

Bright Eyes - An Attempt To Tip The Scales

Tom: C

Did you expect it all to stop
at the wave of your hand?

Like the sun is just going to drop
if it's night you demand.

Well, in the dark we are just air
so the house might dissolve.

But once we are gone, who is gonna care
if we were ever here at all?

Well, summer is going to come
and it's gonna cloud our eyes again.
There is not need to focus
when there is nothing that it worth seeing.

So we trade liquor for blood
in an attempt to tip the scales.
I think you lost what you loved
in that mess of details.

They seemed so important at the time
but now you can't even recall
any of the names, faces, or lines.
It is more the feeling of it all.

Well, winter is going to end and
I'm going to clean these veins again.
So close to dying that I finally can
start living.

C Em F G

Acordes

