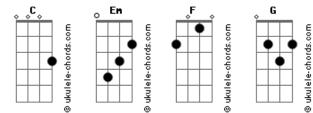
Bright Eyes - An Attempt To Tip The Scales

Tom: C

С Em Did you expect it all to stop F G at the wave of your hand? С Em Like the sun is just going to drop F G if it's night you demand. С Em Well, in the dark we are just air F G so the house might dissolve. Fm С But once we are gone, who is gonna care F G if we were ever here at all? F Well, summer is going to come G Em and it's gonna cloud our eyes again. There is not need to focus F G when there is nothing that it worth seeing.

Acordes



С So we trade liquor for blood F G in an attempt to tip the scales. С I think you lost what you loved F G in that mess of details. С Em They seemed so important at the time F G but now you can't even recall C Em any of the names, faces, or lines. F G It is more the feeling of it all. F. Well, winter is going to end and Em G I'm going to clean these veins again. So close to dying that I finally can start living.

C Em F G