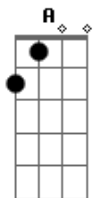


# The Builders And The Butchers - Black Dresses

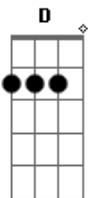
tom:  
 A  
 Little sister, there's blood on the tracks  
 D  
 And a lit cigarette but you're not comin' back  
 C E A  
 To a town that was built on black gold and iron ore  
 A  
 And the kettle got hot, and it boiled and it steamed  
 D  
 And you can't run away from the worst of your dreams  
 C E A  
 They'll string you up when you're tryin' to fall fast asleep  
 A  
 She wore black dresses black dresses  
 D  
 And she never cried in the morning  
 C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name  
 A  
 She wore black dresses black dresses  
 D  
 And she never smiled in the morning  
 C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name  
 A  
 Well her home town was built by a few greedy men  
 D  
 And people tell me she was descended from them  
 C E A  
 She's been playin' in the darkness ever since she was a kid  
 A  
 And she doesn't mourn for her man's come and gone  
 D  
 She's worn the color of black all along  
 C E A  
 And she was born with a stone where there shoulda been a heart  
 A  
 She wore black dresses black dresses  
 D  
 And she never cried in the morning

C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name  
 A  
 She wore black dresses black dresses  
 D  
 And she never smiled in the morning  
 C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name  
 D A E A  
 Did you ever meet a girl who was born the victim of a name?  
 D A E A  
 I know, 'cuz I'm a boy who was born the victim of a name  
 D A E A  
 Did you ever meet a girl who was born the victim of a name?  
 D A E D  
 I know, 'cuz I'm a boy who was born the victim of a name  
 A  
 Little sister, there's blood on the tracks  
 D  
 And a lit cigarette but you're not comin' back  
 C E A  
 To a town that was built on black gold and iron ore  
 A  
 She wore black dresses  
 D  
 And she never cried in the morning  
 C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name  
 A  
 She wore black dresses  
 D  
 And she never smiled in the morning  
 C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name  
 C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name  
 C  
 She's got a bottle in paper  
 E A  
 So she can forget her name

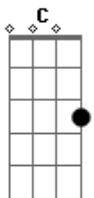
## Acordes



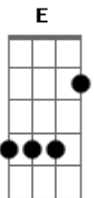
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