

David Bowie - We Are The Dead

Tom: G
Intro: Gm Bb F
Gm Bb F

Gm Bb F
Something kind of hit me today, I looked at you and
Dm D Eb Bb
Wondered if you saw things my way
F D Gm
People will hold us to blame
Gm7 Eb C F
It hit me today, it hit me today
Gm Bb F
We're taking it hard all the time
Dm D Eb Bb
Why don't we pass it by, just reply you've changed your mind
F D Gm
We're fighting with the eyes of the blind
Gm7 Eb C F Eb Dm Bb
Taking it hard, taking it hard, yet now
Ab Gb F C
We feel that we are paper, choking on you nightly
Bb Ab Gb F
They tell me son, we want you, be elusive, but don't walk far
C Bb Ab Gb
For we're breaking in the new boys, deceive your next of kin
F C Bb Ab
For you're dancing where the dogs decay, defecating ecstasy
Gb F
You're just an ally of the leecher
C Bb Ab Gb
Locator for the virgin King, but I love you in your fuck me pumps
F C
And your nimble dress that trails
Bb Ab Gb F
Oh, dress yourself, my urchin one, for I hear them on the rails
C Bb Ab
Because of all we've seen, because of all we've said
Gb D C D C
We are the dead
Gm Bb F
One thing kind of touched me today
Dm D Eb Bb
I looked at you and counted all the times we had laid
F D Gm
Pressing our love through the night
Gm7 Eb C F

Knowing it's right, knowing it's right
Gm Bb F
Now I'm hoping some one will care
Dm D Eb Bb
Living on the breath of a hope to be shared
F D Gm
Trusting on the sons of our love
Gm7 Eb C F Eb Dm Bb
That someone will care, someone will care, but now
Ab Gb F
C
We're today's scrambled creatures, locked in tomorrow's double feature
Ab Gb F
Heaven's on the pillow, its silence competes with hell
C Bb Ab Gb
It's a twenty four hour service, guaranteed to make you tell
F C
And the streets are full of press men
Bb Ab
Bent on getting hung and buried
Gb F C Bb
And the legendary curtains are drawn round Baby Bankrupt
Ab Gb
Who sucks you while you're sleeping
F C
It's the theater of financiers
Bb Ab
Count them, fifty round a table
Gb F
White and dressed to kill
C Bb
Oh caress yourself, my juicy
Ab Gb
For my hands have all but withered
F C Bb Ab
Oh dress yourself my urchin one, for I hear them on the stairs
Gb F
Because of all we've seen
C Bb
Because of all we've said
D C D
We are the dead
C D C D
We are the dead
C D C D C
We are the dead
[Final] Gm Bb F

Acordes

