were clipped and even if they weren t  
**F#**  
(Even if they weren t)  
**G#m E B**  
I ve not the guts to fly and leave behind the Earth  
**F#**  
(Leave behind the Earth)  
**G#m E**  
There s no poetry in my soul,  
**B F#**  
Just a list of lies I ve told,  
**G#m E B F#**  
And I don t know how much longer I can hold on.

Solo bridge: G#m E G#m F# E G#m E F# (not sure about that, I just leaned on the bass tab from UG)

**G#m** **E**  
Poetry, in my soul. List of lies, that I ve told... (x2)

Chorus (two times, second time quietly, almost whispering):

**G#m** **E** **B**  
Well my wings were clipped and even if they weren t  
**F#**  
(Even if they weren t)

**G#m** **E** **B**  
I ve not the guts to fly and leave behind the Earth  
**F#**  
(Leave behind the Earth)

**G#m** **E**  
There s no poetry in my soul,

**B** **F#**  
Just a list of lies I ve told,

**G#m** **E** **B** **F#**  
And I don t know how much longer I can hold on.