

Death Cab For Cutie - Styrofoam Plates

Tom: A

Aos fãs do Death Cab
 essa música é todinha na seqüência (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

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

Thirteen years old in the suburbs of Denver,
 standing in line for Thanksgiving dinner at the Catholic

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

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

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

Acordes

