

# 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

