

The Beautiful Girls - And We'll Dance On The Ashes Of What's Left

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Tom: A
                                                               "By the way, yesterday, heard you were free"
                                                               And all along they've been saying nothing new to me
Guess we came up in a ghost town
Now all those buildings have burned down
                                                               Lately, seems right is wrong and wrong is everything we need
Another price to be paid for being free
                                                               maybe
                                                               And still the beds are burning, burning in our sleep
It's getting harder to see now
                                                               Take me away from everything I see
That the lights have all gone out
                                                               And we'll dance on the ashes of what's left
Can't pay for the electricity
                                                               as long as these hearts beat in our chests
                                 Am
And all along they've been saying nothing new to me
                                                             G And we fell through the railings and pavements
                                                               while I wondered if they get what I get
Lately, seems right is wrong and wrong is everything we need
                                                               And I promise you I won't be leaving
                                Am
And still the beds are burning, burning in our sleep
                                                               without taking you where I go
Take me away from everything I see
                                                               See the price of belief's in believing
There' gunshots on the dancefloor
                                                               Anywhere that we go we'll be share this same old song
Please tell me what do we die for?
                                                               And we'll be standing singing. Oh-oh-oh-oh
And by the way, yesterday, bet you were me
                                                                                            Αm
                                                               As if it's life we're living. Eh-eh-eh-eh
                                                               As if it's blood we're spilling. Oh-oh-oh-oh
Seen hard days, probably see more
                                                               As if we're leaving here someday
There's police at the front door saying
Acordes
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