

## All Time Low - If These Sheets Were The States

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Tom: G
                                                               Collisions of a finer love I'd kill for one more way
  I'm lost in empty pillow talk again
                                                               To tell you how you make me better every day
                                                               If these sheets were the states and you were miles away
       I'm lost in empty pillow talk again
Bm C G G
Bm C D D
                                                               \ensuremath{\text{I'd}} fold them end over end to bring you closer to me.
                                                               Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up against
This bed's an island made of feather down and I'm stuck here
                                                                I settle for long distance calls I'm lost in empty pillow
                                                                talk again.
With little else but memories of you on memory foam
Visions of a brighter love I'd kill for one more day
                                                                        (I'm lost in empty pillow talk again)
To pool my thoughts and find the words to say
                                                                        (I'm lost in empty pillow talk again)
                                                               G Em C Bm D
G Em C Bm D
If these sheets were the states and you were miles away
I'd fold them end over end to bring you closer to me.
                                                                If these sheets were the states and you were miles away
                                             Fm
Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up against
                                                               I'd fold them end over end to bring you closer to me.
I settle for long distance calls I'm lost in empty pillow
                                                                Because I don't sleep at all without you pressed up against
talk again.
                                                                I settle for long distance calls I'm lost in empty pillow
       I'm lost in empty pillow talk again
                                                               talk again.
                                                                I settle for long distance calls I'm lost in empty pillow
                                                                talk again.
This room's become a mausoleum filled with relics of regret
                                                                       I'm lost in empty pillow talk again
          С
                          D
Paying dues to every moment wasted on words left unsaid
                                                               Bm C (Em G D )
```

## Acordes

