

MGMT - Weekend Wars

Tom: F

Dm Evil C S I yes to find a G shore,
C A beach that doesn't quiver anymore,
Dm And we can crush some plants to paint my walls,
Am And I won't try to fight in the weekend wars
Dm Was I? I was to lazy to bathe
C Or paint or write or try to make a change.
Dm Now I can shoot a gun to kill my lunch
Am And I don't have to love or think too much

A Dm C F A
 Instant battle plans written on the sidewalk
A Dm C F A
 Mental mystics in a twisted metal car
A Dm C F Gm Bb C

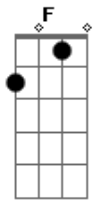
Tried to amplify the sound of light and love

Christ is cursed of faders and maders
 Might even take a knife to split a hair
 Or even scare the children off my lawn
 Giving us time to make the makeshift bombs
 Every mess invested was a score
 We couldn't use computers anymore
 It's difficult to win unless you're bored,
 And you might have to plan for the weekend wars

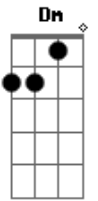
Try to break my heart I'll drive to Arizona.
 It might take 100 years to grow an arm
 I'll sit and listen to the sound of sand and cold
 Twisted diamond heart, I'm the weekend warrior
 My predictions are the only things I have
 I can amplify the sound and light and love

C I'm a curse and i'm a sound,
Bb When I open up my mouth,
Bb There's a reason I don't win,
C I don't know how to begin

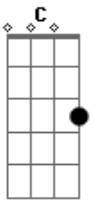
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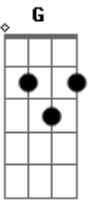
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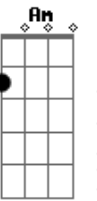
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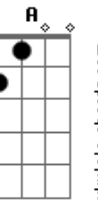
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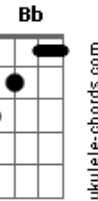
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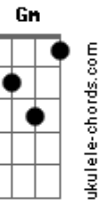
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