

# Hole - Petals

Tom: C

C Em C Em  
 She's the angel on top of the tree  
 C Em  
 Sugarheart, here she comes  
 Am  
 She's going to fall on me

C Em  
 Innocence was our fire  
 C Em  
 We told the truth  
 C Em Am  
 I miss the sweet boys in the summer of their youth

Am C  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Em  
 And make you tell the truth  
 Am C Am  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Am C  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Em  
 And make you tell the truth  
 Am C Am  
 Tear the petals off of you

C Em C Em  
 They will make you so, so cynical  
 C Em  
 The fire burns the flesh  
 Am  
 Destroyed the best and made us old

C Em  
 She's the grace of this world  
 C Em C Em  
 She's too pure for the likes of this world  
 Am  
 This world is a whore

Am C  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Em  
 And make you tell the truth  
 Am C Am

Tear the petals off of you  
 Am C  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Em  
 And make you tell the truth  
 Am C Am  
 Tear the petals off of you

E A  
 Oh...it's all mine  
 E A  
 And hey...it's all mine  
 E A  
 And hell is all mine

C E  
 I never knew what I could be  
 C E  
 All the darling buds of May  
 F A  
 They fall with no sound  
 F D  
 They carry you down  
 F D  
 They carry you down

C Em  
 All the lilies bloomed and blossomed  
 C Em  
 Wilted and they're shivering  
 C Em  
 I can't stop their withering  
 Am  
 Oh, this world is a war

Am C  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Em  
 And make you tell the truth  
 Am C Am  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Am C  
 Tear the petals off of you  
 Em  
 And make you tell the truth  
 Am C Am  
 Tear the petals off of you

## Acordes

