

# MGMT - Siberian Breaks

Tom: C

## PARTE 1 (00:00)

Am C7M Am C7M  
Bbm Cm Bbm Cm

A7M

Am C7M  
Sleep as the goer  
Am C7M  
the bridge that watches the light speed thru  
Bbm Cm  
and cries while the spirit stumbles  
Bbm Cm A7M  
and inside missile for the protection of you

Am C7M  
maybe it's silet  
Am C7M  
the voice can't bear anymore strain  
Bbm Cm  
but speak without even knowing  
Bbm Cm  
and streams outside in the direction of truth

A7M Em  
A7M Em

## PARTE 2 (01:26)

Gm C Dm  
there's no reason there's no secret to decode  
Gm C Dm G  
if you can't save it, leave it dying on the road  
Gm C Dm  
wide open arms can feel so cold  
C  
so cold  
Em Gb  
feel so cold

D Dbm Bm E

## PARTE 3 (02:10)

A  
balance the books, the ledges, the loons  
A Gbm  
the disappointed look on the faces  
E  
that squint at the moon  
Dbm Bm  
let's see it with shadows enhance  
Dbm D  
and then vote to decide who'll advance  
A  
silver jet plane, making a turn  
Gbm E  
exciting the brain that expects it to crash and then burn  
Dbm Bm  
it's not the life lesson I'd've guessed  
Dbm D  
if you're conscious you must be depressed  
A Dbm  
or at least cynical  
Em  
but someone might still eat the steaks  
Gb  
even if they're tough  
D  
spending the day  
Dbm  
chewing the fat  
Bm E A  
floating away isn't roguh but it's not enough  
A

oh marianne, pass me the joint the sandpaper's tan  
Gbm E  
go-getters are surfing the point  
Dbm Bm  
and london's a cratch on the lens  
Dbm D  
it's over before it begins  
A  
silk 'round her neck falls down to her shoulders  
Fm E  
the older I get, the more I suspect there's a trick  
Dbm Bm  
but really there's no trip at all  
Dbm D  
that doesn't result in a fall  
A Dbm  
or a faltering  
Em  
but something might spit out the bait  
Gb  
even if it's real  
D  
rolling away  
Dbm  
missing a spoke  
Bm E A Dbm  
close to the ground like a wheel but it's not enough  
D  
holding the line  
Dbm  
clutching the phone  
Bm E A  
nobly wasting the night, but it isn't right  
Gb  
it's not right  
D  
smelling for blood  
Dbm  
praying for rain  
Bm E A  
running away isn't rough, but it's not enough

A

## PARTE 4 (04:56)

Eb Gm Cm Fm Cm  
the low tide is telling me, when it's over,  
Bb Dm Gm  
to breathe in everything exposed  
Eb Gm Cm Fm Cm  
and comes back to cover me in a blanket  
Bb Dm Gm  
being here's always changing tunes

Cm Bb F F7  
Dm G Am Gm  
Em

## PARTE 5 (06:08)

Dm G7 Am Am Em A7 x4  
Dm G7 Am Am Em A7  
the empty sky surrounds me but i can't see at all  
Dm G7 Am Am Em A7  
wide open arms can feel so cold  
Dm G7 Am Am Em A7  
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 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)

Dm C G  
if you find the soul that you lost

E Am  
frozen in a starry void  
Dm C G  
take it within and hope the sight of blood  
C7M  
can will signs of life to return  
Dm C G  
back to the way that it was  
E Am  
long before it made a noise  
Dm C G  
to keep on quietly reminding you  
C7M  
what's never created or destroyed

Dm7 C7M  
Dm7

Am C7M  
wake as the swell peaks  
Am C7M  
the close-outs drowning the birds with roars  
Bbm Cm  
and howls scare the new unkindness  
Bbm Cm A7M  
that picks and laughs at the carrion scene

Am C7M  
forces you see breath can  
Am C7M  
always go into hiding  
Bbm Cm  
and wait 'til it passes over  
Bbm Cm  
or stay far gone for all eternity

PARTE 7 (09:12)

A Abm (repete até o final)

## Acordes

Diagram illustrating the fretboard positions for various chords on a four-string instrument (ukulele). The chords shown are:

- A
- C7M
- A7M
- C
- E
- Am
- Bbm
- Cn
- En
- Gm
- Dm
- G
- Gb
- D
- Dbm
- Bn
- Gbm
- Fn
- Eb
- Bb
- F
- F7
- G7
- A7
- Dm7
- Abm