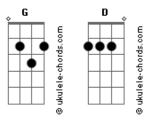
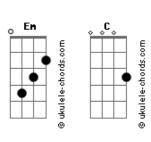


MGMT - Pieces Of What

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Tom: G
When the world has turned
Paralyzed and wrong
Cold blooded claws never offered
Anything at all
Past the point of love
Shattered and untied
Waiting to pick up the pieces
That make it all alright
But pieces of what
Pieces of what
Pieces of what
Doesn't matter anymore
Moonlight on my floor
Is shining through the roof
They got the city surrounded Em
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Acordes





As if I needed proof I forgot my fear I feel it's on the rise Buried by all of the pieces Falling from the sky But pieces of what Pieces of what Pieces of what We used to call home Pieces of what We used to call home Lay my dragon's teeth Em And shallow water steel G D At the belgian gates I'm waiting for my meal