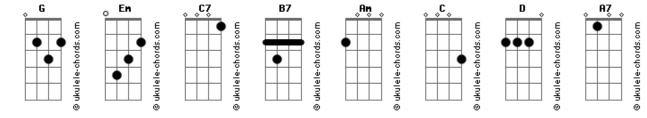
Pedro Vulpe - The Ballad Of A Dead Man

Tom: G Lies under my tomb the troubles I've made my own Intro: Em G C7 B7 B7 Resting around my bones (Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7) (Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7) Em G There's a storm coming down C7 B7 All the bohemian suburbs Right above my head C7 B7 They are not in grief G Em There's no place to be a home Beside their wall I found some relief C7 B7 But all I need is a bed Em G C7 G Em B7 Fm Everything is fine I quit all good manners and start to feel alive, instead C7 B7 In this drunken eternity Em G C7 B7 Em G I regret some things I've done And i thought that limbo comes after the grave C7 B7 Am But I stopped to be haunted Now, i see the freedom i got you can't take Em G I'm a mess wearing pants Em C7 B7 I was locked from inside, pretending to have a life But you don't have to look after B7 But, somehow,I think it's done Em G 'Cause there's nothing, no more Lies under my tomb the troubles I've made my own C7 B7 Em My day won't be spoiled B7 Resting around my bones Em Fm Am Locked from inside, pretending to have a life 7 Em And i thought that limbo comes after the grave Am C D B7 Em B7 Now, i see the freedom i got you can't take But, somehow,I think it's done G Lies under my tomb the troubles I've made my own Α7 Fm G I was locked from inside, pretending to have a life B7 Em B7 B7 Em Resting around my bones (Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7) (Em G C7 B7 Em G C7 B7) But, somehow, I think it's done G A7

Acordes



Em

G

C7

G

Em

Em

G

Em

G

B7

Fm

A7

Α7

Α7

A7

C D B7 Em

Fm