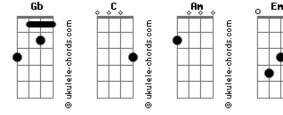
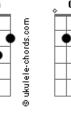
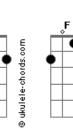
## **Passenger - Wicked Man's Rest**

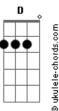
Tom: Gb Bottle in the hand of the dirty old drunk man, **C**) Leaf falling, autumn calling, (com acordes na forma de Capostraste na 6ª casa dark clouds forming. Am You can say I'm mad, you can say I'm crazy, Fm Am But I'm only as bad as the maker who made me: I rise to meet you as your trust dissolves to shame, G Sinner in the darkness, liar in the church, Oh this innocence has turned & lost its way, G F Am Deaf man's silence, the blind man's search. Retrace the footprints off the path from which I came, G I'm the beast in you, the beast in me. Am Teardrop falling, memory recalling, Fm Am Ghost in your dreams & your secret recordings, Bite my nails right down to the skin, G G Mad man's matches, the lump in the throat, Where one trust ends another lie begins. Am The pea under your mattress, the hole in your coat. Patch over holes in my weakened heart, G Which angels hold & devils pull apart. Am Singer with the sound down, winner on the come down, Poet in the overcoat looking for a suntan, I'm the beast in you, the beast in me, The bitterness, the jealousy, G On his birthday, prisoner on his first day, The part of you that never sleeps. Tired of the new wave. (Are you my angel? Am Will we walk all night through solitary streets?) I rise to meet you as your trust dissolves to shame, G Am Oh this innocence has turned & lost its way, And you hardly can imagine what you never had before, F D Am Retrace the footprints off the path from which I came, And the reason that you're given still leaves you wanting G more. I'm the beast in you, the beast in me. Am And you hardly can imagine what you never had before, (Which way are we going? D The doors close in an hour.) And the reason that you're given still leaves you wanting more. Δm You can say I'm mad, you can say I'm crazy F Am I rise to meet you as your trust dissolves to shame, Em But I'm only as bad as the maker who made me: G Oh this innocence has turned & lost its way, G Needle for the user, the pain in your chest, Retrace the footprints off the path from which I came, Beggar & the chooser, the wicked man's rest. G I'm the beast in you, the beast in me. Fear in the stuntman, sneer in the playground, (Solo vocal) The bitterness, the jealousy, The part of you that never sleeps.

## Acordes









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