

Immaculate Fools - Wonder Of Things

tom:

G

There's an ancient rage

That lives in me

As old as rain

As old as dreams

I can't stop now

I'm in too deep

I lose myself

In the wonder of things

There's a faultless god

Who counts my sins

He follows me around

On devil's wings

But I don't care

What he thinks of me

Not when I lose myself

In the wonder of things

There's a handsome witch

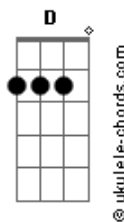
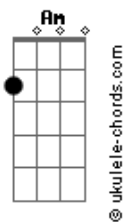
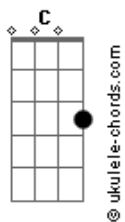
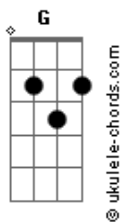
Who sits by me

Her magic tricks

For all my needs

While I sleep

Acordes



She paints my dreams

We lose ourselves

In the wonder of things

(G C G C)

(G C Am D G)

Where we walk

Is sacred ground

The songs we sing

They go round and round

You can't catch me

You don't know how

Not when I lose myself

In the wonder of things

Throw your arms

Wide embrace all things

From small to tall

From fat to thin

Catch them all

Toe to chin

And lose yourselves

In the wonder of things

[Final] G C G C
G C Am D G