

Smog - Cold Blooded Old Times

tom: A

Cold-blooded ^A old times

Cold-blooded ^G old times

Cold-blooded ^{Gb G A} old times

The type of memories

That turns ^G your bones to glass

Turns your bones to glass ^{Gb G A}

Mother came rushing in ^{Dbm}

She said we didn't see a thing ^D

We said we didn't see a thing ^A

And father left at eight ^{Dbm}

Nearly splintering the gate ^D

Cold-blooded ^A old times

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded ^G old times

Cold-blooded ^{Gbm G A} old times

The type of memory ^G

That turns your bones to glass

Turns your bones to glass ^{Gbm G A}

And though you where ^{Dbm}

Just a little swirl ^D

You understood every word ^A

And in this way they gave you clarity ^{Dbm D}

A cold-blooded ^A clarity

Cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded ^G old times

Cold-blooded ^{Gbm G A} old times

Now how can I stand ^{Dbm}

And laugh with the man ^{D A}

Who redefined your body

Now how can I stand ^{Dbm}

And laugh with the man ^{D A}

Who redefined your body

Those cold-blooded old times

Cold-blooded ^G old times

Cold-blooded ^{Gbm G A} old times

Acordes

