

Death Cab For Cutie - Styrofoam Plates

Tom: A

Aos fãs do Death Cab
 essa música é todinha na sequência (A Gbm D E E E F E)
 E no solo fica so no (A)
 E quanto a tablatura foi o que eu consegui tirar.
 Caso haja eventuais erros, por favor corrijam

A Gbm
 There's a saltwater film on the jar of your ashes; I threw
 them to the sea,
D E
 but a gust blew them backwards and the sting in my eyes
E E F E
 that you then inflicted was par for the course just as when
 you were living.
A
 It's no stretch to say you were not quite a father
Gbm D E
 but the donor of seeds to a poor, single mother that would
 raise us alone.
E E F
 We never saw the money that went down your throat
E
 through the hole in your belly.

A Gbm D E E E F E
A
 Thirteen years old in the suburbs of Denver,
Gbm D E
 standing in line for Thanksgiving dinner at the Catholic

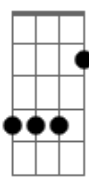
church.
E E F E
 The servers wore crosses to shield from the sufferance
 plaguing the others.
A
 Styrofoam plates, cafeteria tables,
Gbm D E
 charity reeks of cheap wine and pity and I'm thinking of you,
E E F
 I do every year when we count all our blessings
E
 and wonder what we're doing here.

A
 You're a disgrace to the concept of family.
Gbm D
 The priest won't divulge that fact in his homily
E E E E
 and I'll stand up and scream if in the mourning remain quiet,
E F E
 you can deck out a lie in a suit.

But I won't buy it.
A
 I won't join the procession that's speaking their peace,
Gbm D
 using five dollar words while praising his integrity.
E E E E
 Just 'cause he's gone, it doesn't change that fact:
F E
 he was bastard in life, thus a bastard in death.

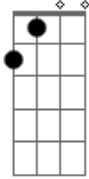
Acordes

E



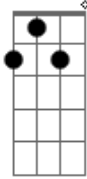
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A



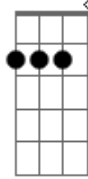
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Gbm



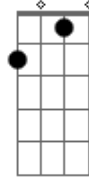
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D



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F



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