

Ramshackle Glory - Your Heart Is A Muscle The Size Of Your Fist

tom:

Intro: D A Bm G

D A G
 Dalia never showed me nothing but kindness
 D She would say: I know how sad you get
 D And some days, I still get that way
 A G
 But it gets better
 It gets better
 D
 It gets better
 A G
 Sweetie, it gets better, I promise you
 D
 And she'd tell me

[Refrão]

D A Bm
 Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist
 G
 Keep on loving, keep on fighting
 A Bm
 And hold on, and hold on
 G
 Hold on for your life

D A G

D A G
 Ian built a cabin in the woods to live in
 D A G
 For years, terrifying noises kept him up at night

With a twelve gauge under his pillow
 D A G
 He's living in Boston now, going to art school
 D
 I forgive him

I forgive him
 A G
 Hell, I'll admit it: I'm proud of him

D A G
 Serena's an architect and a carpenter
 D A G
 She's such a feminist she says she isn't one

Because Goddamn, my gender shouldn't matter!
 D A G
 And her motorcycle glides through the streets of Providence

D
 Down to the warehouse district
 A G
 The paint job is as stunning as
 Her knowledge of medieval building techniques

[Refrão]

D A Bm
 Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist
 G D
 Keep on loving, keep on fighting
 A Bm
 And hold on, and hold on

And hold on, and hold on

G
 Hold on for your life

D G D G D G D G D G

D A
 This one goes out to Georgios, he knows how to dance
 G
 Abby Banks, your book is beautiful

D
 And fuck anyone who says otherwise
 A G
 Scott, I love you and you make me glad to be alive

D
 I promise that I'm gonna pay you back
 A G
 You always know how funny everything is
 D A Bm
 Even when I'm so serious that it's gonna be the death of me
 G
 Like the time

D A G
 that our friend Chuck came over to our house
 D A G
 He said he needed somebody to take care of his pets

'Cause he was going out of town
 D A Bm
 I asked him where and he said: New Mexico

G
 I asked if I could get a ride
 D A Bm
 He said: No, you don't want to follow me

G
 Where it is I'm going
 A G
 He backed out of the drive way
 That was the last time we saw him

A G
 'Cause he drove straight to his parent's cabin
 A D
 And put a bullet in his head

[Refrão]

D A Bm
 Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist
 G D
 Keep on loving, keep on fighting

A Bm
 And hold on, and hold on
 G
 Hold on for your life

G
 D A Bm
 Your heart is a muscle the size of your fist

G D
 Keep on loving, keep on fighting
 A Bm
 And hold on, and hold on

G
 Hold on for your life

[Final]

D G D G D G D G

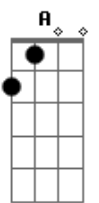
D A G D A G D A G D A G

D G A D D G A D

Acordes



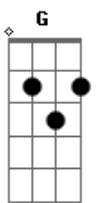
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