

Linkin Park - Wastelands

Tom: F

Intro: D F D F D F

This is war with no weapons,
 Marchin with no steppin,
 Murder with no killin,
 Ill in every direction.
 First, no sequel,
 Do the math, no equal
 A John with no Yoko,
 More power, less people,
 And no I'm not afraid of that,
 Print it in your paperback,
 Every rapper's made in fact,
 To act as a delayed attack,
 Every phrase a razorblade,
 And save it till they play it back,
 Slay em leave em layin on the paper bank, fade to black,

In the wastelands of today,
 When there's nothing left to lose,
 And there's nothing more to take,
 But you force yourself to choose,
 In the wastelands of today,
 When tomorrow disappears,
 When the future slips away,
 And your hope turns into fear,
 In the wastelands of today,
 Roll credits, forget it, the show's done,
 They're talking for just talkin,
 Meaning they got none,

None of you come proper,
 They talk like a shotgun,
 But how many of you got bred with integrity, not one,
 So no, I'm not afraid to see you suckas hold a blade to me,
 Aint no way to shake the ground I built before you came to be,
 Take it how you take it, I'm the opposite of vacancy,
 And this not negotiation, I can hear you,
 Wait and see...

In the wastelands of today,
 When there's nothing left to lose,
 And there's nothing more to take,
 But you force yourself to choose,
 In the wastelands of today,
 When tomorrow disappears,
 When the future slips away,
 And your hope turns into fear,
 And your hope turns into fear,
 In the wastelands of today!

In the wastelands of today,
 When there's nothing left to lose,
 And and there's nothing more to take,
 But you force yourself to choose,
 In the wastelands of today,
 When tomorrow disappears
 When the future slips away,
 And your hope turns into fear,
 And your hope turns into fear,
 In the wastelands of today!
 In the wastelands of today!
 In the wastelands of today!

Acordes



