

Pedro Vulpe - The Ballad Of A Dead Man

Tom: G

Intro: Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7
 Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7
 Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7
 Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7

There's a storm coming down
 Right above my head
 There's no place to be a home
 But all I need is a bed
 I quit all good manners and start to feel alive, instead

I regret some things I've done
 But I stopped to be haunted
 I'm a mess wearing pants
 But you don't have to look after
 'Cause there's nothing, no more
 My day won't be spoiled

And i thought that limbo comes after the grave
 Now, i see the freedom i got you can't take

I was locked from inside, pretending to have a life
 But, somehow, I think it's done

Lies under my tomb the troubles I've made my own
 Resting around my bones

(Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7)
 (Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7)

All the bohemian suburbs
 They are not in grief
 Beside their wall I found some relief
 Everything is fine
 In this drunken eternity

And i thought that limbo comes after the grave
 Now, i see the freedom i got you can't take

I was locked from inside, pretending to have a life
 But, somehow, I think it's done

Lies under my tomb the troubles I've made my own
 Resting around my bones

Locked from inside, pretending to have a life
 But, somehow, I think it's done

Lies under my tomb the troubles I've made my own
 Resting around my bones
 (Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7)
 (Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7)

Acordes

