

MGMT - Future Reflections

Tom: E

(intro)

(verse)

And there were future reflections

On the face and the hands

On a green colored island

On a primitive man

It was the future reflecting

It felt familiar but new

A street was missing a building

The kids had something to do

There was a feeling the spirit was leaving

Red like a marker

So my tribe, with my knife

Cut the heart from a lonely life

I saw patterns on floorboards
Deep in the dust was a leader
Someone was walking on floorboards
Turned them from oak to cedar
He can assess the situation
I wrapped a string around my finger
Into the forest with the young ones

I don't expect to be a winner

But as long as you feel it

I'm a believer

My heart is phosphor

Sea rolls, death tolls

Break the surface don't break my bones

Off of the trail and off of your hands and

Onto a new plan

Is the cost to stay lost

Forever in an empty skin

Pale and thin

If it's good, or if it's fortune, I can't tell

But pieces come together for some reason just as well

Their guns couldn't see us

There's a sea outside my door

And one day I'll appreciate

The rush of blood and the washed out beat of the shore

And remember what it felt like

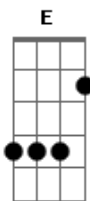
To be alone

Sitting in the sunlight

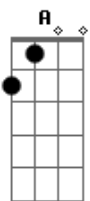
All alone

(progression) Dbm B A E

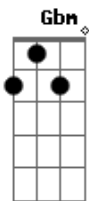
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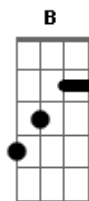
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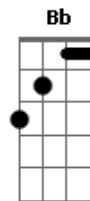
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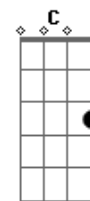
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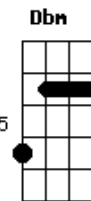
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