

John Mark McMillan - Setting Suns

Tom: D

When everything's said and done

Your all I really have

In the midst of these setting suns

The city lights at best

Are portraits of my friends

But they don't make amends

For this ridiculous mess

(Em G D Dbm)

So I will float on

Every word you said

When the water of my ghosts

They rise above my head

And I will stand up on your back

In the middle of this sea

When collectors of my debts

They come to sink there teeth

And its all I can think about now

all I can think about now

all I can think about

Is how good you are to me

This body is a hole

My flesh one shallow grave

I am six feet below myself

And at my best

I still deserve to die

But I'll be glorified

In this ridiculous mess

So I will float on

Every word you said

When the water of my ghosts

They rise above my head

And I will stand up on your back

In the middle of this sea

When collectors of my debts

They come to sink there teeth

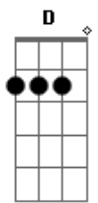
And its all I can think about now

all I can think about now

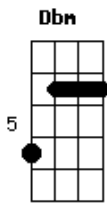
all I can think about

Is how good you are to me

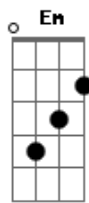
Acordes



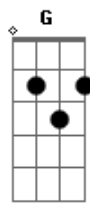
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