

# 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

F C Am  
 C  
 It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see  
 this face again  
 F C Am C  
 You go stabbing yourself in the neck  
 F C Am  
 C  
 It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see  
 this place again  
 F C Am C  
 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  
 Oh, she's bad  
 F C Am

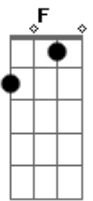
C  
 It's different now that I'm poor and aging, I'll never see  
 this face again  
 F C Am C  
 You go stabbing yourself in the neck  
 F C Am  
 C  
 It's different now that I'm poor and aging, and I'll never see  
 this place again  
 F C Am C  
 And you go stabbing yourself in the neck

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.  
 C  
 She puts the, she puts the weights into my little heart,  
 F C  
 And she gets in my room and she takes it apart.  
 F C  
 She puts the weights into my little heart,  
 F C  
 I said she puts the weights into my little heart.

F Am F Am  
 F Am  
 She packs it away

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

## Acordes



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