

Evangelist - Whirlwind Of Rubbish

The old life is over When, when, when will we meet? Will you turn round and face me? The ship fallen far from it's fleet When, when, when will you come? With a handful of sky Paper thin moon on your tongue Will you strip, the branches from the trees? Bb Eb Ab For me... for me... for me Fm The old life is over Eb The old life is over

Acordes

