

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

