

Jonathan Larson - LCD Readout

tom:

Eb

Intro: Eb Db Eb Db

[Primeira Parte]

Eb Bbm
Liquid crystal digital readout

Eb Bbm7
Floating on a sea of gray

Eb Bbm7
Help me fall asleep

Eb Bbm
I'm tired, it's nearly the break of day

[Refrão 1]

Cm Ab7M
Never stopping, always running

Cm Ab7M Gm Bb
Your characters fade into one

Cm Bb Cm
Comforting, convenient. Silently mocking us

Abm Eb Bb
Reminding us of our mortality

[Segunda Parte]

Eb Bbm
Liquid crystal digital readout

Eb Bbm7
Dividing the day away

Eb Bbm7
Counting slowly, measuring moments

Eb Bbm7
If you could talk, what would you say?

[Refrão 2]

Cm7 Ab7M Ab
When the one becomes the two

Cm Ab Gm Bb
Then the two is all there is

Cm Bb
Until it fades into the three

Fm Abm Bb
And the two has vanished, like the one, but

[Ponte]

Eb Ab
Can one moment mean more than the rest?

Eb Ab
Like the moment when she kissed me?

Gm Ab
Was it real? And the others fake?

Fm Bb Eb
Or did my heart play a dirty trick on my mind?

Eb Ab
Did Elizabeth see into my soul?

Eb Ab
Was there even a soul to see?

Gm Ab
Clock on the wall, you say don't waste the time

Fm Bb

Or the energy to find out

[Terceira Parte]

Eb Bbm7
Liquid crystal digital readout

Eb Bbm7
Winking at us night and day

Eb Bbm
Easy does it. There's no point

Eb Bbm7
Draw no conclusions, that's the way

[Refrão 3]

Cm Ab
There is no redemption, just perfect faces

Cm Ab Gm Bb
Look at the colors, enjoy the display

Cm Bb
Cast no shadow, make no impression

F Fm Abm Bb
There is no empathy, only apathy, so

[Ponte 2]

Eb Ab
No moment means more than the rest

Eb Ab
Like that moment she held my hand

Gm Ab
It wasn't real. It was empty and fake

Fm Bb Eb
And my heart played a dirty trick on my mind

Eb Ab
How could anyone see into my soul

Eb Ab
'Cause there isn't a soul there to see?

Gm Ab
Anyway, I don't have the time

Fm Bb Eb Bbm7
Nor the energy to find out

[Quarta Parte]

Eb Bbm
Liquid crystal digital readout

Eb Bbm7
Laughing at us all the way

Eb Bbm Eb
No limits, no ties, just lies. No roots, no trees

Bbm7
No trees No

[Final]

Cm Ab
There is no God, or love, just time

Cm Ab Gm Bb
Saying, "Do what you will. Nothing's real today."

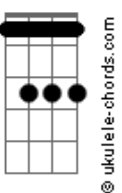
Cm Bb
We are fleeting numbers and images

Cm Ab
Like the liquid crystal digital readout

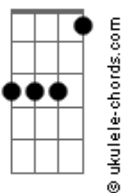
Eb Bb Eb Bbm Eb
Floating on a sea of gray

Acordes

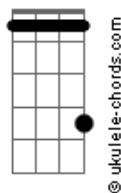
Ab7M



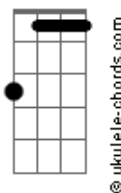
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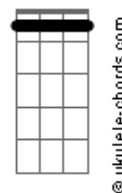
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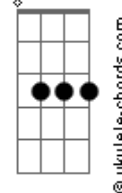
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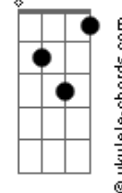
Bbm7



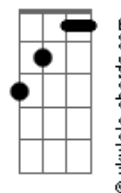
Cm



Gm



Bb



Abm

