Ben Caplan - Birds With Broken Wings

Tom: G
Intro: Em

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          Em                          Am
Bring me birds with broken wings, Men with all the answers,
B                              Em
People who have killed,Give me incurable cancers.
          Em                                Am
Bring me creatures baked in oil, Give me disregard for doubt,
B                                          Em
Street lights shine on broken Roads where no one is about.
             Em                          Am
I want that hopeless dream depression, Punishments without a
cause,
          B                          Em
Give me impotent obsession, And disregard for laws.
            Em                                  Am
I want the trees in single file, Bring the corpse of something
rare,
         B                                     Em
Show me children who are sinners, Show me mounds of human
hair.

Am                                  Em
I climbed up the mountain just to kill my son,

Am                                Em
An angel tried to stop me with a ram,
                  Am                                      Em
Well he said ?   your mind?s infected?, But I said ?you lack
perspective?,
B
You gotta walk the bottom if you wanna see the top,

Em                  Am           B               Em
La da da da, La da da da, La da da da da da da da da da
Em                  Am           B               Em
La da da da, La da da da, La da da da da da da da da da

         Em                      Am
Give me poison I can swim in, Water I can?t drink,
 B                                          Em
Wheels that won?t stop spinning, Teach my children not to
think.
             Em                                          Am
I want the fruit that tastes like nothing, And two thumbs for
every crook,
          B                                     Em
Give me lessons without questions, Mild the days the books.
        Em                      Am
Give me metaphors unraveled, Poetry defined,
             B                                  Em
Bring me the head of Dionysius, But please don?t spill out the
wine.
          Em                                    Am
Trade the future for the present, Trade me ashes for my
history,
         B                                 Em
I don?t need to look inside,I know the answer to the mystery.

Am                                  Em
I climbed up the mountain just to kill my son,
Am                                Em
An angel tried to stop me with a ram,
             Am                                          Em
Well he said ?your mind?s infected?, But I said ?you lack
perspective?,
B
You gotta walk the bottom if you wanna see the top,

Em                  Am           B               Em
La da da da, La da da da, La da da da da da da da da da
Em                  Am           B               Em
La da da da, La da da da, La da da da da da da da da da

C                          Em
Oh I know they call me crazy,
C                          Em
But there will be no turning back,
Am                         Em
I don?t care if things get ugly.
B
Once the word of god is spoken,
B
There?s no way to take it back,

(Solo)

E|-7----------------|-8----------------|
B|---8-------7-8----|---8-------7-8----|
G|-----9-8-9-----9--|-----9-8-9-----9--|
D|------------------|------------------|
A|------------------|------------------|
E|------------------|------------------|

E|----------7-6h7p6-----------------------------|
B|-----7-------------8-7-8-7h8p7---------7-8-----|
G|-8-9-----------------------------9-8-9-------9--|
D|-------9--------------------------------------|
A|--------------------------------------------|
E|--------------------------------------------|

E|-7----------------|-8----------------|
B|---8-------7-8----|---8-------7-8----|
G|-----9-8-9-----9--|-----9-8-9-----9--|
D|------------------|------------------|
A|------------------|------------------|
E|------------------|------------------|

    Em               Am                          B
B
Oh La da da da da,  La da da da dadi da da da da, La da da
dadi da da da da da dada daaaa

Am                                  Em
I climbed up the mountain just to kill my son,
Am                                Em
An angel tried to stop me with a ram,
             Am                                      Em
Well he said ?your mind?s infected?, But I said ?you lack
perspective?,
    B
You gotta walk the bottom if you wanna see the top,
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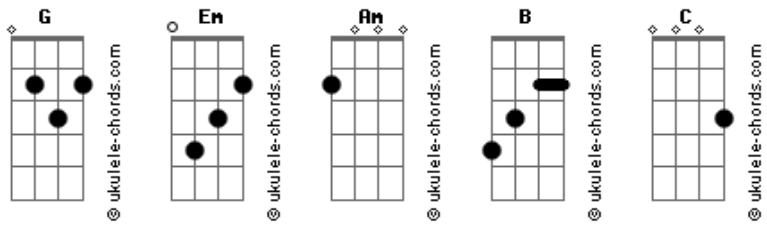
Acordes



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