

# Beck - Cyanide Breath Mint

Tom: C

Afinação: D G C F A D A

Definitely, this is the wrong place to be  
 there's blood on the futon,  
 there's a kid drinkin' fire.  
 Goin' down to the sea,  
 they got people to meet,  
 shakin' hands with themselves,  
 lookin' out for themselves.

When they ask you for credit,  
 give them a branch.  
 When they want you to get it,  
 chew on the grass.  
 I know, I know  
 'cause they told me to tell you  
 there's nothing to tell you,

there's nothing to sell you.

In the afternoon, riding the scapegoat,  
 burning equipment, decomposing.

Cool off your jets,  
 take off your sweats,  
 I got a funny feeling  
 they got plastic in the afterlife

When they want you to cry,  
 leap into the sky.

When they suck your mind,  
 like a pigeon you fly.

I know, I know,  
 it's the positive people

running from their time  
 looking for some feeling.

## Acordes

