

Hippo Campus - Baseball

Tom: Gb

m [Intro] A Dbm Gbm E
 A Dbm Gbm E

A Dbm D Gbm
 I saw a cigarette contend

A Db D
 It was the smell of death that kept strolling in

A Dbm D Gbm
 Maybe that henna'd back of yours

A Db E
 That held me back, back from keeping score

A Dbm
 There goes that moonboy

D
 Looking jungly

E
 With all his leaves a-growing

A Dbm
 Split down that long back

D
 He would've thought that

E
 If you got to know him

A Dbm
 True blue with your fists up

D
 You little kiss up

E
 Wishin' things were heavy

A Dbm
 That's fine in the end though

D
 Where'd all our friends go

E
 We can dip if you're ready

(A Dbm Gbm E)
 (A Dbm Gbm E)

A Dbm Gbm E
 I bet you take me for a fool

A Dbm Gbm
 Nothing like, like rules the cool sensation of Pollock and Jules

A Dbm Gbm E
 Some weird abandon in sheets

A Dbm
 Though the tongue tastes good

Gbm E
 My grammar's falling from the cheeks

A Dbm
 There goes that moonboy

D
 Looking jungly

E
 With all his leaves a-growing

A Dbm
 Split down that long back

D
 He would've thought that

E
 If you got to know him

A Dbm
 True blue with your fists up

D
 You little kiss up

E
 Wishin' things were heavy

A Dbm
 That's fine in the end though

D
 Where'd all our friends go

E
 We can dip if you're ready

(A Dbm Gbm)

E A Dbm Gbm
 I was wrong

E A Dbm Gbm
 You were a friendly kid

E A Dbm Gbm
 I was wrong

E
 You were a friendly kid

A
 I was wrong, I was wrong, I was wrong

That's fine in the end though

D
 Where'd all our friends go

E
 We can dip if you're ready

(A Dbm Gbm)
 E A Dbm Gbm
 I was wrong

E A Dbm Gbm
 You were a friendly kid

E A Dbm Gbm
 I was wrong

E
 You were a friendly kid

A Db Gbm E
 Fill the rafters

A Db Gbm D
 Right field dances

Em D
 Baseball diamonds

A Db Gbm E Dm E7
 Take our chances out

A Dbm D
 There's somethin' fiction 'bout the way that reality's going

A Dbm Gbm
 Seems like the chakra's playing hopscotch

D
 Anxiety growing

A Dbm D
 Some cordial framework of the sunset; A yellow made out of gray

A Dbm D
 My bones are tired of the body that woke me up today

A Dbm
 There goes that moonboy

D
 Looking jungly

E
 With all his leaves a-growing

A Dbm
 Split down that long back

D
 He would've thought that

E
 If you got to know him

A Dbm
 True blue with your fists up

D
 You little kiss up

E
 Wishin' things were heavy

A Dbm
 That's fine in the end though

D
 Where'd all our friends go

E
 We can dip if you're ready

(A Dbm Gbm)

E A Dbm Gbm
 I was wrong

E A Dbm Gbm
 You were a friendly kid

E A Dbm Gbm
 I was wrong

E
 You were a friendly kid

A
 I was wrong, I was wrong, I was wrong

Acordes

