

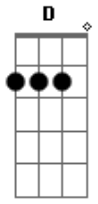
# D.A - Da Wallach - Glowing

Tom: D

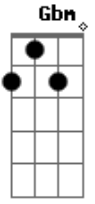
As much as you say that we won't decay  
 The bombs went off a week ago  
 The grass here is gray, been walking all day  
 But I'm not sure we'll make it home  
 So if you trust me, hold me close and  
 We'll turn to sculptures made of sand

Once they find us, a thousand years from now  
 We'll still be right here holding hands  
 Still be glowing, smiling like we didn't give a damn  
 The lights getting low and the dust to snow  
 The broken windows went everywhere  
 Your clothes may be torn but I'll keep you warm  
 I'll shade your eyes from the firestorm

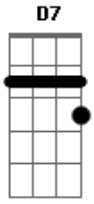
## Acordes



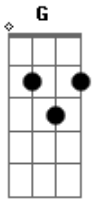
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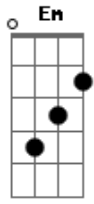
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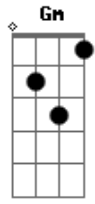
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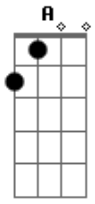
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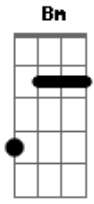
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