

Beck - Ain't Your Time To Go

Tom: G

G D C
 Well, if it ain't your time to go then you'd better stay put
 for now
 A C G D
 Everybody's got to do their time until it's time
 G D C
 And if it ain't broken then break it and say you knew me way
 back when
 A C G
 D
 When fools were fools and all the rest were swine waiting to
 be defiled
 G D C G
 I could hang up my shingles out by the side of the road
 A C G D
 Try to bang the blame out of the cinders you left behind
 G D C G
 Like a driftwood in the night that was washed up by the light
 A C G D

Of the moon that bleached my bones then sent me to the pile
 G D C G
 Mustard in your smile, land that hand on the radio dial
 A C G D
 Then the breezes of the season have blown us back to hell
 G D C G
 It's a stolen telephone that I dialed, blind and alone
 A C G D
 Just to hear the voice of a bargain center soul
 G D C G
 Now the deserts are in flame and the bandages are the same
 A C G D
 And the factory's casualties are looking for mangled jewels
 G D C
 G
 Well if it ain't your time to go, then you better stay put for
 now
 A C G D
 G
 'Cause everybody's got to put their hand upon the hand of the
 clock
 D G D G
 Like the minds of misers grinding down their gears to a halt

Acordes



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