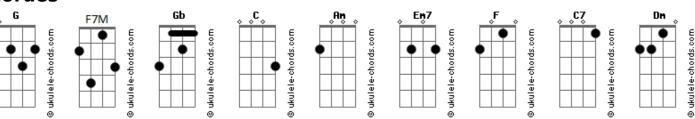


Passenger - Life's For The Living

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tom:
               Gb (forma dos acordes no tom de C )
Capostraste na 6º casa
          Am
Well grey clouds wraped round the town like elastic
Cars stood like toys made of Taiwanese plastic
The boy laughed at the spastic dancing around in the rain
While laundrettes cleaned clothes, high heals rub toes
Puddles splashed huddles of bus stop crows
                                F7M
Dressed in their suits and their boots well they all
look the same
I took myself down to the cafe to find all the boys lost in
and crackling vinyl
                                                C7 C C7
And carved out a poem above the urinal that read
Don't you cry for the lost
Smile for the living
           Em7
                      Am
Get what you need and give what you're given
Life's for the living so live it
Or you're better off dead
( Dm C G C Em7 Am )
(Dm C G G G)
While the evening pulled the moon out of it's packet
                          С
Stars shone like buttons on an old man's jacket
We needed a nail but we tacked it 'til it fell of the wall
While pigeon's pecked trains, sparks flew like planes
The rain showed the rainbows in the oil stains
                               F7M
And we all had new iPhones but no one had no one to call
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And I stumbled down to the stomach of the town
                       Em7
                               Am
 Where the widow takes memories to slowly drown
                                                        C7 C
 With a hand to the sky and a mist in her eye she said
 Don't you cry for the lost
 Smile for the living
             Em7
 Get what you need and give what you're given
 Life's for the living so live it
G Or you're better off dead
 (Em F C Em7 Am)
(Em G G G)
 Well I'm sick of this town, this blind man's forage
 They take your dreams down and stick them in storage
 You can have them back son when you've paid off
 your mortgage and loans
 Oh hell with this place, I'll go it my own way
 I'll stick out my thumb and I trudge down the highway
                                G G
                        F7M
 Someday someone must be going my way home
 Till then I'll make my bed from a disused car
                    Fm7
                                  Αm
 With a mattress of leaves and a blanket of stars
 And I'll stitch the words into my heart with a needle and
 Don't you cry for the lost
 Smile for the living
             Fm7
                        Am
 Get what you need and give what you're given
 You know life's for the living so live it
                      C C7 C C7
 Or you're better off dead
 Don't you cry for the lost
 Smile for the living
             Em7
                        Am
 Get what you need and give what you're given
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Acordes



Life's for the living so live it

Or you're better off dead

