

MGMT - Siberian Breaks

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Tom: C
 PARTE 1 (00:00)
Am C7M Am C7M
Bbm Cm Bbm Cm
Am C7M
Sleep as the goer
the bridge that watches the light speed thru
                  Cm
and cries while the spirit stumbles
                        Cm
and inside missile for the protection of you
maybe it's siletn
the voice can't bear anymore strain
                Cm
but speak without even knowing
and streams outside in the direction of truth
A7M Fm
A7M Em
PARTE 2 (01:26)
there's no reason there's no secret to decode
                             Dm
           C
if you can't save it, leave it dying on the road
wide open arms can feel so cold
so cold
      Em
feel so cold
D Dbm Bm E
PARTE 3 (02:10)
balance the books, the ledges, the loons
                       Gbm
the disappointed look on the faces
that squint at the moon
 Dbm
let's see it with shadows enhance
        Dbm
and then vote to decide who'll advance
silver jet plane, making a turn
                       Ghm
exciting the brain that expects it to crash and then burn
it's not the life lesson I'd've guessed
   Dbm
if you're conscious you must be depressed
or at least cynical
but someone might still eat the steaks
even if they're tough
spending the day
Dbm
chewing the fat
floating away isn't roguh but it's not enough
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oh marianne, pass me the joint the sandpaper's tan
go-getters are surfing the point
and london's a cratch on the lens
   Dbm
it's over before it begins
silk 'round her neck falls down to her shoulders
the older I get, the more I suspect there's a trick
   Dbm
                             Bm
but really there's no trip at all
that doesn't result in a fall
or a faltering
but something might spit out the bait
even if it's real
rolling away
Dbm
close to the ground like a wheel but it's not enough
holding the line
clutching the phone
nobly wasting the night, but it isn't right
it's not right
smelling for blood
Dhm
praying for rain
running away isn't rough, but it's not enough
PARTE 4 (04:56)
                                               Fm
                                                       Cm
               Gm
the low tide is telling me, when it's over,
to breathe in everything exposed
Eb Gm Cm
                                                 Cm
and comes back to cover me in a blanket
         Dm
being here's always changing tunes
Cm Bb F F7
Dm\ G\ Am\ Gm
Fm
PARTE 5 (06:08)
Dm G7 Am Am Em A7 \times 4
the empty sky surrounds me but i can't see at all
wide open arms can feel so cold

Dm 67
           G7
                             Am
and you can sit beside me and tell me what it's worth
Dm G7 Am Am Em A7
but I hope I die before i get sold
Dm G7 Am Am Em A7
I hope I die before I get sold
Dm G7 Am Am Em A7
I'd rather die before I get sold
PARTE 6 (08:22)
if you find the soul that you lost
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C7M frozen in a starry void
Dm C wake as the swell peaks C7M take it within and hope the sight of blood
C7M the close-outs drowning the birds with roars Bbm Cm can will signs of life to return and howls scare the new unkindness C Cm back to the way that it was

E

Am that picks and laughs at the carrion scene long before it made a noise Dm C G C7M forces you see breath can to keep on quietly reminding you C7M C7M always go into hiding what's never created or destroyed Cm and wait 'til it passes over $\, Dm7 \,$ C7M or stay far gone for all eternity PARTE 7 (09:12) A Abm (repete até o final)

Acordes

