

Interpol - Obstacle 1

Tom: F

F Am F Am
I wish i could eat the salt off your last faded lips
F Am F Am
We can cap the old times make playing only logical harm
F Am F Am
We can top the old lines clay-making that nothing else will change.
F Am
F But she can read, she can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad
F Am F Am
Oh, she's bad

F7M C Am
C7M
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this face again
F7M C Am C7M
You go stabbing yourself in the neck
F7M C Am
C7M
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see this place again
F7M C Am C7M
And you go stabbing yourself in the neck

F Am F
Am
We can find new ways of living make playing only logical harm
F Am F
Am
And we can top the old times, clay-making that nothing else will change.
F Am F
But she can read, she can read, she can read, she's bad
F Am
Oh, she's bad

F7M C Am

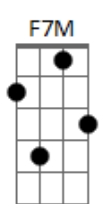
C7M
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see this face again
F7M C Am C7M
You go stabbing yourself in the neck
F7M C Am
C7M
It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see this place again
F7M C Am C7M
And you go stabbing yourself in the neck

F Am F Am
It's in the way that she posed,
F Am F Am
it's in the things that she puts in my head
F Am
Her stories are boring and stuff.
F Am
She's always calling my bluff.
F C7M
She puts the, she puts the weights into my little heart,
F C7M
And she gets in my room and she takes it apart.
F C7M
She puts the weights into my little heart,
F C7M
I said she puts the weights into my little heart.

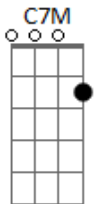
F Am F Am
She packs it away

F C7M
It's in the way that she walks
F C7M
Her heaven is never enough
F C7M
She puts the weights in my heart
F C7M
She puts, oh she puts the weights into my little heart.

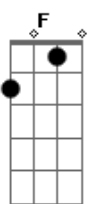
Acordes



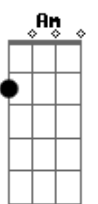
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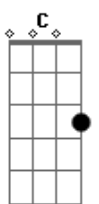
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