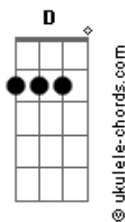
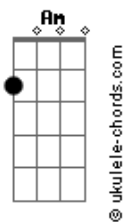
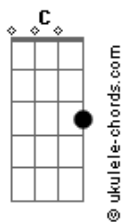
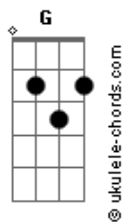


Immaculate Fools - Wonder Of Things

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